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MEMOIRS
OF
THE LIFE
OF
CHARLES MACKLIN, ESQ.

PRINCIPALLY
COMPILED FROM HIS OWN PAPERS AND MEMORANDUMS;

WHICH CONTAIN
HIS CRITICISMS

ON
AND CHARACTERS AND ANECDOTES

OF
BETTERTON, BOOTH, WILKS, CIBBER, GARRICK, BARRY, MOSSOP, SHERIDAN, FOOTE,
QUIN, AND MOST OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES;

Together with his
Valuable Observations on the Drama, on the Science of Acting,
and on various other Subjects:

THE WHOLE FORMING
A COMPREHENSIVE BUT SUCCINCT
HISTORY OF THE STAGE;

Which includes a Period of One Hundred Years.

BY JAMES THOMAS KIRKMAN,
OF THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF LINCOLN'S INN.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE,
AND ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN MERELY PLAYERS;
THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES,
AND ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS—
HIS ACTS BEING SEVEN AGES.

Shakespeare.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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MEMOIRS

OF

CHARLES MACTHEW

BY

CHARLES MACTHEW

AND

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VOL. I

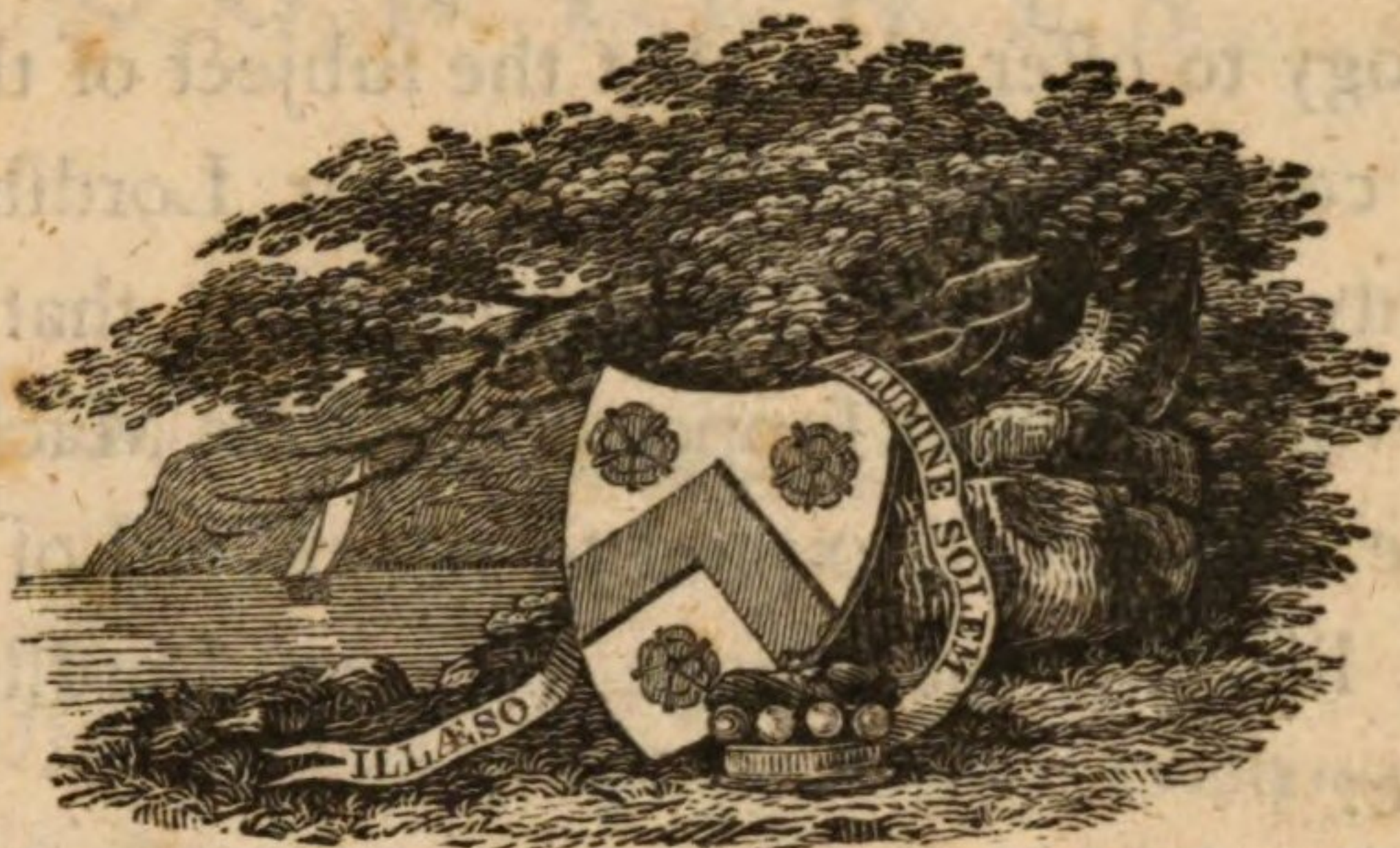
ADDITION

AND CHARLES MACTHEW

AND CHARLES MACTHEW

AND

AND CHARLES MACTHEW



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
ALEXANDER
LORD LOUGHBOROUGH,
BARON LOUGHBOROUGH, OF LOUGHBOROUGH,
IN THE
COUNTY OF LEICESTER,
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

MY LORD,

IN the following sheets, I have endeavoured to do justice, as far as my abilities would permit, to the Memory of a most excellent Actor, and an honest man.

For my presumption in dedicating to your Lordship these volumes, I have no other

DEDICATION.

apology to offer, than that the subject of them was considerably indebted to your Lordship's bounty ; and I am induced to hope, that the benevolence which supported Charles Macklin while living, will extend to the record of his long life, the patronage of your Lordship's name.

If this presumption may be forgiven me, I shall not risk the displeasure of your Lordship by a vain attempt at panegyric, where praise cannot elevate, nor by language, which is insufficient to express the sentiments of respect which I entertain for your Lordship.

Allow me only to hope, that the life, which is so eminently useful to your country, may, in its duration, rival that which I have now the honor to submit to your Lordship's protection, and that I may be permitted to subscribe myself,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obliged, and

Devoted Servant,

JAMES THOMAS KIRKMAN.

London,
April 6, 1799.

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THE
LIFE
OF
CHARLES MACKLIN, ESQ.

Chap. I.

THAT the history of long life can please without instruction, by merely flattering our hopes, may be concluded from the avidity with which the very dull and uninteresting memoirs of PARR and JENKINS are universally read. These memoirs present us a picture of uniform and barren days; and the reader is only astonished, that so much time should have produced so very little incident.

The person who is the subject of the following pages, long exceeded the usual pe-

riod of the life of man. His life too, was, for the most part, spent in public and applauded exertions, and was more varied than that of most of his contemporaries. His biographer considers himself, therefore, as discharged from the necessity of apologizing for the subject he has undertaken.

As Mr. MACKLIN was never sensible that he had occasion to blush at any part of his conduct, he was always much less fearful of being exposed, than of being misrepresented; and as he considered that it was more than probable the uninformed and the necessitous might attempt to write an history of his life, and relate anecdotes of him, when falsehood could not easily be detected; he, for these reasons, as well as in conformity with the frequent solicitations of his friends, had determined, while his mind was yet in full vigour, to give the world an authentic history of his life; for which purpose, he had prepared, and partly arranged the materials; but finding that a work of that magnitude would be too laborious an undertaking, at his time of life,

and too great an encroachment on the business of his profession, he resolved to give the materials to some person, on whom he could depend, for the purpose of compiling and throwing them into form.

With this view he made choice of the author, conceiving, as it is hoped the reader will, that a near relation, bred up, and living for upwards of twenty years with him; acquainted from his infancy with his descent, family, and connections; and enabled by daily observations to trace out, and truly delineate his character, would be more likely than any other person to write an history recommended by truth and fidelity; objects, in Mr. MACKLIN's opinion, far superior, in intrinsic value, to all the graces and beauties which the highest embellishments of style could bestow upon it.

The propriety of choosing a person of this kind will be more obvious to the reader, when, on perusing the following sheets, he will find few subjects, that have for a long time

occupied public attention, into which more of vulgar error and injustice have found their way, than into the character and life of Mr. MACKLIN.

That he has been in many important points of view misrepresented, and misunderstood; and that it is only by a constant observation of his heart and disposition, as disclosed in the diurnal discharge of domestic duty, his real character can be developed.

From his situation with respect to Mr. MACKLIN, and visiting him constantly, the author has had means, which no person but himself could have had, of tracing and noting the gradual decline and enfeeblement of the old gentleman's mind; neither could his habits or manner of living have been so accurately, or indeed at all, described by a stranger.

He hopes, therefore, that these advantages will counterbalance the deficiency of his style, and the richness of the subject

atone for the poverty of the vehicle, by which it is conveyed.

Had the historian of Mr. MACKLIN written towards the beginning instead of the close of the present century, it might have been necessary for him to have encountered public prejudice, and illiberality, with a defence of the profession of an actor.

He must have repeated the praise of ROSCIUS from CICERO; and shewn, that neither the wisdom of SOLON, nor the virtue of BRUTUS; the magnanimity of CÆSAR, nor the sagacity of AUGUSTUS, rendered them hostile to the stage; but that, on the contrary, all the wise, and all the virtuous, of GREECE and ROME—their greatest moralists, statesmen, philosophers, and warriors, countenanced and supported the drama and its performers, as highly serviceable to the cause of virtue, and conducive to the well-being of a state.

But this is become unnecessary in these liberal and enlightened days, when a GARRICK,

a BARRY, and a HENDERSON lie interred in the same Abbey with the Kings of England, and mix their dust with the remains of the first poets, philosophers, and divines of this country.

Few subjects have been canvassed with more confidence, and, at the same time, been less known, or understood, than the origin of Mr. MACKLIN.—No sooner had he, by the indefatigable exertion of many years, emerged from that obscurity, to which the rigour of fortune, and the prejudices of an illiberal world, had endeavoured to consign him, and raised himself up to public notice and approbation, than curiosity was busily employed in the enquiry of *who he was?*—and *whence he was descended?* as if to measure his title to the favour and applause he received, by the rank and quality of his progenitors.

As this was a subject, on which Mr. MACKLIN had not given any avowed communication to the public, recourse was had to conjecture. The whispers of surmise were received as the assertions of truth.

The loose stories of convivial hours were carefully hoarded up, and unwarrantable inferences drawn from them; supposition and malevolence by turns supplied the place of *fact*; and Mr. MACKLIN, because it did not suit his leisure, or his disposition, to proclaim to the world his genealogy, was at first suspected, and afterwards concluded, to have sprung from the very lowest order of the people.

This, however, was a great mistake, which, nevertheless, Mr. MACKLIN seems not to have been very anxious to rectify; sustained throughout by the vigour of his mind, and by a laudable confidence in his own strength, he disregarded such trivial considerations. It did not require half his sagacity to be convinced, that respect, power, or influence, could not be claimed by hereditary descent, unless the source of all power—*money*—descended along with it; and that if he could only acquire the latter, the former would follow of course.

Besides, he had too much true pride; and preferred the consciousness of owing all to himself, to the pitiful expedient of drawing upon the merits of his ancestors.

He wished rather to gain new honors for himself, than to transmit the impaired honors of others; and acted upon the persuasion, that so unimportant a consideration as his birth, could neither confer credit on him, if he did not deserve it, nor withhold it from him, if he did.

The progenitors of Mr. MACKLIN, whose real name was *M'Laughlin*, were, both on his father's and mother's side, highly respectable in the estimation of their age and country. Of the motives that induced him to change his name, from *M'Laughlin* to *Macklin*, we shall hereafter inform the reader.

His grandfather, *Terence M'Laughlin*, inherited from an old stock of gentry, from which he was descended, an handsome landed property in the county of Down, in Ireland,

and intermarried with ANNE O'KELLY, the daughter of a family of considerable rank and fortune in the county of Galway.

At that time family pride ran as high in Ireland, as it ever did in any part of the world; and the families of M'LAUGHLIN, or O'KELLY, would not have thought themselves very much honored by an union with those of LLEWELLIN, DOUGLAS, or HOWARD. In fact, it was carried to such excess, that, in the estimation of the Irish, the supposed dignity of blood atoned for the utter want of wealth; while no imaginable share of riches could confer dignity without it. Mr. MACKLIN's ancestors were not obliged to supply the deficiency of either. They, in fact, possessed an honorable sufficiency of both.

WILLIAM M'LAUGHLIN, the father of the gentleman whose life we are about to record, was the eldest son of TERENCE M'LAUGHLIN, and inherited from his father, not only an estate, but an increased share of con-

sequence in the county of Down. He married ALICE O'FLANAGAN, the daughter of JOHN O'FLANAGAN, of *Black Castle*, in the county of *Westmeath*, who was proprietor of that place, with a large estate which lay around it: a son of whom was married to the daughter of JOHN SHAW, of *Somerstown*, in the county of *Meath*, a man of immense landed property, including not only *Somerstown* itself, but the estate of *Rathmullion* and part of *Summer-hill*, now belonging to the family of Rowley.

All these families possessed extensive landed estates; but in the various revolutions of church and state, which, in the last century, convulsed that unhappy country, the property was transferred from the descendants of the old possessors, and the rights of immemorial prescription gave way to the more irresistible claims of confiscation; while the families themselves have become almost extinct.

It was some short time before the period, when the people of England called over the Prince of Orange to fill the throne of Great Britain, in exclusion of James II. that WILLIAM M'LAUGHLIN married. The king, dethroned in England, threw himself on the affection and loyalty of his Irish subjects. Unfortunately for them, they warmly espoused his cause, and were requited with baseness and treachery—the pusillanimous James deserted them in the day of trial, and left them victims to confiscation, and all the other hardships, to which, in such revolutions, the unsuccessful party are always exposed.

WILLIAM M'LAUGHLIN commanded a troop of horse in his army, and, as far as the oral tradition of those times can be credited, was distinguished not only for valour, but for a share of skill and conduct, not common in the Irish part of King James's army. To WILLIAM M'LAUGHLIN's loyalty and zeal in the cause of that weak monarch, the public are indebted for his son's being reduced to the

necessity of embracing the profession of an actor

The first fruits of this marriage was a daughter, named Mary, the next was the hero of this history. CHARLES M'LAUGHLIN was born *two months previous to the memorable battle of the Boyne. The time and circumstances of his birth, and infant fortunes, were too remarkable to be forgotten by his family.

In Ireland, that is to say, among the mere unmixed old Irish, the most trivial anecdotes of every individual of a family are, or at least were, recorded with a degree of circumstantiality that would astonish any one of this country, at this period of civilization; and of these anecdotes, the leading and more extraordinary ones were faithfully detailed by the female bards, (for so they may be called) who chaunt verses over the dead: on which occasions, they trace back the genealogy of the deceased, and enlarge upon every domestic

* For an irrefragable proof of Mr. Macklin's age, the reader is referred to Chap. 13.

circumstance, for three, four, or five generations. The circumstance of CHARLES MACKLIN's having been carried away, in a * turf-kish, from the scene of action, near the Boyne, on that memorable day which gave freedom to Ireland, and transferred the property of the old possessors to new masters, is still spoken of by those, whose grandfathers, if living, could scarcely remember the event, but who have had it from father to son by oral tradition.

In those days, the ladies of that country were almost as masculine as some ladies of fashion are now in England; though not exactly in the same manner. Undegenerate, and uncorrupted, from the tenderness of their hearts arose a courage, superior even to that of the male sex—an utter disregard of danger.—A gentle, but uninterrupted spring of valour, inspired, not by a thirst for an enemy's blood, but by an almost divine solicitude for a father's, a brother's, or an husband's safety.

• A kind of basket placed on a car, and used principally for the purpose of conveying turf from the bogs to the habitations of the Irish.

In short, there were many of them who wanted nothing but the refinement and polish of the present times to rival a distinguished lady;* who, under the impulse of conjugal affection, followed her husband through all the horrors of the American war.

It was in the fullness of this spirit, that the mother of Mr. Macklin, attended by a servant, followed her husband into the tumult and hazards of the war, and helped to gird on his sword on the morning of the battle of the Boyne.

The result of that battle is well known. James not only suffered, but promoted, and even rejoiced at, the defeat of his too faithful subjects. The Irish army was routed, and Mr. Macklin's mother was obliged to provide for the safety of herself and her children, by precipitately retiring from the scene of action; conveying, as already mentioned, young Charles, in a *turf-kish*, to the house of a

• LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

friend at Shinglass, in the county of Westmeath. The loyalty of the unhappy Irish not only followed the fortunes of James, but out-lived his perfidy. All his baseness and treachery were insufficient to shake them from what they thought their just allegiance. They endeavoured to bury the frailties of the man in the right of the king, and, even when irretrievably defeated, maintained their attachment and fidelity inviolate. Among the rest, William M'Laughlin remained steadily faithful to James; and having a spirit as unwilling to sue for terms, as he was unable to impose them, was persecuted, among others, with the utmost rigour. His estate, and the estates of all his connections, were very soon confiscated. Thus at once deprived of his property, he retired with his family into the county of Westmeath, where he lived for some years in obscurity. It was during this period of family distress, that Mr. M'Laughlin adopted the expedient of carrying his family to the metropolis, with the view of bettering his condition, and of making some provision for an increasing issue. In the capital he was

as unfortunate as in the country ; and although he was a man of extraordinary strength of body, and equal vigour of mind, yet he never recovered his spirits after the battle of the Boyne. He died in December, 1704, literally of a broken heart ; a victim to misapplied loyalty and mistaken generosity.

On his death, his widow collected together all her little effects, and took lodgings in Barrack-street, Dublin, where she lived for two years in a state of obscurity and retirement, suited to the condition of her feelings and her purse. Her property, notwithstanding her great industry and œconomy, was diminishing every day ; and her inability to maintain her beloved offspring in the tender manner she could wish, was, to a woman of her exquisite feelings, a heart-breaking reflection.

She had no resources—All who owed protection or aid to her or her children, were buried in one common ruin with herself ; and she was nearly reduced to despair, when Providence, in pity of her afflictions, threw relief in her way ; that is, enabled her to pro-

vide for her children, by abandoning the melancholy indulgence which she had cherished of sinking to the grave a widow; and carrying with her to her last breath, unabated, her love for the bed of her deceased husband.

An Irishman, of respectable family, who had made a more wise choice than her husband, and espoused the cause of King William, saw, admired her, and sued for her hand. His name was *Luke O'Meally*: he had fought under the banners of King William, at the battle of the Boyne. To better the condition of her children was her darling object; she, therefore, consented to give a new parent to young Charles and his sister; and to the last moment of his existence, the veteran *Shylock* never forgot to do him justice; and, whenever his name was mentioned, bore ample testimony to his having been a most tender, kind, and affectionate father to him. This marriage took place in February, 1707.

The circumstances of Mr. O'Meally were not so affluent as to allow him to lead a life of

idleness. He, therefore, on the disbanding of his regiment, resolved to go into business, and opened a tavern in Dublin; which, long after, continued to be a place of celebrity; and was known, till very lately, by the name of "the Eagle," in Werburgh-street.

Mrs. O'Meally, however, being unwilling to have her son exposed to the vitiating habits of a tavern, boarded young Charles at an academy in Island-bridge, a small village about a mile to the westward of Dublin, designing to give him an education suitable to the mercantile line; to which it was her intention to bring him up. Her daughter, however, she kept with herself; but she did not live long; and as her death was somewhat extraordinary, it may, perhaps, be worth deviating from the direct line of the history to mention it.

Mr. O'Meally was a very good-natured man; but like many others, who are called good-natured, was apt, on the strength of it, to indulge in violent fits of passion. It happened that this poor girl suffered herself, one

morning before the father and mother were up, to be cheated of a few shillings by a party of King William's military officers. When Mr. O'Meally discovered it, he flew into an outrageous passion, stormed at her, and threw her into an agony of fear, which carried her off, after she had lingered under its effects between two and three months.

Chap. II.

MUCH has been said and written on the subject of education; much more, however, might be said and written upon it, without exhausting the topic. In infancy, certainly, the temper is formed; and the habits of feeling as well as of thinking impressed upon the human heart. Were parents aware of the extent of this principle, they would be more attentive to it than they are. Did they know how many mischiefs arise, in adult years, from impressions made in childhood, by circumstances apparently innocent or trivial, they would more deliberately weigh

every part of the management of youth before they attempted to put it in practice. Certain, it is, that from things seemingly the most insignificant, children will take a bent never after to be rectified—From apparent trifles, they will adopt averfions or attachments—prejudices, propensities, and passions; which neither reason, experience, or industry, can ever after eradicate from their minds.

The choice of the person to whose tuition parents entrust their children is, therefore, of the greatest consequence. It is not enough that such a man is a scholar: there are many of those deeply-learned pedagogues, who fill the minds and hearts of their pupils with a thousand disgusting propensities, and even vices, for which no share of learning can atone.

How many have been made to abhor early rising and reading—how many to abhor their duty at church, by unreasonable rigour in those points, and inhuman chastisement for neglect of them. It was from the cruelty of a

pedagogue, that Mr. Macklin, almost in infancy, imbibed that invincible prejudice against the Scotch, which adhered to him through a long life, and is too glaringly avowed in his writings to have escaped the observation of any one who has read or seen them performed. The academy at which he was boarded was kept by a Scotchman, of the name of Nicholson—naturally morose, sour, and severe in his temper; the practice of a schoolmaster was not likely to improve it.—Like too many of his profession, he was, in fact, a compendium of all those gloomy, brutal passions, which constitute the systematic tyrant; and only wanted power to be a perfect despot. A subject better calculated both for the indulgence and vexation of such a man could not have been found than young Charles. If Nicholson was cruel, Macklin was arch, bold, resolute, and ingenious. Thus the tyranny and moroseness of the Scotchman, set off by a grotesque person, a ludicrous voice, and the most *outré*, whimsical deportment, were sufficient to recommend him to the boy's contempt and abhorrence. With such motives to hostility on both sides,

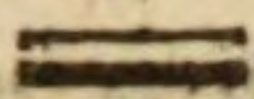
it is not at all surprizing, that they soon declared war against each other, which they certainly continued for the space of nineteen months, and, till the boy passed his eighteenth year; a time truly astonishing for two human beings to remain wilfully inflicting and suffering. The one was content to undergo all the torment and confusion, which wit, archness, and ingenuity could devise for his annoyance, rather than forego the indulgence he felt in whipping the boy—The other was willing to purchase the luxury of tormenting his tyrant at the daily expence of a horfing—and if the talents of both be duly considered, it will remain doubtful to which of them the palm of persevering patience belonged. Charles, in his very infancy, disclosed strong marks of that temper, genius, and spirit, which marked his character in succeeding life—shrewd, keen, and penetrating beyond his years—bold, proud, and resolute, and even then inflexibly firm to his purpose; full of animation, fire and vivacity, with an heart which tenderness or persuasion might mould, but no tyranny depress or controul.

Upon such a vigorous, luxuriant stock, how many noble virtues might not have been ingrafted by the hand of skill. But it fell into the hands of a blockhead, who, though he could not marr its growth, contrived, perhaps, to distort its direction. The circumstances of this period of his life impressed themselves so deeply on Mr. Macklin's mind, that he never forgot them, and frequently indulged his friends with humorous descriptions of his conflicts with, and machinations to tantalize, Nicholson.

He early possessed an extraordinary talent for mimickry, which he exercised to the continual annoyance of the pedant, by counterfeiting alternately the voices of him and his wife *Harriet*, and calling aloud upon either, in the voice of the other so exactly, as to baffle all their vigilance in guarding against his pranks; and a parrot which our young hero had taught not only to mimick both in the same style, but to call them by the most ridiculous names, compleated their mortification. Every week a message was sent to Charles's mother, to request that either she or

her husband would come and take the boy away, or silence him. She would come and threaten, and entreat. Charles would promise amendment—keep his word for a day or two—and again become as mischievous and troublesome as ever. Nor was his archness confined to *Nicholson*; every one who happened to have the least oddity or singularity was sure to become the subject of his mirth and humour—scarcely any one therefore escaped him—and he at last obtained the nickname of *Charles a Molluchth*; or, in English, *Wicked Charley*. While at school, he was celebrated for feats of prowess and valour. He was more than a match at boxing and cudgel-playing for any boy of his age—and excelled in swimming, even there, where that art has always been carried to a degree of perfection so great, as to surprize all foreigners, who have occasion to visit Dublin. The practice of leaping off the bridges of Dublin, and off the masts of ships into the river, was not then so common as it has since become. It was at that time deemed an act of heroism, and Macklin was among the first,

if not the very first, who undertook that seemingly hazardous feat of leaping from the Old Bridge into the Liffey.



Chap. III.

DURING the time he was receiving his education at the academy of Mr. Nicholson, an incident occurred, which Mr. Macklin always considered to be the hinge on which the fortunes of his whole life afterwards turned; and the circumstance that directed his thoughts to the stage. Though it is reasonable to suppose that talents, so calculated as his were for the profession, set in motion by a spirit so vivid and mercurial as he possessed, could hardly have failed of conducting him one day or other into the course designed for him. However, from this he always dated his first disposition to become an actor, and for that reason considered it as a remarkable æra in his life.—In the year 1708, Mr. Nicholson resolved to have a play per-

formed by his scholars, in order to display his skill in teaching them elocution. The play chosen for the occasion, was "*The Orphan*," or "*Unhappy Marriage*."—The male parts were readily filled, but to perform the character of *Monimia* was with every boy an object either of so much difficulty or dislike, that not one fit for it could be found to undertake it. At that time, a *Mrs. Pilkington*, a lady of most amiable disposition, and uncommon attainments, resided at Island-bridge, and was in the habit of visiting Mrs. Nicholson. To her excellent understanding, the archness, the pleasantry, and the humour of Macklin, discovered no less the promise of something valuable in manhood, than his oppressed state was a recommendation to her good heart. She never failed to plead with all her eloquence in his favour, whenever the pedagogue or his wife railed against him. And she was often heard to say, that she was convinced he would, one time or other, make a conspicuous figure in the world.

As soon as the difficulty arose about performing the character of *Monimia*, Mrs. Pilkington seized the opportunity of recommending her favourite, saying, that she would take upon herself to give him some instructions, with the help of which she had no hesitation to promise, that the character of the heroine should be the best performed part in the play. To this expedient Nicholson at first peremptorily objected, not less perhaps from real distrust of the boy's talents, than from the fixed and settled hatred that he bore him. It was in vain, however, that he argued, assuring her the boy was such a wild, incorrigible rogue, that, however qualified he might be to perform the part, he would never go through with it, for it afforded him such an opportunity of gratifying his mischievous propensities, that it was impossible for him to resist the temptation. The good lady, however, would not be refused, and Nicholson at last consented to let Macklin perform *Monimia*, observing, that he was sure the performance would be interrupted by some extravagant act. How far Macklin might have justified the suspicion of

Nicholson, if the character had been wilfully cast upon him by that pedagogue, he himself was never able to ascertain. He resolved, however, to exert himself to the utmost, in order to do as much credit as possible to the good opinion of his patroness. He diligently studied the part—rehearsed frequently before her, and so attentively received and profited by her instructions, that when he acted *Monimia*, it was allowed he had made good the promise she had given, that the character of the heroine should be the best performed part in the play. To the last moments of his existence, Mr. Macklin never spoke of that lady, without giving vent to the warmest effusions of gratitude and affection. In short, his acting astonished every one, and extorted from Nicholson himself such applause, that he not only began to stand higher in the opinion of others, but to form conceptions of his own powers, and entertain a confidence in himself, which in a very little time afterwards, propelled him to an enterprise, that, considering his age, and the time when it took place, manifested an extraor-

dinary boldness of spirit. This was nothing less than to leave his native country, and to proceed to London, in order, at once, to get rid of Nicholson, and better his condition; or, as the common saying is, *seek his fortune*.

It was in the year 1708 that our hero conceived and executed this adventurous project. He had some time before contracted an intimacy with two young men of a very wild disposition, both of them some years older than himself, and both of them filled with an ardent desire to see the world, and come to London to pick up some of the gold, which the uninformed part of the Irish then imagined lay in the very streets of the metropolis.—With them he held various conferences on the subject—every one of which tended to strengthen them in the whimsical notion they had conceived. Once in London, Fortune, they thought, would be sure to present herself with open arms to receive them. The only doubt or difficulty in their minds, was the journey; which, simple as they were, they knew could not be performed without some money: and

money, however easily acquired in London, was certainly obtained with great difficulty in Ireland; particularly by three wild, needy youths, whose parents could not afford them much pocket money. This difficulty served but to whet the appetite of our young adventurers to get out of such a fordid place of poverty, as they thought Dublin, and see that depot of money and miracles, London; where a *Fortunatus's purse* was supposed to be at the service of every enterprizer.—Had they but his *wishing-cap*, they would have been happy in a trice—But wanting that, they resolved to use their best industry to raise a supply; which after some months had elapsed, and a thousand efforts had been made, they accomplished to their present content. What was the exact sum the others had, is a point not worth ascertaining—but it was certainly less than our hero's, who contrived to purloin from his mother, nine pounds, a sum, which, considering the high value money bore at that time, was no small acquisition to him, nor could be an inconsiderable loss to his mother. It was, however, the last act of disobedience he was

ever guilty of; and the only fraud that, in his long life, he had to accuse himself of committing. Possessed of so much wealth, he thought there was little apprehension of his ever being poor; and conceiving that no time was to be lost in making good his flight, in case of search or pursuit, he, in company with his two friends, William Mulligan, the son of an apothecary, in Francis street, and Patrick D——n, the son of a corn-factor, in Thomas-street, got on board a small trader, lying in Dublin harbour, ready to sail; and, without any adventure or misadventure—without even a storm, which almost every passenger meets on his first voyage, as a thing of course, they landed at Parkgate; and proceeding by easy journies on foot, arrived in due time in London.—After defraying the expences of their journey, and living in London for the space of a month at an extravagant rate, during which time they visited all the public places of amusement, our young adventurers began, for the first time, to discover that they had but very little money left: and as they were not of the fortunate sort of beings,

who can draw on a good stock of prudence for the deficiencies of their purse, the small sum they had remaining, was soon expended; and poverty, with all its horrors, aggravated by the thoughts of being in a strange country, far from home, began to stare them in the face—and their Irish accent precluded them, in some degree, from that compassion, which, in these days of liberality, youths, in the same predicament, might hope to experience.

It would not be to be wondered at, if three persons of such tender years, in the situation our adventurers are described, had fallen into a state of utter despondency. They could not hope for favour or compassion among strangers, to whom every word they uttered was offensive and alarming. Neither had they any friend, or countryman, that they then knew of, to whom they could apply for assistance. In this dilemma, they held frequent councils together; and one day, being resolved into a committee of ways and means, one of them, Patrick D——n, urged, not only by

desperation, but, as it should seem from his subsequent conduct, by bad principles, proposed to have recourse to robbery for their subsistence. Against this proposal, Macklin and Mulligan, without hesitation, revolted; and felt such indignation at the suggestion, that they broke off all intercourse with the proposer, who, however, carried his plan by himself into execution, and continued the practice, till, after several escapes, justice at length laid hold of him, and his enterprizes ended at Tyburn. His other companion, WILLIAM MULLIGAN, entered into the military service; after having made many efforts to persuade Macklin to take the same step, but in vain, and after some years service abroad, he entered into a mercantile line of life, and in a few years amassed a very considerable fortune: Charles Macklin remained to experience that train of vicissitudes and fluctuations of fortune, which it is our intention to relate.

Chap. IV.

AS he happened to stroll one day through the Borough, he perceived, standing at the door of a public house, a female, whose face appeared so familiar to him, that he could not refrain from stopping and looking at her attentively. She seemed no less struck with his countenance, in which she thought she saw something not entirely unknown to her:—an explanation took place, and she proved to be a person who had lived with his mother as a servant a few years before. The young woman expressed no less pleasure than surprise at seeing our hero, although he had played her many a trick; but conceiving it to be impossible that Charles had come to London without his mother or father-in-law, desired to know where they were, that she might go and pay her respects to them; and on his informing her of the nature of his journey to London, and the situation he was in, she burst into tears, and exhibited demonstrations of sorrow, which affected our

youth's feelings extremely. She conducted him into the house, at the door of which she was standing, and taking him into a private room, enquired, with tender solicitude, into every particular of his situation, the developement of which, impressed her with still greater astonishment and regret. She was herself at service in the neighbourhood, and entreated the landlady of the house to take care of Charles, and afford him shelter, for which she promised to be responsible, assuring every one in hearing, that he was the son of a real gentleman and as good a lady as ever existed. In consequence of which, a bed in the attic story was assigned him. The house in which our hero now resided, was frequented by some inferior performers of a company who exhibited low drolls, pantomimes, tumbling, &c. and who found their account in entertaining the guests with their tricks. Charles, whose tender mind, and vivid animal spirits, rendered him extremely fit for such impressions, was much captivated with their performances; and having, as already remarked, a talent

for mimickry, and a rich vein of humour, felt a strong inclination to rival them, and soon succeeded to his wishes. During this time, from the kind treatment of the hostess, (a widow) he had endeavoured to render himself as useful as possible in the house, and conducted himself so well, that he very soon became distinguished for his diligence and activity; and the partiality of the landlady was justified by the actual services that he rendered her; for, exclusive of indefatigable industry, and accuracy in the affairs of the trade, he soon discovered qualities of a more advantageous kind; and by dint of genius, and a high flow of spirits, became the delight of all who frequented the house. He sung for them—he danced—he mimicked—he spouted—and he played the droll; infomuch, that his fame spread abroad, and the house was every night filled with respectable opulent dealers. Clubs and meetings were instituted for the purpose of enjoying the entertainment he afforded. In short, he became a most pleasing and popular cha-

rafter in that circle, and more than trebled the income of the house by his talents.

During this time, the eyes of the widow could not be accused of an entire abstinence from his person. She was imbibing a passion for him, which self-interest, and the value he was to the house encouraged. If her late husband, at times, broke in upon her thoughts, it was only in a disadvantageous comparison with the superior merits of our hero. She argued with herself in the following manner—"What would the world say? What! to marry a beardless boy; a stranger, and an Irishman too—after having had the best of husbands! it would be too bad;—and as for any thing else, it would be worse!—for who then could answer for his constancy?" Whenever a conflict of this kind takes place in the mind of a woman, it requires no great sagacity to determine on which side victory will declare.—Reason and passion come against each other like hostile armies in a play, where it is predetermined which side shall beat the other off the stage. The voice of the world, decency, or common fame, could stand no chance of

success, when opposed to a very inflammable heart, stimulated by such accomplishments. The good widow being determined to make the boy her own, lost no time in preparing the attack, and actually had the address to win him over, and the assurance to lead him (for it could not be said he led her) to one of those places vulgarly called *Beggar-making shops*, of which there were several at that time in London. The marriage ceremony was generally performed by persons who had been excommunicated the church. This step, however it might tarnish her fame with the delicate few, did not at all injure her business; increased crowds came to break the shafts of their wit on her head, but they generally experienced some very severe retorts from her supposed husband. She giggled, she flirted, she affected to hide her face—but Charles (mischievous rogue!) found as much pleasure in exhibiting and bringing her to view as the visitors could.—And several weeks elapsed, before the merriment, which this *extraordinary union* had occasioned, terminated.

Chap. V.

DURING this time, his mother became almost distracted at the loss of him.—The uncertainty of his fate threw her into a state of despondency—she sent to all parts of Ireland; and, by various means and indefatigable industry, had every little town searched for him: for the difficulties and dangers of a voyage to England, were, at that time, held in so exaggerated a point of view, that she did not conceive it possible he could have attempted it; and his most intimate friends, not even Mrs. Pilkington herself, who instructed him to play the character of *Monimia*, had never heard him suggest an idea of visiting England—so secretly had he hoarded up his intentions. At length, the young woman who first introduced him to the public house, suspecting that it would be agreeable to his mother to hear of him, fearing that the company and mode of life he had fallen into would ruin him; and thinking, (no doubt, properly) that the sup-

posed union, into which he had been betrayed by his *virtuous landlady*, was not only shameful, vicious, and degrading, but unfit for so young a boy, wrote, or at least procured a letter to be written, to *Mrs. O'Meally*, informing her of the whole transaction. To find him, in any situation, was transport to the afflicted mother—she lost no time in availing herself of the information, and recovering her prodigal back again to her arms. It happened, that a very near relation of *Mrs. O'Meally's*, of the name of *Sullivan*, a Spanish merchant, resided in London—to him she immediately wrote, and prevailed on him to undertake the restoration of her beloved child.

Proper affidavits were made and authenticated by the seal of the lord mayor of Dublin, and many letters were procured to persons of eminence in London, in order to verify the fact respecting the age, and identify the person of Charles. Armed with these authorities, *Mr. Sullivan* proceeded, according to the directions he had received, to the Borough;

saw Charles, and made a formal demand that he should be delivered up to him. This was at three o'clock in the afternoon. The mistress of the house set up a plea of marriage; but Mr. Sullivan over-ruled that plea directly, by referring to Charles's nonage; which, he observed, and, indeed, she knew, rendered the marriage void. After some dispute, which he threatened to have determined by the intervention of a court of law, or by a more summary process before the civil magistrate, it was agreed that the boy should be sent the next morning to Mr. Sullivan's house in the city; and that gentleman left the place satisfied with the success of his negotiation. Next morning Mr. Sullivan waited at home to receive and dispatch the boy; but no boy came.

He, accordingly, without loss of time, went again into the Borough, and was informed by the landlady, that young M'Laughlin had been gone from thence since the morning. On this occasion, the good lady of the house held forth in a pitiable strain of lamentation; declaring, that the absence of Charles would be the ruin of her house, and undoing of her-

self—for nobody would care to come to her club-room after his departure. Mr. Sullivan, however, who suspected what was really the truth, viz.—that she had Charles, at that very time, concealed in the house, told her he could listen to no such ridiculous language—that the boy was intended to move in a very different sphere of life from that of a publican; and that, as to her losses and her feelings, they were not to be put in competition with those of the youth's honest and respectable mother, who was pining in anguish at the loss of her son, on whose future progress in life her best hopes rested:—finally, he assured her, that she should be responsible for the boy's appearance—declared he was convinced she had him concealed; and threatened, if he was not instantly restored, to prosecute her with the utmost rigour of the law. On this, Charles was, with very considerable reluctance, given up to Mr. Sullivan, and sent back by the first conveyance to Ireland, where he was embraced with transport, as the reader may well suppose, by his fond mother; who was over-joyed, beyond

expression, at the recovery of her long-lost darling child.

Whilst the memory of Mr. Macklin was able to recal one, and only one, circumstance of his past life, this meeting with his mother was, probably, that circumstance.—He often declared, his transports were so indescribably great on that occasion, that he would undergo almost an age of pain to have them repeated;—for, as Mrs O'Meally was one of the best of mothers, so Charles was, always, the most affectionate of sons.

During the interval of our hero's absence, Mrs. O'Meally sustained a heavy loss in the death of a Mr. O'Kelly. This gentleman was distantly related to her, and having taken the strongest side at the revolution, and exerted himself after with great activity and vigour on the part of the reigning King (William III.) was high in favour at court; and, being of an excellent disposition, was ever ready to use his interest in the protection or service of his relatives, however distant. He had promised

to provide for Charles as soon as he was fit to be put forward in life ; and that promise made the mother more unhappy at the boy's elopement. It was, indeed, a critical turn in the fortune of our hero, and was then looked upon as an unfortunate one ; for, on his return home, she and her husband were so circumstanced, that they found it impracticable to put the boy forward in any business fitted for his capacity, or suitable to his inclination, as he had acquired a taste for letters, and could think of nothing unconnected with them. While he was kept in this idle state of suspense, at his mother's, he formed an acquaintance with several young gentlemen, who resorted that house ; some of whom were, at that time, under-graduates in Trinity College, Dublin. These gentlemen were greatly delighted with his manners and accomplishments, and particularly captivated with his diverting stories, and whimsical adventures.—He told them tales, he sung, he entertained them with anecdotes of several persons, illustrating his details with mimicry, and embellishing them with whim ; and they, in

return, lent him books, which he devoured with the greatest avidity. Whenever he went for books, he was generally detained at the College for the day—so that at last he might almost be said to reside there. On these occasions, opportunities would occur of rendering himself useful to his young friends, by going on messages from one to the other; and as the tavern had become disagreeable to him, and he saw in that quarter no better prospect than that of being all his life a tavern-keeper; and as, on the other hand, his College connections afforded him a temporary maintenance, and an opportunity of enlarging and enriching his mind, he determined to spend as much of his time in the university as he possibly could, till something better should occur; to make himself useful and agreeable to the young gentlemen of the College; and, with indefatigable industry, to convert every opportunity that might present itself to the improvement of his mind. With this view he submitted to the menial capacity of *Badgeman*—in which situation he remained till he arrived at the age of twenty-

one, when he quitted the College in the manner we shall now relate. Just at this time, a brother of Mrs. O'Meally, Captain O'Flanagan, in the German service, came to Ireland, on a visit to his relations, and to collect recruits. He was highly captivated with the spirited deportment of Charles, and promised, if he would be guided by him, to provide for him. On the captain's departure for Germany, he prevailed upon his nephew to accompany him, pledging himself to procure him a commission immediately in that service; and informing him, that his interest was such as would enable him to get Charles as speedy promotion as the nature of the service would admit. Apparently elated with these hopes, our hero once more left his native country, and had the satisfaction to carry along with him the reflection, that he had his mother's approbation and consent. One would naturally suppose that this great elevation in our hero's circumstances and situation would have quieted his mind for the present, and afforded him at least temporary content. After having, almost from

infancy, spent a life, which, to say no worse of it, was not very enviable; after having first undergone the tyranny of a pedagogue, then felt the goading pressure of poverty; and, after that, sunk almost into servitude, it would be but rational to suppose, he must have been greatly over-joyed to rise to a state of independence, which conferred on him at once the rank of a gentleman; and not only secured him from indigence, but promised to gratify his most ardent ambition, and give ample room for the exercise of his spirit, however vivid or energetic it might be. Far otherwise was it, however, with *Charles*—his mind had got a bent of another kind—his Genius beckoned him to follow her in a different road, and to relinquish his design of visiting Germany. He obeyed her summons; and whatever cause he himself might have had to regret or rejoice at it—for the public, at least, and the interest of the drama, it must be considered as fortunate.

Chap. VI.

ON his return to Germany, Captain O'Flanagan made London in his way. He had some very honourable intimacies there, which he had formed at *Aix la Chapelle*, and *Brussels*, and he was engaged for near a month in a round of visiting; during which time, our hero entertained himself in seeking after and conversing with some of his old friends in the Borough. And, as this is a proper place to do justice to his character, in a particular instance, which might, in the future progress of the history, escape recollection, we must mention, that Mr. Macklin, when he became in some degree opulent, finding the widow in the Borough in indigent circumstances, furnished her with the means of living in comfort and decency to the end of her life.

While Captain O'Flanagan was taking leave of his friends in London, Charles was forming an intimacy with a company of strollers; to

which he was introduced by his former scaramouch friends in the Borough ; and when the time of departure came, was not to be found. His uncle waited three days, at the end of which time, he received a polite letter from his nephew, begging leave to decline the intended visit to Germany, and the promised commission, and announcing his being *better provided for* !—In consequence of which, that gentleman proceeded to the continent without him ; having first written a letter to his sister, informing her of her son's strange conduct, and inclosing his letter to her.

At this time, he was hidden in a shabby room in *Hockley in the Hole*,* at which place the strolling company, with whom he had got connected, were exhibiting pieces of mummery, wire-dancing, tumbling, &c.—With them he played a variety of parts—but, as all their pieces were of the most insignificant kind, and might rather be called low drolls, than regular dramas, his parts were of a very inferior sort, viz. Harlequin, Scaramouch, &c.

* Near Clerkenwell Green.

Here his genius, availing itself of the infinite variety of low character that presented, first began to study mankind, and to lay up the rudiments of acting; which, it is allowed, he afterwards reduced to a science. Here, too, he perfected his skill as a pugilist, in which he also excelled. His life, indeed, at that time, affords little matter for praise—and something to lament and to censure. The veracity of a biographer, demands a true statement, and we are, therefore, bound to relate, that, acting in those low drolls, boxing, fighting, and gambling, made the tissue of his course for some months in this place:—he was only in his twenty-second year, it is true.—It is known, but more particularly at that time, that an Irishman at twenty-two, was as wild, and mischievous, as an arch English lad of fifteen: his youth, then, may be pleaded in mitigation of faults, which, in advanced life, would have been inexcusable, if not infamous.

It will readily be conceived, that, in such a course of life, the vicissitudes of his fortune must have been many. His circumstances were continually fluctuating—sometimes, he

was without the means of procuring his daily food—at others, he was overflowing with money, which, for greater security, he usually hid in his mattress; taking care to make his bed himself, to lock the room after him, and keep the key in his pocket.

Meantime, the disappointment and affliction of his mother were inexpressible—her fond maternal heart knew no rest—the hopes she had cherished of his advancement in life were destroyed—her pride was hurt, and the promised honors of her son extinguished.—Nevertheless, she was indefatigable in her efforts to recover him again; and applied, for that purpose, to every one coming to London, to whom she could get an introduction—or, with whom she had the slightest acquaintance. At length it happened, that a MR. MALONE, a respectable Irish gentleman, and the grandfather of the present gentleman of that name, who has so eminently distinguished himself in the world of letters, particularly by his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, was coming over to London: to him she applied—he took the

necessary instructions, and promised to use his utmost endeavours to find her son.

This worthy, and ever to be respected, gentleman, on his arrival in London, lost no time in performing his promise; and, in conformity to the directions he had received, sent his servant to the public house in the Borough; where he, on enquiry, was informed, that Charles came there but seldom, but that a young man, who was in the habits of intimacy with him, was there frequently. On hearing this, Mr. Malone immediately applied to this person, and received the information, that our hero was lodged at the sign of the *Cat and Bagpipes*, commonly called the *Salutation*, kept by an Irishman, in *Hockley in the Hole*. Thither that gentleman repaired in person without delay, and got full intelligence of our hero's whole course of life, which gave him infinite concern—though the dauntless vivacity and gaiety, with which Macklin afterwards spoke of it to him, made him laugh; and induced him to set it down as a mere effusion of an ardent spirit; which might, one day, when

applied to proper objects, be useful to society, and honourable to the possessor.

Without tracing, minutely, all the steps Mr. Malone took, or all the arguments he made use of to effect his purpose, suffice it to say, he succeeded to the utmost of his wishes; and, on his return, took young Macklin back with him to Ireland, and restored him once more to his mother; who began to be indifferent what line of life her son moved in; no matter how low, or how contracted, provided she could persuade him to preserve his morals untainted, and his religion unchanged.—As long as she was near enough to speak to him, she had the most absolute control over him—for he knew not what it was to contradict or refuse her. In compliance with her desire, therefore, he endeavoured to content himself with the narrow circle of Dublin, and, once more, return to his former station, of *badge-man* in Trinity College.

On the second return of Charles to Ireland, Mr. O'Meally let the tavern in Werburgh-

street, and took an inn at Cloncurry, about eighteen miles from Dublin. Charles constantly visited his mother in the country.—To this he was prompted by his anxiety to gratify her on the point of his religion:—he left Dublin on the Saturday—went with her to mass on Sunday—and returned to the College on Monday. It was on these occasions, she was accustomed to use all her eloquence to establish popery in her son's heart; who, on his part, listened with respectful attention, and agreed to every thing she said, though he had often declared her arguments were, frequently, of so extravagant a nature, that it required all his filial reverence to prevent him from laughing—and were such as must have operated against her wishes, if that effect had then remained to be produced. O'Meally, her husband, was a man of a liberal mind; and before him, she dared not say a word against the established religion. Thus it was between the two sects, at that time; even between man and wife, who loved one another, but who happened to be of different persuasions—

each thought that, as to futurity, the other was undone, and damned to all eternity.

It was not till after he had completed his twenty-sixth year, a time of life of very serious and important concern, that Macklin began to think he had sacrificed sufficiently to the mistaken fondness of a mother; and to feel that he was obscured, and likely to remain so, if he staid in Dublin; while some of inferior talents, weaker bodies, and no better education than himself, were bustling, and pushing their fortune in life.—He, therefore, determined to return, once more, to that great theatre of the world, England; where, he knew, every man got to the last farthing of the value of whatever commodity he brought to market, be it what it might—merchandise, intellectual talents, or bodily labour. Though he still, and, indeed, to the last day of her existence, loved his mother almost to idolatry, he reflected that he was now a man, responsible to society for the use of his talents, and too old to be kept in leading-strings; not doubting, however, that his mother would

still continue to have him pursued, and persuaded back, he wrote her a letter, expressive of his determination, never to return at all, if he could not return in a better situation ;—beseeching her not to take the pains of enquiry after him—and, assuring her, that she should hear from him as often as would be conducive to her ease and satisfaction :—and completely to baffle pursuit, he resolved not to go to London, but to steer directly for *Bristol*, where he purposed to remain, if possible, till the heat of any enquiry she might set on foot was abated. He, therefore, took a place in the steerage of a *Bristol-trader* ; and after a long passage, which he prevented from being tedious to him by studying a volume of *Beaumont and Fletcher's* plays, landed in that opulent city.

Chap. VII.

IT happened, at this period, that a company of inferior strolling players arrived at Bristol, and opened a small theatre there, with permission of the Mayor. Two of the performers, a man and woman, lodged in the same house with Macklin :—it was a little, mean, snuff and tobacco shop, next door but one to the theatre.—A young fellow of our hero's complexion could not be long so situated without forming an acquaintance with his fellow-lodgers.—They were both, or at least affected to be, charmed with his manner—took him behind the scenes, first at rehearsal, and afterwards at the performance, where the great and puissant manager himself behaved obligingly to him, and some nights after made him free of the house : for it must be observed, that Macklin made some very pertinent and ingenious remarks upon the drama in general, and his actors in particular—which he accompanied with some gestures and specimens

of imitation, that gave the manager no small opinion of his talents, which was expressed in plain terms, with an invitation to enlist under the banners of the company. Not to deny the truth, it was to the stage his heart always turned, and his judgment pointed.—Thus encouraged and puffed up by praise, the latent passion burst forth like a flame—he accepted the invitation. The Play of *Richard the Third* was fixed for his *debut*—and the part of *Richmond*, to be performed by Mr. *M'Laughlin*, being his first appearance on any stage, appeared in manuscript bills in every corner of Bristol.

Considering the strong vernacular accent, with which Mr. Macklin acknowledged he then spoke, the reader would be at a loss to account for the applause which he met with on his first appearance—if he was not told, that Bristol has always been so much inhabited by the Irish, that their tones in speaking have become familiar there:—the liberal people of the neighbouring counties say of a Bristol man, that he is the “offspring of an Irish

rogue and a Welch prostitute," and this they wittingly call his genealogy. The truth is, the Irish traded more, and met more encouragement in that city (as they thought), than in any other part of England, and thence became frequently inhabitants of it. Whether it was owing to this, or the superiority of his acting to the rest of the company, cannot be determined; but so it was, he met a very flattering reception on his first appearance. He followed up this success with several other characters of various kinds, and, at the conclusion of the season, left Bristol with the company, on a strolling party through the western part of England. It would be an uninteresting and tiresome task to the reader to go through, if it were possible for us to give a detail of, the various characters he played, or the variety of offices he executed. Sometimes he was an architect, and knocked up the stage and seats in a barn; sometimes he wrote an opening Prologue, or a parting Epilogue, for the company: at others, he wrote a song, complimentary and adulatory to the village they happened to play in,

which he always adapted to some sprightly popular air, and fung himself: and he often was champion, and stood forward to repress the persons who were accustomed to intrude upon, and be rude to the actors. His circle of acting was more enlarged than Garrick's; for, in one night, he played *Antonio* and *Belvidera*, in *Venice Preserved*—*Harlequin*, in the entertainment—fung three humorous songs between the acts, and indulged the audience with an Irish jig between the play and entertainment. He has often done this, or as much as this, when his allotment of the profits amounted to no more than five or six-pence. However, it was his nature not to think of present difficulties, but to look forward to future greatness.—While he was acting in this manner, he was not mis-spending his time—he was steeling his constitution, learning the human heart, storing up in his mind character in all its shapes, familiarizing himself to the caprices of fortune, and laying up a treasure of information which he could not have acquired in any seminary in the course of an age.

Small though his profits were, he still held a high rank ; indeed, the highest in the company, except the manager. Though he took much pains to get rid of the natural *brogue*, it stuck to him a long time, and was certainly a great bar to his advancement:—he was conscious of it himself, and, on account of it, avoided pushing forward into a better company, being determined, if possible, to improve his pronunciation before he quitted that with which he acted, though it was of the lowest kind. Yet there was a something in his action which countervailed this defect—so gross to an English audience—and held him in the character of a good player. Though he positively affirmed he was, in his own estimation, below mediocrity, and worked only with the view that labour, study, and perseverance, would one day raise him. Having crossed from Bristol to Wales, the company strolled through that country, and exhibited in the principal towns with the same chequered fortune as they met in the west of England. It was at one of those towns, on or near the borders of England, that Macklin

happened to lodge in the house of a Welch parson, who, by good fortune, was married to an English lady of great accomplishments. He became so much a favourite with the happy couple, that they undertook to cure him of his brogue. He thankfully agreed to receive their instructions; that is to say, to profit by those of the lady, and leave his Reverence's unnoticed; for, bad as the brogue was, it was by no means such unintelligible jargon as that which our good-natured Welch parson uttered, under the persuasion that he was speaking English.

All Macklin's own efforts, for years, to get rid of his natural accent, were nothing in comparison with the instructions of this lady. Every word he spoke with the Irish tone, every provincial phrase, every singularity, she noted, and interrupted him in.—His improvement was obvious; and so intent was he on prosecuting that improvement, that, having made a successful campaign at Hereford, Worcester, and Shrewsbury, he left the company, and returned to lodge in the house of the

Rev. Mr. Davis, his favourite clergyman, where he remained in a state of tuition and edification for six months.

At the end of four years, from his last leaving Bristol, he returned to it, hearing that a very respectable company of actors had arrived there. His admission into this company, improved though he was in the business of acting, was attended with much more difficulty than his reception into that of the former. The manager was opulent, proud, critical, and cautious, and he received our hero only on probation, assigning him but an inconsiderable character at first, to see what hand he could make of it. This was *Friar Lawrence* in *Romeo and Juliet*; on his performance of which, the manager complimented him; observing, that if he could cut three or four inches more of the brogue from his tongue, he would speak the part well. Macklin replied, he wished he could; but observed, that cutting off tongues was a dangerous experiment—if not, it would certainly be more practiced than it was; for there were some who would be much

more inoffensive actors, if they had no tongue at all. Our manager, who played *Romeo*, and lisped confoundedly, seemed to feel the stroke; and making the best of a business, in which he foresaw he should be no gainer, took Macklin by the hand, and observing he was a clever fellow, said, it should not be his fault if they fell out. In short, they agreed: and the performance of the character of *Mercutio* was, next night, added to that of *Friar Lawrence*, out of compliment to our hero. For a long time he had prejudices to encounter; which nothing but an excellent, sound understanding, some genius, and a heart of manly pith, could have enabled him to overcome.—With the judicious, his Irish accent was an objection which they allowed his acting, in a great degree, counterbalanced;—with the lower order, his being an Irishman was an objection, however admirably he might act. This, however, did not hold so strongly in Bristol, for the reason before mentioned. But a circumstance occurred, which seemed to be a fortunate interposition of Providence in his favour, as it, at least, procured him friends,

who would not suffer him to be discouraged.

We have already stated, that Macklin was eminent for all those exercises that require bodily strength and agility. For none was he more remarkable than *fives*, or *hand-ball playing*. At Bristol there was a *fives-playing club*, composed of the first players in and about that country. Macklin one day went to see them play against a Bath club of the same kind. Three players were chosen out of each club.—and, by agreement, it was stipulated, that the match should be played immediately. They had hardly struck three strokes, when one of the Bath men, by a violent over-hand exertion, sprained his shoulder, in such a manner, as to be unable to proceed: and as it was for no small sum they were playing, it was insisted that the bets should be drawn, if one of the Bath club could not be found. Search was made, but not one was to be found; when the Bristol men, impatient to play, and sanguine in ex-

pectation of victory, proposed to them to find any substitute they pleased. The gentlemen who had bet the money were present, and looked about with an eye of inquiry, to see whether there was any one present, on whom they could rely. When our hero boldly stepped forward, and offered himself: both parties made some difficulty—however, Charles removed it at once, by saying, “*Gentlemen, I have four guineas in my pocket, and I will stake them on whatever side I take, and will take either.*” They accordingly accepted him. The Bath men trembled; the Bristol players rejoiced, both being persuaded that it was only Paddy’s vanity stimulated him to play with Englishmen. However, it so happened that the Bath men won, and Charles shewed such vigour and dexterity, that they were astonished:—he put four guineas into his pocket by it; and the Bath club promised to take tickets for his benefit; which promise they punctually performed, to the amount of eight pounds: a great sum in those days.

But this was not all: he played several times after, and so temperately managed his powers,

as not to deter them—and mixed his playing with so much fun and jest, that he became a favourite; and, notwithstanding some opposition on the score of his being an Irishman, was admitted a member of the *fives-playing club*, which was composed of some of the first bucks of the town. In consequence of which, he had the greatest benefit that ever had been known in that city—and soon became a most distinguished actor.

After this, such numbers of the prime *fives-players* in the west of England came to play against him, that his professional business was interrupted by their continual challenges—he managed them, however, very artfully. And though his powers, in that way, were such, that he might, by one evening's exhibition, have given them a specimen that would have kept them off for ever; he let himself out only by degrees, playing first against one, and beating him with seeming difficulty; then against a better; then giving a little, and afterwards, great odds, till he put a consider-

able sum in his pocket, and tired them of trying experiments upon him. All the while, his liberal, dashing manners—his pleasantry of expression—his wit, and his companionable qualities, made him more and more in request; and he became a great favourite with all ranks of people, not only as an actor, but a man.

When the company moved to Bath, he there played the same distinguished part in the *fives-court*, and on the stage; and became no less a favourite there, than he was at Bristol. From thence he went, with the same company, to the various large towns in the western part of England; and played in all, with increasing success.

Chap. VIII.

HAVING thus stemmed the tide of prejudice, and obtained an indisputable title to the reputation of a good actor, he betook himself with indefatigable assiduity to study. This, he was the better able to accomplish, as he had it now in his power to furnish himself with books to any useful extent. The difficulties which his accent and provincial expressions threw in his way, at first, though now in some degree surmounted, dwelt with lingering pain in his mind; and impelled him to use more than common efforts, to get rid of them. He observed, too, that most of the actors, who failed of success on the stage, had to attribute their failure to defective enunciation; and he could even see that the best of those, with whom he performed, were greatly deficient in that respect. He, therefore, made the English language the object of his pursuit; and resolved not to desist,

till he had made himself as perfect a master of it, as his capacity would admit.

He had become so great a favourite, both as an actor and a companion, with the people of Bristol—his emoluments were so considerable, and his situation so comfortable, with so much leisure for the cultivation of his understanding, by reading, that he scarcely felt a single impulse of inclination to remove from it. Besides, there was no place to which he could move, with any possible advantage, in point of fame or emolument, but the metropolis, where the state of the theatres afforded no hope of admission. All, there, was carried by cabal, trick, and intrigue—the managers, *Wilkes*, *Dogget*, *Cibber* and *Booth* were, themselves, capital actors, and engrossed all the parts that could help a young actor to fame; and had, moreover, every department of the theatre filled with established old actors, their own friends and acquaintances—and, what was more, the stage friends and acquaintances of the town. He, therefore, contented himself with Bristol and Bath, taking occasional excursions to different

parts of England, where his fame circulating, and reaching the country managers' ears, induced them to employ him.

It may seem extraordinary, that an actor of Macklin's talents, should have remained in the obscure shade of a country company for so long a time: it is no less a positive truth. His headquarters were at Bristol; till a revolution in the London theatres brought him upon that stage in the year 1733. To elucidate this circumstance more fully, it will be necessary to give the following history of the theatres, which we have faithfully compiled from Mr. Macklin's memorandums on the subject.

We mean to do it as concisely as will be consistent with the view we have in giving it—that is, to shew the reader, that, in those concerns, trifling though they are, as much envy and jealousy, as much fraud, low intrigue, and cabal; as much party fury, and party injustice, are to be found, as in the courts of the most despotic princes, or levees of the most profligate prime ministers.

Looking back to the time of Shakespeare, we shall find, that the players then, were the king's or queen's servants, and under the control of an officer of the state.—As there was no patentee, or proprietor of a theatre in his own right, there was no struggle for power, and scarcely any injustice—each was rewarded according to his abilities, to contribute to the king's entertainment. QUEEN ELIZABETH, particularly, encouraged, and protected them; and so did her nobles.

Lord Southampton made a present of one thousand pounds to Shakespeare, by the style and title of “*his honoured friend Shakespeare.*” When we consider that money bore near ten times the value at that time that it does now, we cannot but be astonished at his lordship's munificence; and, when we advert to the object of it, we must allow, that it ought to stand for ever engraven in brass, as a monument of his fame.

After that, *James the First* granted a licence to nine persons to perform plays—among those

we find three names of distinction as poets—*Shakespeare, Cowley, and Fletcher.*

Thus the drama was encouraged by the protection of the crown, and the patronage and bounty of the nobles, till the time of the common-wealth, when *Cromwell* and his barbarous fanatics crushed it, and shut up the theatres.

Soon after the restoration, the drama again began to revive, and two patents were granted for two separate companies, one called "*the King's,*" and the other "*the Duke's.*" Sir *William Davenant* had one, *Henry Killigrew, Esq.* the other; one exhibited at *Drury-lane,* the other at *Dorset-garden.* Ten of the actors of the *King's company* were fixed on the royal establishment; were allowed each ten yards of scarlet cloth, with sufficient gold lace, for liveries; and were honoured with the style of Gentlemen of the Great Chamber. The King himself took cognizance of their management and private government, and gene-

rally gave his decision on their differences, pretensions, or complaints.

Under such great patronage, and with the advantage of such excellent performers, which they had, it can be no wonder that these companies were prosperous for some time. But the variety of their plays was at last exhausted—the public taste was palled by satiety and repetition of the same delicious food. The few who went to plays were drawn by the best actors—the *King's company* carried all away, and the manager of the *Duke's company*, in order to support his theatre, was compelled to have recourse to grand spectacle and music, and to introduce that nonsensical imposition on public taste—the Dramatic Opera, with all its trappings, tinsels, and gawdy decorations.

When it is considered, that of those who frequent theatres, the far larger part are persons incompetent to form a judgment of what is right or wrong, in matters of taste; are

more captivated by those things which please the groffer senses, than those which delight and improve the intellect and the heart:—in short, that there are more who can see or hear, than think or judge, we are not to be surprised that such a novel supply of mere sight and sound were too hard for common sense and plain nature ; and that the stupid, fulsome opera, was, for a time, more frequented than the *King's theatre*, though supported by the best acting ever known. The first introduction of this vile abuse may be attributed to the manager of the *Duke's company*: it was even then loudly complained of.—And in the prologues, prefixed to the plays of those days, we find the incroachment lamented with all the pathetic energy of poetry, and lashed with the bitterest severity of satire.

“ The wicked, when compared with the more

“ Wicked, seem virtuous—and not to be the

“ Worst, stands in some rank of praise.”

So we may say, that those who first introduced that gross and injurious outrage on

public judgment, were guilty of but a very venial trespass, when compared with those who have followed them, and who have carried it so far, as to have completely vitiated the public taste; for what else but gross vitiation and corruption of public taste must it be, when a manager is enabled to give a greater salary to a *Banti*, than ever a *Garrick* or a *Barry* received; and when the most exquisite performances of *Shakespeare* are forsaken, for the squeaking yells of an Italian *castrato*, or the capering of a *Didelot*, a *Rose*, or a *Vestris*.

This gross heresy against common sense, however, did not long continue to serve the purposes of the introducer.—The novelty of it wore off—while the corruption of public taste remained behind, and made the people dupes to every wretched exhibition that offered; and *Cibber* relates, that a miserable puppet-show, in Salisbury Change, (where Cecil Street now stands) had such an amazing run of audiences, for such a length of time, that those two celebrated companies

were greatly distressed; infomuch, that they were at last obliged to petition the *King* for relief against it. Thus the corruption of taste, like the depravation of morals, when once begun, runs in a rapid career; and between the opera and its dancers, the pantomime and its contemptible parade, and the very lowest puppet-show, the descent is but short, and rapid. Indeed, the history of all ages shews us, how vain it is to argue or contend against this evil, however we may lament it; for *Terence* himself took much pains to inculcate a contempt for performances so derogatory to the human intellect; and reproaches the Roman audiences for their attachment to rope-dancers.

But to return.—What between the injury one company did the other, by the introduction of the opera; and that which a puppet-show, with its *equally rational amusements*, did to both; they were obliged to think of adopting some plan for their mutual preservation; and, impelled by these, as well as other reasons, joined the two companies toge-

ther. This junction was attended with no small disadvantage to the actors; for the only theatre in the town being then in possession of one interest, the united patentees took ungenerous advantage of it, and imposed such terms as they thought proper on the actors. Adventurers were then suffered, without any one qualification, to purchase shares; and though utterly ignorant of theatrical affairs, were admitted to a proportionate share of power, and an equal vote in the management. These took upon them to advance, that it was improvident to encourage particular actors, because they had merit; and that any money, given in that way, was but so much deducted from their private dividends. Thus strangers and idle drones shared the produce of the plays, while little else but labour and oppression fell to the share of the actors.

And yet, if we look into the characters and reputations of the actors of that company, as handed down by those of later times, we shall be induced to believe, that this injured, abused, and oppressed set of actors, was the very

best that ever was collected together in our theatre. There were no less than seven actors, and six actresses; any one of whom would, at this day, be reckoned a first-rate, and be able to support the reputation of a house.

At the head stood *Betterton*, who, as *Cibber* and others relate, was like *Shakespeare*, without a competitor.—And here, thinking of the mighty dead in that line, recollecting, as we do, *Garrick*, *Barry*, *Mossop*, and many others, whose exquisite performances have so often thrilled to our marrow, and almost suspended life, we cannot help lamenting the fate of such great men, and regretting that their labours, like those of the poet or the painter, cannot go down to after ages, as a testimony of their excellence, and a record of the delight and improvement they afforded. We know, and our children's children will know hereafter, how a *Shakespeare*, an *Otway*, a *Congreve*, or a *Sheridan* WROTE—but how shall we be able to conceive how a *Betterton*, or a *Nokes* ACTED?—or how shall those, who are

to come after us, be able to form any adequate idea how SHAKESPEARE'S *Lear*, and OTWAY'S *Jaffier*, were improved by the inimitable performances of BARRY?—how *Shylock* was identified, and CONGREVE'S *Sir Paul Pliant* supported, by MACKLIN—or how SHERIDAN'S *Sir Fretful Plagiary* could receive as much support from an actor's merit, as it does from the author's wit, when they will not be able to conceive how it was performed by a PARSONS? Beautifully, indeed, does MR. SHERIDAN express his thoughts, in his incomparable Monody on the Death of GARRICK. The lines are of such masterly and truly poetic composition, that we are tempted to give them a place here.—

If dying excellence deserves a tear,
 If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,
 Can we persist to bid our sorrows flow,
 For fabled sufferers and delusive woe?
 Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
 Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
 Ere yet to buried *Roscius* we assign
 Our kind regret—one tributary line!
 His fame requires we act a tend'rer part:
 His memory claims the tear you gave his art!

The gen'ral voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead fav'rite pass'd,
The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,
While Shakespeare's image, from its hallow'd base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place :
Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe,
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due,
As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.
Amid the arts which seek ingenious fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim !
To him whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies :
Whate'er of wonder *Reynolds* now may raise,
Raphael still boasts cotemporary praise :
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdued,
With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd :
E'en beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.
The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art :
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace :
But once atchiev'd, tho' barb'rous wreck o'erthrow
The sacred fane, and lay its glories low ;
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to-day,
Grac'd by defect, and worship'd in decay ;
Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honours, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the Poet's bosom fire,—
O proud distinction of the sacred lyre !
Wide as th' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendour gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse,
Or fondly gay, with unambitious guile,
Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's smile ;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love ;
Whate'er the theme, thro' ev'ry age and clime,
Congenial passions meet the according rhyme ;
The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear,
Such is their meed, their honors thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure :
The *Actor* only shrinks from time's award ;
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard ;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied !
Even matchless *Garrick's* art, to heaven resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.
The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene ;
Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause ;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought ;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music scarce confess'd its own ;

As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, cloth'd with orient hues, transcends the day !
Passion's wild break, and frown that awes the sense,
And ev'ry charm of gentle eloquence,
All perishable !—like th' electric fire,
But strike the frame, and as they strike, expire ;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.
Where then, while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes ;
Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame ?—where is the trust ?—'Tis yours,
And, O ! by every charm his art essay'd
To sooth your cares ! by ev'ry grief allay'd !
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew !
By his last parting tear, repaid by you !
By all those thoughts, which many a distant night
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight !
Still in your hearts dear record bear his name,
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame ;
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.
What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn, shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath—
For these, when sculpture's votive toil shall rear,
The due memorial of a loss so dear,
O loveliest mourner, gentle muse ! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.

As fancy, oft by superstition led
To roam the mansions of the fainted dead,
Has view'd by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb ;
So those, sweet muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tear ;
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief ;
With looks that speak—*He never shall return !*
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn ;
And with soft sighs disperse th' irrev'rend dust,
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

Chap. IX.

BUT to return to BETTERTON.—This great man seems to have filled, in the eyes of those who knew him, the most perfect idea of a finished actor ; and, indeed, we can collect sufficient matter from their circumstantial accounts, to ground a belief, that the pictures given of him are but little, if at all, exaggerated.—From these he appears to have had all the requisites for a good actor, an excellent understanding and conception of

his author; fine feelings—powerful organs of delivery—an unusually expressive countenance—mild, grand, and authoritative, just as suited the character he was to perform; with a person dignified and majestic, and action that could not be excelled. CIBBER, who lived to see GARRICK and BARRY, declares, that all the *Othellos*, *Hamlets*, *Brutus*, *Hotspurs*, *Macbeths*, &c. that ever he saw since, fell infinitely short of him. We must receive this account with some allowance for partiality—for VICTOR accuses CIBBER of slighting BOOTH; hinting, at the same time, that BOOTH was probably as great an actor as BETTERTON; though, he adds, that BOOTH himself never would allow it; but, whenever a comparison was attempted in his presence, would burst out into an extatic eulogy on his great predecessor, and exclaim, in the words of the Poet:

“ Oh had you known him all, as I have known him,

“ What a man he was, &c. &c.”

Making allowances, however, for all partiality, and declining comparisons, which it is

impossible at this day to make, it must be allowed that he was a wonderful actor, and had the character, above all others, of completely gratifying the eye, ear, and understanding. A great proof of this is, that the most furious rants, and turgid fustian of LEE, became important when uttered by him—and when he pronounced that most extravagant mad *bravado* of Alexander, which no other actor could speak without exciting laughter, viz.

“ By Heaven they never did ; they never can ;
“ And I more glory to have pass’d that stream,
“ Than to have drove a million o’er the plain.
“ Can none remember ? yes—I know all must,
“ When glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
“ Perch’d on my beaver in the Granick flood ;
“ When Fortune’s self my standard trembling bore,
“ And the pale Fates stood frightened on the shore ;
“ When each immortal on the billows rode,
“ And I, myself, appeared the leading God.”

The strength and melody of his voice, the majesty of his deportment, the skill and force of his enunciation, the expression of his

countenance, and the general harmony of the whole, had such an effect upon his auditors, that Judgment was disarmed, and led captive in transport and admiration. MONTFORD, the BARRY of that day, had been the *Alexander*. When he died, BETTERTON, then old, took it up; and notwithstanding the satiety of the town, continued to play it to full houses, till his strength was unequal to it; when he relinquished it; and for many years after the play could not please the public. It has been said, and we think with justice, that his supporting the false fire and extravagance of that character, was a more surprising proof of his skill, than his being eminent in SHAKESPEARE.

Nor was his merit confined to tragedy, or any particular walk in tragedy. He seems to have had as great a variety, though the extremes of that variety were not so contrasted as GARRICK's. In tragedy, he excelled in love, in rage, in dignity, in pathos, in terror, and in declamation.

In comedy, he was admirable, particularly in the character of the gentleman; and his *Falstaff* has never been surpassed, not even by *Quin*:—if we may believe report, he was superior in many parts which *Garrick* attempted to perform. But we have no reason to believe that he would be able, like *Garrick*, after exhausting the hearts of his auditors of their last tear in the character of *King Lear*, to throw them into convulsions of laughter, with the low drollery of *Abel Drugger*. This admirable performer, who was as good a man as he was an actor, played, three days before his death, the character of *Melantius* in the *Maid's Tragedy*, for his own benefit; and played better, says *Cibber*, than any one since, though then 74 years old. Rather than disappoint the audience, he put compresses about a gouty foot, which threw the disorder into the stomach, and was the cause of his death.

To convey a just idea of the excellence of deceased actors, is, as before lamented, impossible. The best mode of giving a notion of

their style and merits, is by a scale of comparison with some actors in remembrance. On this plan we may, with justice, set down *Betterton*, the *Garrick* of that day. The time may come, when it would give offence to the admirers of some favourite actor, to compare Garrick with him; and many will now censure our placing *Betterton* on his level. Each thinks the best he has seen, the best that ever existed. There are even now some persons who are displeased, if they hear *Barry* or *Mossop* preferred to Mr. *Kemble*; and much against their will, and with some doubt, admit the superiority of Garrick. Though Mr. *Kemble* himself would have judgment and modesty enough to set them right.

The next, in this admirable company, which, as before related, sunk under the opera and the puppet show, was *Montfort*, whom, on our scale of comparison, we may style the *Barry* of that day, and, indeed, the description of the one, would almost exactly answer for the other. After him came *Kynaston*,

whom we may pretty justly compare to *Mossop*: and, after making every allowance, with no disadvantage to the latter, he had more grace and dignity.

The next was *Sandford*, whom Cibber calls the *Spagnolet* of the stage. It would be injustice to compare him to any one particular actor. The stage villain was his particular forte—though, in private life, a most excellent man. Let the reader suppose, Garrick in Richard, Macklin in Iago, Mossop in Zanga, &c. &c. and let him add to this, a naturally deformed, crooked person, an acute piercing tone of voice, and a formidable stern aspect, “changing, at times (as Cibber happily expresses it), into an almost ludicrous triumph over all goodness and virtue,” and he will have some distant conception of this great actor.

Then came the comedians—at the head of whom—at the head of all comedians, ancient or modern, stood *Nokes*. We have no one to compare him with: a mixture of Parsons

and Weston comes nearest him of any thing we can conceive. An adequate description of such an actor must be impossible:—but Colley Cibber's account of him is so well conceived, and happily executed; so likely to impress a distant idea of the man, and so entertaining in itself, that we are sure our readers will think themselves well repaid for the trouble of reading it.

“ *Nokes* was different from any one actor that ever I have seen or heard of, since or before him.—His excellence was a plain, palpable simplicity of nature, so entirely his own, that he was often as diverting off the stage as on it.

“ Whenever he entered, he was received with a burst of applause; not clapping of hands, for that might, and very often is, prostituted; but an involuntary laugh, which the very sight of him provoked, and nature could not resist. Had a bench of bishops been present, they must have fallen into a titter: yet, the louder the laugh, the graver was his look.

In the ludicrous distresses, which, by the laws of comedy, folly is involved in, he sunk into such a mixture of piteous puffanimity, and consternation, so ruefully ridiculous and inconsolable, that, when he had shook you to pieces with laughter, it was a moot point whether you ought not to have pitied him.

“ When he debated any matter by himself, he would shut up his mouth with a dumb, studious pout, and roll his full eye into such a vacant amazement, such a palpable ignorance of what to think of, that his silent perplexity (which would last several minutes) gave your imagination as full content, as the most absurd thing he could possibly say upon it. In *Sir Martin Marr-all*, who is always committing blunders to the prejudice of his own interest, when he had brought himself to a dilemma in his affairs, by vainly proceeding on his own head, and was afterwards afraid to look his governing servant in the face, what a copious and distressful harangue has he often made with his looks (while the house has been in one continued roar for several

minutes), before he could prevail with his courage to say a word to him. Then might you have at once read—*vexation* that his own measures, which he had piqued himself upon, had failed—*envy* of his servant's superior wit—*distress* to retrieve the occasion he had lost—*shame* to confess his folly—and yet a fullen desire to be reconciled, and better advised for the future. What tragedy ever shewed such a tumult of passions, rising, at once, in one bosom; or what buskined hero, standing under the load of them, could have more effectually moved his spectators, by the most pathetic speech, than poor, miserable *Nokes* did, by this silent eloquence, and piteous plight of his features.

“ In some of his low characters, that became it, he had a shuffling shamble in his gait, with so contented an ignorance in his aspect, and an aukward absurdity in his gesture, that, had you not known him, you could not have believed that naturally he could have had a grain of common sense.”

Besides him, there were *Underhill* and *Leigh*, performers inferior only to *Nokes*, and eminently excellent in several characters in comedy, which were unfit for him

The actresses were, *Mrs. Betterton*, *Mrs. Barry*, *Mrs. Leigh*, *Mrs. Butler*, *Mrs. Montfort*, afterwards *Venbruggen*, and *Mrs. Bracegirdle*; all of them admirable performers, and worthy to be compared with any that have followed them.

Such were the performers, and such their merits; yet they could not be secure against the tyranny of their task-masters, and the speculation of their hard-hearted employers.—How happy, how opulent, how independent, is the state of inferior actors, at this day, compared with theirs! The patentees of the united company, having a monopoly of the stage in their hands, presumed that they might impose what terms they pleased upon their people. They would not admit any young actor into pay, under, at least, half a year's probation; at the end of which time,

Colley Cibber relates he was glad to get ten shillings a week from them for his labour.

But while they were thus tyrannizing over the actors, and making them their enemies, they forgot that there was a third party—the public, who having actors, and not managers in their eye, would be disposed to protect them. It was natural that the actors, who night after night were affording them delight, should stand higher in their esteem, than a person never seen; and that the public should wish them the enjoyment of the profits arising from their labours, however it might clash with the rights of patentees, or whatever damage or injustice might fall on the owners, whose personal merit the public was little acquainted with.

Impressed with these feelings for the actors, several persons, of the highest distinction, warmly espoused their cause, and sometimes, in the upper circle, entertained the King with the state of the theatre. Loose conversation brought about close discipline and inquiry; at

length their grievances were completely laid before Earl Dorset, then Lord Chamberlain, who entered heartily into their cause, and took the most effectual steps for their relief. Counsel of the first eminence were advised with, and gave their opinion, that no patent for acting plays could tie up the hands of a succeeding Prince, or prevent him from granting the like authority to others, where his wisdom or justice might think it expedient: on which opinion, the prospect of the actors began to brighten. While the affair was in agitation, QUEEN MARY died—and of course a stop was put to all public diversions, so that Betterton and his adherents had more leisure to solicit the redress they hoped for. And the patentees, finding that the party formed against them was daily gaining strength, were reduced to the necessity of making sure of such a company of players as the refuse of Betterton's party could form.

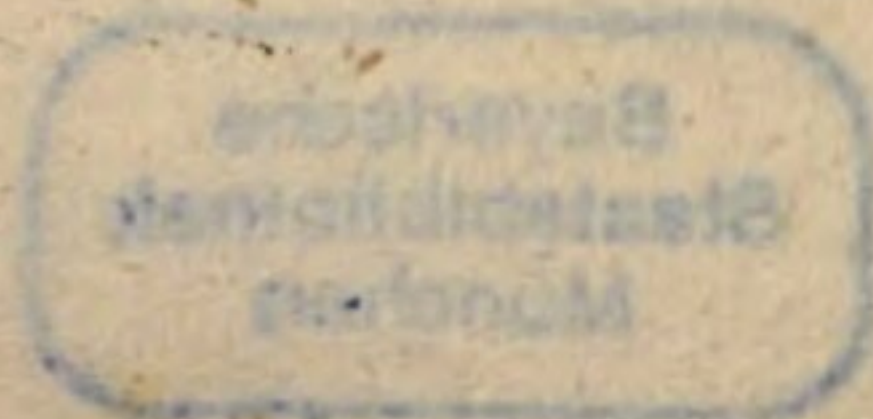
In a short time Mr. Betterton and the chiefs of his party were allowed the honour of an audience with his Majesty—who gra-

ciouſly diſmiſſed them, with aſſurances of relief and ſupport—and accordingly a ſelect number of them were ſoon after impowered, by his Maſteſty's Licence, to perform plays in a ſeparate theatre for themſelves. In purſuance of which, a ſubſcription was ſet on foot for erecting a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they opened the next year, ſucceſſfully, with the comedy of *Love for Love*, then newly written by Mr. Congreve, who joined them, and undertook to give them one new play a year—which undertaking he certainly never fulfilled. Both ſides, however, were ſufferers by the ſeparation. The patentees were convinced, when too late, of their error—their proſpects were bad—their houſes thin; and as to the new company, they began ſoon to form cabals among themſelves, which retarded their ſucceſs. They might be compared to a commonwealth—ſucceſs poured in at firſt upon them in torrents—but jealousies, and love of power, deſtroyed their union; and all began to vie and ſtruggle for command: although deference ſhould have been paid to the judgment and experience of

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Betterton, several of them endeavoured to take the lead, and govern in turn. Then disputes arose of another kind—the tragedians thought themselves better than the comedians, as tragedy was more excellent than comedy. While the comedians asserted their superiority, which they grounded on the merits of comedy, as coming nearer to, and being a more just representation of nature:—the comedians were jealous of the rich dresses in tragedy; and the tragedians again remarked severely upon the unnecessary expence attending the decorations of comedy; in short, every thing became a subject of dispute, jealousy, and cavil: averse to each other's good from envy, secure from success, and negligent from merit, they gave an advantage to their enemies, which was not neglected, and soon found, to their regret, that a young, industrious company, under good direction and proper government, were more than a match for the best actors in the world, unrestrained by wholesome controul, and unaided by industry. Thus the two companies mutually harraressed each other—reduced each



other's finances—were working for half wages, or, by alternate successes, intercepting and wresting the bread from each other's mouths.

About this time, the immoralities of the stage, which, by the scandalous, open encouragement and indulgence of Charles the Second, had been since his time creeping into the drama, became so licentious, that nothing, however gross, could be too low for it. That infamous comedy, the *London Cuckolds*, was, above all plays, in favour with Charles and his court. Indeed we may form some conception of the state of morals at that time, from the circumstance of a man of Dryden's towering genius stooping to gratify an audience by writing scenes, which, at this day, would be burned by the hands of the common hangman—or, at least, publicly execrated, on account of their indecency. One *Collier*, a nonjuring clergyman, made a violent attack upon the stage, and dramatic writers—and upon a critical examination of several pieces, convicted them of the most foul immorality:—he was particularly severe on

Congreve's *Old Batchelor*, and Cibber's comedy of the *Relapse*—nay, he went so far with the latter, as to censure his comedy of the *Fool in Fashion*, only for having the word "*Faith*" in it as an oath. Unquestionably the indecency of those plays demanded censure; but we must at the same time allow, that it is to the vitiated taste of spectators, and not to the author or actors, the corruptions of the stage are at all times attributable. The one must write, and the other act agreeably to their palates, or they may as well attempt neither. It is the audience, and not the author or actor, who give the tone.

Collier's book met with general approbation—and was thought to have so laudable a tendency, that it at last found its way into the hands of *King William*, who entirely coincided with its principles, and took notice, not only of it, but its author; distinguishing Collier by a particular mark of favor. The avowed opinion of the king, had a very wholesome effect on those who wrote after:—authors were more on their guard—inde-

cency ceased to be considered as wit, and of course, became less fashionable ; and, by degrees, the fair sex began to fill the boxes on the first representation of a new comedy, without fear of offence, or apprehension of censure.

But this was not all—the Master of the Revels, who then licensed all the plays for the stage, came forward in support of Collier, and assisted this reformation with a severity, injustice, and ignorance equally disgusting, vexatious, and ridiculous: he would strike out whole scenes of a vicious or immoral character, though obviously brought forward only to be reformed or punished—one sentence would sometimes damn a whole scene, to the ruin of the whole piece: but the most ridiculous exertion of his power, was shewn in the case of Cibber's excellent alteration of Richard III. out of which he cut, at one sweep, the whole first act. Cibber applied for the small indulgence of one or two of the inoffensive scenes, in order (to use his own words) “ that the other four acts

might limp on with a little less absurdity"—No; it would not do. The Master of the Revels *had not* leisure to consider what might be separately inoffensive—he had an objection to the whole act—and for what reason? why, truly, that the distresses of King Henry the Sixth, who is killed by Richard in the first act, would put people too much in mind of King James, then living in France. *Risum teneatis!*—We should be inclined to disbelieve this anecdote, if it did not stand on high authority.

For ten years, that is to say, from 1697 to 1707, both companies went on without any memorable change in their affairs:—about that time, the acquisition of *Mr. Wilkes*, and *Mrs. Oldfield*, was of great importance—and the improvement that time and practice accomplished, in the playing of *Penkethman*, was of no less consequence; while Cibber and the other performers of Drury Lane, were acquiring great reputation for that company; so that the old company were, in proportion,

declining—though supported, as Cibber himself acknowledges, by far superior acting—for there was no actor in his company to be compared to *Betterton*, or even to be put in competition with *Booth*. This was owing entirely to the want of due subordination. *Booth* afterwards said, that *Betterton* used to complain to him, in terms of chagrin and mortification, of the difficulties he had to encounter, and the impracticability of keeping their little body in the common order, necessary to their support.

Finding the public palate satiated with plain, good sense, and nature, in the excellent acting of *Betterton* and his company, recourse was had to high-seasoned, foreign kickshaws, in order to revive their sickly appetite—and some of the very best dancers of the French opera were brought over—an expedient, which, in some degree, answered for a time, but was of very short duration.—The pleasure which the novelty of those dancers afforded, could not naturally be long-lived—it expired in a time incredibly short,

and left behind it a mischief, of which the company were not aware, though one would think it required no great sagacity to foresee it. In short, it had this injurious consequence, that it lowered the value of plays, and made the multitude despise the best pieces not accompanied with a dance. Thus the public taste, by imperceptible degrees, became daily more vitiated, and, as it is the bad taste of audiences which corrupts the stage, that of necessity encreased in depravity, and added still more to the corruption of general taste.

Of this *Colley Cibber* gives a variety of proofs; but one, which, considering how it bears upon himself and his friends, is entitled to perfect credence. He says, that the company he belonged to at Drury-lane, though by no means comparable to the other, were more successful. The one (*Betterton's*) had the few true judges to attend them; the other had the crowd, whose taste was pleased at a cheaper rate, and with courser fare.

This rapid decline in the state of the drama, which threatened it with total extinction, roused the attention of a few, to whose hearts the interests of poetry, and letters, and, of course, the theatre were dear; and they began to form plans for recovering the stage to its original vigour, for correcting the public taste, and for restoring those admirable actors, who were the best commentators, and chief support of the drama, to their due estimation. The most active in this enterprise, were, *Sir John Vanburgh*, and *Mr. Congreve*. Under their auspices, a project was formed, and carried into execution, for building a State Theatre in the Hay-market. For this purpose a subscription was raised by Sir John, who completed the projected theatre in 1706.

Chap. X.

AS soon as this structure was finished, Betterton and his co-partners dissolved their own agreement, and placed themselves under the direction of Sir John Vanburgh and his friend Congreve. A new theatre, under the management of two such dramatic writers, supported by such admirable actors as composed their company, afforded hopes of success and prosperity. They imagined, that, now their situation being improved, the town would be brought to a just taste, by the new pieces which those celebrated men would find it their interest to write, and which would give them an advantage no other company could possibly expect. Such, however, is the fallibility of the best laid human projects, that it often happens that the most promising plans which genius can suggest, or judgment approve, are rendered abortive by some unforeseen circumstance. In the present instance, the outlines of the plan,

as well as the principle on which it was founded, were at once laudable and wise. But one or more radical errors crept into the execution of it, which frustrated the sanguine expectations of the projectors; and shewed them that their hopes, as well as their house, were ill constructed.

The first of these errors was the site of the building: those magnificent squares and streets in the vicinity of the Hay-market, now distinguished by the appellation of the West-end of the town, which, in fact, constitute, at this day, the chief support of our theatres, were then pasture fields, while the middle part of the town, then the great object of the theatres, was too far distant, particularly at a time when luxury had not made a coach a necessary article in the domestic arrangement of every wealthy citizen. Here, then, was one fatal error, arising from an extraordinary, and, indeed, almost inexcusable oversight.

Another lay in the construction of the house itself, in which Sir John gave a new proof

how inferior he stood as an architect, compared with his merit as a poet. The theatre was by much too large, and so unskilfully constructed, that every sound was lost in it, or, at least, so confused in hollow reverberations of the voice from the walls, as to appear (says Cibber) “like the gabbling of so many people in the lofty aisles of a cathedral.”

For some time previous to this, that mockery of common sense, the Italian opera, had been creeping into the favour of the people of England; and Sir John, in order to commence with *eclat*, opened the house with one of those exotic productions, the novelty of which he expected would charm the public. But, contrary to his hopes, it met a very cold reception. Upon this he resolved to use his utmost exertions—He produced his comedy of *The Confederacy*, the fate of which was little better, though it was supported by the best acting; which, however, was lost in the defectiveness of the house. From a prospect so clouded and inauspicious, Mr. Congreve determined to retire, and, in a few months,

gave up his share to Sir John, who, becoming sole proprietor, was compelled, in self-defence, to strain every nerve to support it. He, therefore, brought forth, in quick succession, no less than three pieces: every one of which were unsuccessful; for, though well executed, the dialogue was lost in the indistinctness with which it came to the ear:—and an audience could not be expected to approve or applaud that which they could not plainly hear, or understand.

While things were moving in this very unpromising manner, several of the actors, who composed this excellent company, died; others became too feeble and superannuated for exertion; and the great Betterton himself, though without the shadow of a competitor, was upwards of seventy, an age at which he could not be supposed to retain his former fire and spirit. Thus was the finest set of actors, that ever were collected in one company, sinking gradually under time and death, and moldering to decay under the chilling neglect of a fatiated, tasteless public.

In this state of the stage, a junction of both companies was considered as necessary, in order, by their united strength, to force back public taste to its proper standard. After much low intrigue and cabal, this coalition was effected by the cunning and address of the manager of the Drury-lane theatre, and every change, from that time, seems to have led to the prosperity and independence, which, much to the honour of the English nation, actors have for a long time enjoyed.

To enter into a minute detail of the various disgraces and disorders, convulsions and revolutions, which the theatre underwent after this, would be going unnecessarily aside from our history, for which our readers would be but poorly compensated by such a disgusting picture, as it presents of tyranny, impolicy, meanness, and folly. We, therefore, purposely pass it over, and proceed to those events which led to the separation of the Italian opera from the British stage, and afterwards to that happy period, when actors, under the management of actors, received just

retribution for their labours, made the drama respectable, and enriched their employers.

Sir Thomas Skipworth, who had a share in Drury-lane theatre, being on a visit to his friend Colonel Brett, in Gloucestershire, was so delighted with the place, and pleased with the entertainment he received, that, in the warmth of his acknowledgments, he made his host an offer of his whole right in the patent; at the same time observing, in order not to enhance or over-rate the favor, that, for ten years he was in possession of it, it had not produced him one shilling. After a little friendly scuffle in overcoming the difficulties of the Colonel, a conveyance was drawn out by a gentleman of the law, who happened to be one of Colonel Brett's guests at the time, and executed in due form by Sir Thomas.

We cannot mention this transaction without stating a reflection that will be likely to occur to our readers. When we compare the little value set upon a share of the patent of Drury-lane theatre at that time, with the

amazing value such a share now bears, and consider that there are now no less than two large theatres, besides an Opera House, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, all of them conferring opulence upon their owners, we cannot but be astonished at the vast increase of wealth and population, which this country has, in a space much short of a century, attained.

Colonel Brett, being thus invested with all the rights of a patentee, resolved to turn it to the best account; and having good interest with the Vice-Chamberlain, called in his aid to bring about an union.—To have one theatre for plays, and another for operas, under separate interests, was the main object:—no measures were left untried by him for the purpose, and he at last succeeded. The report of the growing desire of the English for foreign operas, had, by this time, reached Italy, and the famous *Nicolini* came over. On his arrival, the town expressed an impatience to hear him, which implied an assurance, that operas, being so completely provided, would meet with

considerable success. It was, therefore, concluded, that the famous *Owen Swiney*, who was manager of the company at the Haymarket, should be made sole director of the *Italian operas*; the profits arising from which, it was expected, would be so ample as to make full compensation to him for his resignation of the actors. *Swiney* accepted the appointment, and the actors were all ordered to Drury-lane, there to remain under the patentee, to act by the name of her Majesty's *only* Company of Comedians.

Under this form of management the profits of the theatre increased; and to the industry of Brett that increase was chiefly owing. But no sooner did Sir Thomas Skipworth find what a false estimate he had made of the value of his share, than he resolved to get it back again. Accordingly he applied to Colonel Brett for a re-conveyance, and, on the Colonel's refusal, filed a bill against him, stating, that it was only made over in trust for him. To this Colonel Brett put in an answer positively denying the existence of any such trust, and fol-

lowed up his answer by a voluntary, contemptuous re-conveyance, not to Sir Thomas himself, who did not live to enjoy the fruits of this *honourable* retraction, but to his son, Sir George Skipworth. Colonel Brett was a man of excellent character and disposition. Colley Cibber, who was on intimate terms with him, has left us an anecdote of him, which, for its singularity, may be entitled to a place here, where that gentleman's name is, for the last time, mentioned. We will not injure the story, by taking it out of the laureat's own words.

“ Among the many men of condition with whom his conversation had recommended him to an intimacy, Sir Thomas Skipworth had taken a particular inclination to him; and as he had the advancement of his fortune at heart, introduced him where there was a lady, who had enough in her power to disencumber him of the world, and make him every way easy for life. While he was in pursuit of this affair, which no time was to be lost in (for the lady was to be in town but

for three weeks), I one day found him idling behind the scenes, before the play was begun. Upon sight of him, I took the usual freedom he allowed me, to rate him roundly, for the madness of not improving every moment in his power, in what was of such consequence to him. Why are you not (said I) where you know you only should be? If your design should once get wind in the town, the ill-will of your enemies, or the sincerity of the lady's friends, may soon blow up your hopes, which, in your circumstances of life, cannot be long supported by the bare appearance of a gentleman. But it is impossible to proceed, without some apology for the very singular circumstance that is to follow. Yet as it might not be so trivial in its effect, as I fear it may be in the narration, and is a mark of that intimacy, which is necessary should be known, had been between us, I will honestly make bold with my scruples, and let the plain truth of my story take its chance for contempt or approbation. After twenty excuses, to clear himself of the neglect I had so warmly charged him with, he concluded them, by telling me

he had been out all the morning, and that his linen was too much soiled to be seen in company. Oh, ho! said I, is that all? come along with me, we will soon get over that dainty difficulty: upon which I hauled him by the sleeve into my shifting-room, he either staring, laughing, or hanging back all the way. There, when I had locked him in, I began to strip off my upper cloaths, and bid him do the same; still he either did not, or would not, seem to understand me; and, continuing his laugh, cried, What! is the puppy mad? No, no; only positive, said I; for, look you, in short, the play is ready to begin, and the parts you and I are to act to-day, are not of equal consequence; mine of *Young Reveller* (in Greenwich Park), is but a rake; but whatever you are, you are not to appear so; therefore, take my shirt, and give me yours; for, depend upon't, stay here you shall not, and so go about your business. To conclude, we fairly changed linen, nor could his mother have wrapped him up more fortunately; for in about ten days he married the lady. In a year or two after his marriage he was chosen a member of that parliament

which was fitting when *King William* died ; and, upon raising some new regiments, was made Lieutenant-Colonel to that of Sir Charles Hotham. But as his ambition extended not beyond the bounds of a Park-wall, and a pleasant retreat in the corner of it, which, with too much expence, he had just finished, he, within another year, had leave to resign his commission in favour of a younger brother."

Chap. XI.

UPON the re-conveyance by Colonel Brett to Sir George Skipworth, the patentees exercised great tyranny and injustice towards the actors, till, at length, their grievances became so great, that application was made, on their behalf, to the Chamberlain, who gave a formal warning to the patentees to render satisfaction to the actors, and thereby afforded them an interval of calm, which furnished them with an opportunity to form so powerful a body, as to render the inclination of the

Lord Chamberlain to relieve them practicable. Accordingly, permission was given to Swiney, then the director of the opera, to enter into a private treaty with such of the actors, as might be thought proper heads for a company, to be sharers with him in the Hay-market. Several of the actors joined, and engaged in the confederacy, with Swiney; and the patentees were silenced—A striking instance of the great power of the Lord Chamberlain.

The first object of the managers of this new confederacy was, to alter the Hay-market theatre, which they did so effectually, as to make the performance audible. And, as there was no other theatre to rival it, they had the town to themselves, were their own masters, and the profits came into their own pockets.

While they were proceeding thus successfully, a new interruption was given to their progress,—the strong hand of power interfered in behalf of a new favourite.—One *William Collier*, an enterprising lawyer, was

permitted, not by patent, but licence, to open Drury-lane Theatre, with a company of his own collecting; and those actors, who had been kept in a state of inaction, under the late patentees, came over to him; but he was unsuccessful; so that he was obliged to have recourse to a new plan for the support of his theatrical project; and, looking with an invidious eye to the fortunate state of Swiney's company, resolved to call in the aid of power to procure a share in it. To this end he exerted his court influence to support him in a proposition to Swiney and his joint sharers; which proposition was: "That, on his giving up the Drury-lane cloaths, scenes, and actors to them, they should put him into an equal possession of the Hay-market theatre, with all the fingers, and appoint him sole director of the opera." Accordingly, by permission of the Lord Chamberlain, a treaty to that effect was ratified, and *Collier* so far gratified, at the expence of poor Swiney and his partners. Had the act of coercion stopt here, it would have been well; but two unjust articles were added—one, that the players should pay two

hundred pounds a year to Collier, while he continued master of the opera; in return for which, they had a verbal assurance, that, so long as that payment continued to be made, no other company should be permitted to act plays against them. The other article provided, that on every Wednesday, on which an opera could be performed, the theatre should not be open. Such barefaced infractions on common right dare not, at this day, be attempted. But Collier was a member of parliament; and what chance had the honest claims and just rights of a company of poor players, when put in competition with his interest. Had the injustice of Collier to Swiney stopt even here, the abilities of the latter, and the general good-will of the actors and public towards him, would have enabled him still to have stemmed the torrent;—but Collier, hearing of his success, and that the playhouse, under his management, was more advantageous than the opera, proposed that Swiney should return to the opera, and had that proposal supported by court power. Sir John Vanburgh, who was much attached to

Swiney, advised him to accept the change, since the power of the other was too great to be resisted. Swiney accordingly yielded, and was, in consequence, *so harraffed* in his circumstances, that he was driven to an exile of twenty years in a foreign country; where he was followed by the affections of all who knew him. He survived, however, to return to his native country, where he died, as he had before lived, much loved and respected.

Collier, having thus got rid of Swiney, was guilty of the most gross exactions on the acting managers, Wilkes, Dogget, and Cibber; and, at last, demanded from them, an annuity of no less than seven hundred pounds, which they granted him, rightly apprehending, that if they refused, his court influence would entirely silence them.

On the death of the Queen, and the accession of George the First, court favour took a new turn; *Collier's* licence was superseded, and his theatrical office bestowed upon SIR RICHARD STEELE, who, in the Queen's reign

had distinguished himself, by his zeal for the House of Hanover, and had actually been expelled the House of Commons for the supposed excess to which he carried it. During the tyranny of Collier, the stage was under the controul of Wilkes, Dogget, and Cibber, who were the only acting managers:—they were enriched beyond precedent, and that without having recourse to the aid of those ridiculous, senseless entertainments, with which the stage has since been disgraced. Upon the extinction of Collier's interest, the managers turned their eyes to Sir Richard, as a person, in all respects, worthy their attention. In the first place, they very sagaciously thought that his interest, on the accession of the House of Hanover, must necessarily be great;—in point of prudence, then, he was an admirable colleague and patron. But there were also motives of a kind more honourable to both. They were grateful to Sir Richard for the services his writings had done to the stage, and to the actors; for there was not a single comedian, of any merit, whom he had not individually served, by recommendation to the public,

in his admirable periodical paper, "*The Tatler*." Indeed, the house was often filled by the influence and credit of his pen. Under these impressions, the managers, to wit, Wilkes, Dogget, and Cibber, applied to him to procure a renewal of the licence, with his own name inserted in it. In consequence of which, he applied to the Duke of Marlborough, who at once obtained it of his Majesty, for Sir Richard and the former managers, who were actors.

That year they had very good success; but the old patentee, having finished the theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields, formed a new company, and the interest of Sir Richard got his licence converted into a patent: under which they went on for several years in an uninterrupted course of prosperity; during which time, Booth was admitted to a share, and Sir Richard Steele so entirely relaxed in the active discharge of his part of the business, that he left them, and was cast in a suit, brought against him by the managers, for a sum in lieu of his services, and by way of

retribution for the injury his neglect had done them.

What contributed very much to their success, was, their having accomplished a point, hazardous to be undertaken indeed, but absolutely necessary to the interests of the stage, viz. *Clearing the stage of spectators*. Speaking of this, Cibber says, “Among our necessary reformatations, what not a little preserved to us the regard of our auditors, was, the decency of our clear stage; from whence we had now, for many years, shut out those idle gentlemen, who seemed more delighted with the pretty objects themselves, than capable of any pleasure from the play, who took their early stand, where they might best elbow the actor, and come in for their share of the auditors’ attention.—In many a laboured scene of the warmest humour, and of the most affecting passion, have I seen the best actors disconcerted, while those buzzing musquitoes have been fluttering round their eyes and ears.”

The long interval from 1712 to 1730, was a prosperous time for the theatre : no great revolutions took place in it, and the history of the stage for that time is little more than a diary of successful performances, and a detail of the little squabbles that arose between Wilkes and Dogget, and the good temper and address of their co-manager, Colley Cibber, in reconciling and keeping them together. Dogget, however, retired from the management, and left it in the hands of Wilkes, Cibber, and Booth.

During this period, Macklin, whose headquarters, as we have before remarked, were at *Bristol*, occasionally came in the winter seasons to London, and acted in such very inferior parts, that his name was for some time little known. Nor can we wonder, that a young man, labouring under his disadvantages, should be lost in the blaze of talents that surrounded him. In the summer season he played considerable characters, with some applause, in the country ; and in the winter, performed the lowest and most trifling parts

in the metropolis. To this latter act he was prompted not by pecuniary necessity, but by the ardent desire he had for improvement, and the hopes he entertained of profiting by his observations on the acting of those great performers.

Thus did our hero creep on for years, with the patient perseverance of a mind bent upon elevation, and the external humility of one who had no hope of it. Occasions, however, sometimes occurred, in parts of servants, and other low characters, of disclosing some marks of the humour that was natural to him; and he sometimes rose to the performance of characters of some note, not by accident, nor intrigue, nor interest, but by well earned marks of distinction gradually conferred upon him, even in his low state, by the public. He at first was in the Lincoln's Inn Fields company, and some years after procured an engagement at Drury Lane. Quin, who was the tyrant and ruler of the former theatre, took, at first, an unaccountable aversion to him, which he displayed in the most unpro-

voked brutal rudeness, and which at last brought down Macklin's vengeance on him in a way that shall be hereafter related.

Quin, by some splendid acts of generosity, has left behind him the character of a good man, and we are disposed to think he deserved it—but he was a great oddity; extremely haughty, and over-bearing; blunt, and even rude, in his manner of conversing with his friend, or doing the best actions; and, of course, offensive and *brutal to those* he disliked.

It was not till long after the year 1730, at which time he was upwards of forty years of age, that Macklin became at all an object of notice and approbation. About this period, the very great men of the day were either dead, or had retired from the stage: Quin and Mills, Millward, The. Cibber, and a few of inferior note, sustained the characters of the drama, and opportunities began to offer for the efforts of aspiring candidates. At this time, too, a new revolution in the theatres fa-

voured our hero. It happened that a young gentleman, of considerable property, named *Highmore*, was induced by a wager to attempt the performance of the character of *Lothario*, without possessing, as Victor says, "any one requisite for an actor." He played it even worse than could have been expected; but the singularity of the thing obtained him applause—that applause confounded him, and he determined, not only to continue a player, but even grasped at a proposal that was made to him, to purchase from Mr. Booth one half of his share; that is to say, one-sixth of the whole patent. In less than twelve months after he entered into treaty with Colley Cibber for his third of the patent, for which the Laureat, aware of the young man's weakness, exacted a most enormous and disproportionate sum; and, on the death of Booth, he bought the remainder of that gentleman's share from his widow. Scarcely two weeks had passed under his management, before a revolt began to shew itself, and at last openly appeared in the conduct of Theophilus Cibber, the son of the man who had just received such an enormous

sum for the theatre and its company. This adventurer had the art to influence, almost immediately, all the senior actors and actresses, except *Mrs. Horton*, and *Mrs. Clive*, to list under his banners, and with them he opened the Haymarket theatre.

The bare-faced violation of decency and probity in this transaction became an object of detestation, and the whole town was divided into parties, as integrity, interest, or partiality, directed them. Mr. Victor, whose private reputation stands as high as any actor of that day, expresses an honest disgust and indignation against the family of Cibber, on the occasion, and uses the following words :
“ It appeared to me shocking, that the son
“ should immediately render void and worth-
“ less what the father had just received
“ twenty-one hundred and fifty pounds for,
“ as a valuable consideration.”

Thus distressed, and deserted, poor *Highmore* was reduced to the necessity, in the theatrical recess of 1733, of beating up for vo-

lunteers, and gleaning performers from the various strolling companies, to keep the theatre open. It will naturally be concluded, that great numbers came—"But none (says Victor) of any promise, but *Mr. Macklin*, who soon distinguished himself."

Chap. XII.

AS this is the first notice we find taken of *Mr. Macklin* in the history of the stage, it may not be improper here to recal our readers to what we have before mentioned: viz. that he was a performer, but of no distinction, before that period. He played the part of *Sir John Brute's servant*, in the *Provoked Wife*, on its first representation, in 1725, and has often related the uproar that attended the performance for the first six nights. This is a circumstance that would be sufficient to prove, if it was not already a self-evident proposition, that the crying down (*damning* it is called) a play on its first representation, without sufficient

examination, is dishonest, absurd, cruel, and injurious to the drama. The *Provoked Wife* was conjectured to be the production in part of Colley Cibber, who, though esteemed as a player, had a strong tide of popular prejudice and dislike running against him as an author. Sir John Vanburgh was supposed to have assisted him in the composition of the piece, and a violent party, who were determined to *damn* the play, on the presumption that it was Cibber's, were so far carried away from common sense, by their fury, that they undertook to distinguish the scenes written by the *Laureat* from those of Sir John, and to notice them with hisses and marks of disapprobation commonly used on such occasions. In short, they treated it with the most unmerited severity. This tumultuous opposition continued for six nights; through which the resolution of Cibber carried it, while his extraordinary good temper kept him unmoved. Nothing, Macklin was accustomed to say, could exceed the composure with which Colley bore the fury of the audience—all of which was directed against him: during the whole of the time

he preserved the utmost tranquillity ; and, as Mr. Macklin has declared, *actually slept* between the acts. At the end of the sixth night, however, when the play was published, and it was seen, that what the audience had condemned, under the idea that it was Cibber's, had actually been written by Sir John Vanburgh, and that the scenes they applauded were added by Cibber to Sir John's unfinished play ; Cibber came forward, and in terms of polite, indirect satire, expressed his satisfaction at the final success of the piece ; observing, that he was quite careless of the fate of his own addition, but was indeed concerned to find, that any fragment of his departed friend had incurred their censure. Such poignant satire upon the depravity of public judgment, couched in terms of such apparent zeal for a departed friend, and respect for his audience, had an effect scarcely to be conceived. The audience testified their feelings by the warmest applause, which they carried so far as to *huzza* Cibber, and put an effectual stop to the malice of the party against him, which had attempted to suppress so ex-

cellent a comedy. This account, which Macklin used to relate at times in the hearing of the author, and in the same way he was accustomed to relate it before his memory became decayed, is corroborated by various authorities, and was confirmed to a gentleman,* of high reputation as a dramatic writer and scholar, by old *Cross*, the prompter, who was at that time prompter's boy in the theatre, and recollected the whole transaction.

Highmore, with his newly patched up company, was able to make but a poor stand against the superior strength of the old company at the Haymarket; so that at the end of the season there was a large balance against him, which, as he was a man of strict honor, much pride, and great integrity, he paid off with the most scrupulous exactness, and still entertained hopes of inducing the Lord Chamberlain to support his patent against the encroachments of the other house.—He was,

* Arthur Murphy, Esq.

however, not only baffled in his expectations on this head, but failed in an attempt he made to put the Vagrant Act in force against the Haymarket company. In these experiments, poor Highmore's patrimonial estate was exhausted—and he found, when it was too late, what a misfortune it was to have been applauded in the character of *Lothario*. His fate, however, was much lamented, as he was a man of probity and honor, who would no more break his promise than his bond, how injurious soever the performance of it might be to his interest.

At this juncture, an enterprizing man, of the name of *Fleetwood*, came forward, and purchased the patent from Highmore for little more than he gave for half of it. He was a gentleman of fashion, fortune and connections, and had the promise of power that would carry all before it. The revolvers under *The. Cibber* having, by this time, become heartily tired of their enterprize; and the veterans, finding themselves the dupes of so young, and in all respects unsubstantial a man, grew ashamed, and were,

without the least difficulty, brought back from the Haymarket. The parties all met, a treaty of peace was concluded, and master *The. Cibber* had, in the first place, the artifice and address, by meeting the manager alone, to procure very advantageous terms, not only for himself, but for his favourite actors.

Accordingly, on the 9th day of March 1734, the old company, returning from the Haymarket to Drury Lane, began under Mr. Fleetwood, and performed to great audiences; for the company was composed of the flower of the stage—to wit, *Miller, Johnson, Harper, Cibber, Griffin, Milward*, the two *Mr. Mills'*, *Hallam, Bridgewater, &c. Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. Butler*, and others of inferior, though considerable note.

Fleetwood was soon conscious of his want of theatrical knowledge, and resolved to look out for an assistant. In this he shewed his good sense; but in the choice of a person his sagacity forsook him, for he chose for his *premier*, *Theophilus Cibber*; than whom the

stage could not have produced another man more unfit for an office that required judgment or fidelity. Fleetwood, however, soon found his mistake, and perceived that Cibber was a very improper, and even dangerous man—he was therefore displaced (says Victor) “for
“ *Macklin*; a man, at that time, of seemingly
“ humble pretensions, but of capabilities sufficient to raise him to the office of lord high
“ cardinal. This minister continued long in
“ the highest favor with the manager, and the
“ business of the theatre was conducted for
“ some years, under his influence and direction, with very considerable success.”

But though the activity, fidelity, and sound sense of Macklin, rendered him an acquisition to Mr. Fleetwood, as an assistant-manager, he was yet to remain low in his profession, compared with the rank which he afterwards obtained. The old comedians who were established, by the opinion of the town, in the possession of the principal parts, still stood in his way; though, at times, he

fell by accident into comic parts, which served to afford an opening for public opinion, and to give him the character of a funny fellow: as, in general, he went by the name of "*the Wild Irishman*." We may conclude, that he, at first, a little overstept the 'modesty of nature,' and was deficient in that chasteness in acting, which he afterwards acquired; for we find, from anecdotes of his own relating, that Quin, who, soon after Mr. Fleetwood purchased the Drury-lane patent, left Mr. Rich's company, and joined him, and who was very despotic and scurrilous to the inferior actors, was in the habit of censuring him severely, and complaining that there was no such thing as having a chaste scene performed, where he (Macklin) had a part.

There is an anecdote which Macklin has often related with that luxuriant force of description, which characterised his story telling.—As it happened about the period of the history of the stage at which we are now arrived; and as it may serve to throw some

light on the disposition of Quin, and his unprovoked rudeness to the actors, we present it to our readers, nearly in the words of the old gentleman, as he told it, in the year 1787, at the Rainbow Coffee-house, in King-street, Covent-garden, to an acquaintance, who asked him—*if Quin and he had ever quarrelled?* Many persons, in the adjoining boxes, attended to the veteran, who spoke, as usual, in a very audible voice; but exhibited, in the course of the narration (as the reader will perceive), strong proofs of the rapid decay of his memory:—“Yes, Sir; I was very low in the theatre, as an actor, when the surly fellow was the despot of the place. But, Sir, I had—had a lift, Sir. Yes, I was to play—the—the Boy with the red Breeches;—you know who I mean, Sir—he whose mother is always going to law;—you know who I mean!”—“*Jerry Blackacre*, I suppose, Sir?”—“Aye, Sir—*Jerry*.—Well, Sir, I began to be a little known to the public, and, egad, I began to make them laugh;—I was called the *Wild Irishman*, Sir; and was thought to have some

fun in me: and I made them laugh heartily in the Boy, Sir—in *Jerry*.

“When I came off the stage, the furly fellow, who played the scolding Captain in the play; Captain—Captain—you know who I mean”——‘*Manly*, I believe, Sir?’——“Aye, Sir—the same—*Manly*. Well, Sir, the furly fellow began to scold me; told me I was at my *damned tricks*; and that there was no having a chaste scene for me.—Every body, nay, egad, the manager himself, was afraid of him.—I was afraid of the fellow, too; but not much.—Well, Sir, I told him, that I did not mean to disturb *him* by my acting; but to *shew off a little myself*. Well, Sir, in the other scenes I did the same, and made the audience laugh incontinently—and he scolded me again, Sir.—I made the same apology; but the furly fellow would not be appeased. Again, Sir, however, I did the same; and when I returned to the green-room, he abused me like a pickpocket, and said, I must leave off my *damned tricks*.—I told him I could not play otherwise. He said, I *could*, and I

should. Upon which, Sir, egad, I said to him flatly—"you lie." He was chewing an apple at this moment; and, spitting the contents into his hand, he threw them in my face."—"Indeed!"—"It is fact, Sir!—Well, Sir, I went up to him directly (for I was a great *boxing cull* in those days), and pushed him down into a chair, and pummelled his face damnably."

‘You did right, Sir.’

“He strove to resist; but he was no match for me;—and I made his face swell so with the blows, that he could hardly speak. When he attempted to go on with his part, Sir, he mumbled so, that the audience began to hiss. Upon which he went forward, and told them, Sir, that something unpleasant had happened, and that he was really very ill. But, Sir, the moment I went to strike him, there were many noblemen in the green-room, full dressed, with their swords, and large wigs: (for the green-room was a sort of state-room, then, Sir,)—Well, they were all alarmed, and

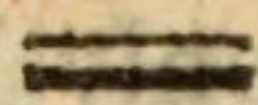
jumped upon the benches, waiting, in silent amazement, till the affair was over.

“At the end of the play, Sir, he told me I must give him satisfaction; and that, when he changed his dress, he would wait for me at the Obelisk, in Covent-garden. I told him I would be with him:—but, Sir, when he was gone, I recollected that I was to play in the pantomime (for I was a great pantomime boy in those days): so, Sir, I said to myself—“damn the fellow, let him wait; I wont go to him till my business is all over; let him fume, and fret, and be damned.” Well, Sir, Mr. Fleetwood, the manager, who was one of the best men in the world—all kindness, all mildness, and graciousness, and affability—had heard of the affair; and as Quin was his great actor, and in favour with the town, he told me I had had revenge enough; that I should not meet the surly fellow that night; but that he would make the matter up some how or other.

“ Well, Sir, Mr. Fleetwood ordered me a good supper, and some wine, and made me sleep at his house all night, to prevent any meeting. Well, Sir, in the morning, he told me, that I must, *for his sake*, make a little apology to Quin, for what I had done.—And so, Sir, having given him a belly full, I, to oblige Mr. Fleetwood (for I loved the man), did, Sir, make some apology to him, and the matter dropped.”

It is impossible to imagine any thing more humiliating and mortifying than this circumstance must have been to Quin, whose pride was great, and temper overbearing; who was not only the tyrant of the theatre, but a great favourite with the town:—more especially, as his assailant was then a low actor, and a man characterised by a ludicrous *name*—“ *The Wild Irishman*.” It is well known that Quin, who was the first promoter of the quarrel, never, to the end of his days, forgave Macklin; but used to say, in his usual language, made up of humour and profaneness,

“If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain.” Quin once went so far as to address Macklin in the following manner, without any provocation whatsoever: “Mr. Macklin, by the *lines*—I beg your pardon, Sir—the *cordage* of your face, you should be hanged.”—How a man, who gave such unrestrained licence to brutal rudeness of speech, escaped an untimely death, and lived to an advanced age, is astonishing. The patience of Mr. Macklin, in bearing such language, is perhaps as much a matter of surprise.



Chap. XIII.

BEFORE we proceed further in the history, we think it necessary to carry the reader's attention back to the time of our hero's birth, in order to adduce those proofs of his real age, to which we have alluded in the beginning of this work.

Although it must be confessed, that the author has to encounter, not only the long received opinion of the public with regard to Mr. Macklin's age, but even his own repeated declaration, viz. "That he was born in the last year of the last century;"—yet, when the reader comes to consider the nature of the proof that we shall lay before him, together with the motives that induced Mr. Macklin uniformly to say, that he was not so old as he really was, we are persuaded that a shadow of doubt cannot remain, upon the mind even of the most sceptical, as to the authenticity of the time of his birth; and that the reader will be only astonished that the truth of the circumstance should have remained so long concealed. It is to be recollected, that, at the period of Mr. Macklin's nativity, there were no registers of births or marriages, no records hardly of any kind then kept in Ireland. This was a deficiency which Mr. Macklin had, afterwards, great cause to lament, as will be found in the course of this history.

To remedy this great inconvenience, the expedients adopted by the Irish were of various kinds:—some engraved the date of a birth, marriage, or death, in the family, on a piece of brass; some carved it in wood, or in stone; some cut it in horn, whilst others had their names, ages, and the ages of their relations, blown into their arms, after a certain process, by gun-powder. There was also another method adopted, of making figures or characters in the flesh by a needle and blue thread.

When Mary M'Laughlin, the sister of our hero, was born, her age was imprinted on her arm by the process of gun-powder already alluded to.—But, at the birth of Charles, either the tenderness of his mother prevented the same operation from taking place, or the distracted state of the family, arising from the turbulent spirit of the times, caused its omission. However, so it happened, that young Charles never had any absolute record of his birth.

But though no written document can consequently be adduced, yet the most satisfactory oral testimony can be brought forward.

Mrs. Elizabeth Macklin, relict of the late inimitable *Shylock* (under whose immediate auspices this work is given to the public), has assured the author, and is ready to testify the fact upon oath (were it necessary), that the actual circumstance of his having been born two months previous to the memorable battle of the Boyne, has been repeatedly communicated to her, by a person of the name of *Mary Millar*, who lived servant with the mother of Charles, during his minority, and who had her own age marked in her arm by gunpowder, which mark, or register, of birth Mrs. Macklin had frequent opportunities of seeing, during the time Mary Millar lived servant with her in Dublin. And this circumstance is the more accurate and remarkable, because the difference between the age of Charles Macklin and Mary Millar was known to be exactly ten years.

The author also of this history has frequently heard his mother, who lived long in the habits of intimacy with the mother of Mr. Macklin, recount the story of Charles having been conveyed away, as already stated, in a *turf-kish*, from the scene of action near the Boyne, and of his living two days almost without sustenance, owing to his having been rapidly carried away to a distant part of the country, without his mother, who nursed him herself, but who was then occupied in affording every consolation in her power to the afflicted mind of her husband, after his defeat.

Here, then, is testimony the most incontrovertible. The mother, the nurse, the wife, and relations of Mr. Macklin, all agreeing in one account. What interest could his mother have in giving a false statement of his nativity? What motive could induce Mary Millar, the nurse, after the death of Mrs. O'Meally, (Macklin's mother) to confirm her story? Or what possible view can Mrs. Macklin, or the relations of Mr. Macklin, have

now in declaring and corroborating the same testimony? But it may be asked, how it happened that this story was not made public before? In reply to this, it is only necessary to observe, that Mrs. Macklin and the author have communicated the same story over and over again to the circle of their acquaintances; and the reason why it did not gain more currency is, that, perhaps, they found themselves rather delicately circumstanced concerning this matter, during the life time of the old man, whose own account differed so widely from theirs, and whose public declarations operated as a check, because they were adhered to with no uncommon degree of pertinacity.

But the maxim, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," will hold good upon this occasion. For as to the motives that induced Mr. Macklin to persevere in an erroneous account of his age, there maybe many opinions—But from the accusation of a want of attention to truth, in other points, we must, in the first instance, beg leave to acquit him. There was no man that

paid a more strict regard to truth, or that held falsehood in greater contempt and abhorrence. It was, perhaps, from an over attention to, or a commendable anxiety concerning his veracity, that led him into a dilemma with respect to his age, out of which he could not extricate himself, as he thought, without doing a manifest injury to his credibility. But the clew to the labyrinth is this—Owing to the misfortunes and distresses that for a long period attended the family of William M'Laughlin, and particularly during the minority of Charles, his education was, from motives of necessity, obliged to be neglected.

This was the greatest mortification his mother felt during the season of her adversity.

She, however, did every thing in her power to instruct him herself, but this was to very little purpose. For the mother, however anxious she might be about his proficiency, was too fond and indulgent (a weakness very

common, and very censurable) to have her injunctions strictly complied with ; and Charles was too volatile, and fond of boyish amusements, to pay proper attention to her instructions. This is a circumstance, the truth and importance of which she felt at that time, but she could not inflict punishment ; and Charles, although he then approved her maternal indulgence and forbearance, had cause to lament it afterwards.

The disadvantages he laboured under in the early part of his life, were therefore very great ; for he was not sent to any regular school, till after the marriage of his mother with Mr. Luke O'Mealy, and even then he was notorious for being more attentive to the sports of his play-mates, than to the lectures of his preceptor. From this period the reader is already in possession of the space of time that elapsed, and with the manner in which it was spent, previous to his being taken the least notice of as an actor in England. In fact, it will be found, that, during the early part of his life, he had no very great oppor-

tunity of receiving instruction ; and, shortly after he was fixed at a regular seminary, his adventurous spirit hurried him almost instantaneously upon the theatre of the world, which he may be said hardly ever after to have quitted, till a short time before he resigned his breath.

It may then be fairly asserted, that Mr. Macklin, from indefatigable exertion acquired all he knew. A thirst for knowledge, a vigorous constitution, and a strong mind, are qualifications that will enable a man to surmount almost every obstacle.

These qualifications Mr. Macklin possessed in an ample degree, and to these he owed all his fame. But though his mind, from his being an acute observer of men and manners, had been in a more advanced state of improvement than could even be expected from other young men, who might have had greater opportunities of edification, yet Mr. Macklin, thus tolerably learned, would not suffer it to be known, that he was so far ad-

vanced in life, as to have attained his *thirtieth year*, and possessed, as he thought himself, of so small a share of erudition.

To this motive then is to be attributed the error into which he at first fell, and afterwards continued. But the following anecdote, which the author has frequently heard the *venerable Jew* relate, will serve to illustrate the circumstance better than a thousand pages.

When Mr. Macklin offered himself to Mr. Watkins, the manager of a strolling company, at Bristol, he had just completed his thirtieth year. A time of life, that, as he often said himself, he began seriously to look about him.

He also found in this company, in which he engaged, that the major part of the performers were younger than himself. It therefore occurred to him to conceal his age, or rather to give out, that he was younger than he really was. This circumstance he ima-

gined would afford him some consolation for his backward state in the line of his profession, and would lessen the contrast between the other performers and himself. Having, therefore, made up his mind on this subject, it was understood, in the company, that Mr. Macklin was, at that time, only twenty years of age. From this period, then, may be dated the source of the mistake. His having once declared his age to be twenty years, and the circumstance obtaining currency, he never afterwards cared to retract his declaration; and it thenceforth became so habitual to him, whenever he was asked concerning his age, that it is presumed he believed it himself; or that, in the latter part of his life, he did not know how old he was.

There was also another motive that induced him to the concealment in the first instance. The heroine of the strolling company at Bristol, where he was first regularly engaged, was a *Miss Jackson*, very beautiful, and only in her nineteenth year. To this

lady our hero, upon his first joining the company, paid his addreffes. It was about the precise juncture of time, that he was confidering with himfelf about fettling his age, that he became her admirer.

The difficulties that prefented themfelves to his mind before, were immediately done away, when he came to reflect, that the disparity of years between the lady and himfelf might poffibly throw an obftacle in the way of their union. He, therefore, inflantly refolved to make himfelf *young* for her fake ; and he had not been more than fix weeks in the company, when a *theatrical marriage* took place between them. This young lady, though beautiful, and an excellent actress, had one great fault—viz. ſhe was immoderately fond of drinking rum. To reclaim her from this ſhameful habit, Charles tried every poffible means, but to no purpoſe—ſhe would ſtill have recourſe to the bottle ; nay, ſhe at laſt became ſo enamoured of it, that ſhe conſtantly carried one in her pocket. As ſoon as Macklin was made acquainted

with this circumstance, he resolved to play her the following trick, in the hope, that by putting her feelings to the test, in the most public manner, he might be enabled to bring her back to her sober senses.

On the night, therefore, of her benefit, Charles took occasion, while speaking an Epilogue with her, at the end of the play, to hit her (as it were by accident) on the side with a cane, so as to break the bottle in her pocket, and let the rum about the stage, to to the great mortification of the poor lady, and the no small entertainment of the audience—and Macklin by his attitudes and laughter very considerably heightened this *rum-scene*!

This laughable incident operated very powerfully on her mind for a few weeks, and Mr. Macklin was rejoicing within himself at the reform he had so suddenly brought about. But he had not cause to rejoice long, for she soon after returned to the bottle, with, if possible ten-fold desire; and set at defiance both pri-

vate remonstrance and public shame. Mr. Macklin now concluded that it was impossible to work her reformation. He therefore resigned her to her propensities, and an opportunity occurred soon after which terminated the connection.

This company having left Bristol, travelled the country, with various success, till they arrived at Haverfordwest, where they met with a very good reception. Here it was that Charles formed an intimacy with a Mr. Williams, a gentleman of large fortune, who, as soon as he saw our young heroine, was smitten with her beauty and accomplishments. He seized the earliest opportunity of breaking the matter to Macklin, who very candidly told the gentleman he would relinquish all his pretensions to the lady, and at the same time, advised him to have nothing to do with her; observing, that her addiction to liquor was intolerable, and incurable.

But Mr. Williams was so passionately in love with the young lady, that nothing could

dissuade him from his intention ; and, what is not a little remarkable, offered her terms of marriage at the first interview that took place between them.

The lady, with the consent and advice of Mr. MACKLIN accepted the proposals. The nuptials were immediately celebrated with great festivity ; and Charles, on this occasion, acted the part of a father, and actually *gave the young lady away !*

Mr. Williams, being thus rendered happy, offered to settle an annuity, by no means inconsiderable, on our hero. But this was refused ; however, the gentleman made Mr. Macklin several valuable presents, and, among the rest, gave him a capital horse, which, on his return to Bristol, he afterwards sold for a great price. The young lady still continued the practice of drinking rum, in large quantities, notwithstanding the entreaties and remonstrances of her fond husband ; and, in short, killed herself, in six months after her marriage, by an immoderate use of that liquor.

Chap. XIV.

AS the history will proceed regularly, after the conclusion of this chapter, we shall occupy the whole of it in recording the principal incidents which befel our hero, (and which have not been already recounted) from the period of his quitting the academy of Mr. Nicholson, till his regular engagement in London, in the year 1733.

After Mr. Macklin returned to Bristol, from Haverfordwest, he engaged with the manager of another strolling company, which took a different direction from the one that he had just quitted.

They travelled through the country, with various success, till they arrived at *Stratford-le-Bow*, where the famous *Anthony Boheme* was first taken notice of by *Mr. Rich*, the London manager. This celebrated actor,

Mr. Macklin says, was transferred from a strolling company to the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and engaged at a very small salary.

He made his *debut* at that theatre in the trifling character of *Francisco*. The right expression of a simple thought is sometimes of considerable and unexpected consequence to the speaker. It happened so with *Mr. Boheme*; for his unaffected and natural manner of pronouncing this short speech—"FRANCISCO—for this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart,"—so completely electrified the audience, and aroused them to an instantaneous observation of his merit, that the manager, in obedience to the public voice, immediately raised his salary, and promoted him, soon after, to the first rank in the theatre.

His manner of acting *King Lear* was inimitable: he differed from *Mr Booth* and *Mr. Garrick*. In his person he was tall, and his features were exceedingly expressive. But we shall use *Mr. Macklin's* own words:

“To his *Lear* he gave a trait of the antique; by the venerable cast of his countenance, he gave force and authority to the various situations and passions of the character; the tones of his voice were equally powerful and harmonious, and his whole action suited to the age and feelings of *King Lear*.” Mr. Quin, who afterwards performed the part, fell infinitely short of his predecessor.

Of Mr. Garrick's abilities, in the same character, we shall give our opinion in another part of this history, and shall indulge the reader with MR. MACKLIN's criticisms on that gentleman's performance of this violent old monarch.

As often as MR. MACKLIN could find an opportunity of coming to London, he embraced it. This he did with the view of attending the theatres, and profiting by his observation on the acting of the eminent performers of that day. It was about this time that Mr. Macklin, finding his original name, ‘*M'Laughlin*,’ rather difficult to be pro-

nounced by Englishmen, conceived the idea of changing it.

At this period *Mr. Boheme* stood high in the estimation of the town, and, through his intercession, the manager of the strolling company, at *Stratford-le-Bow*, gave Mr. Macklin leave of absence for a fortnight.

Our hero immediately came to London with his valuable friend *Boheme*, and took lodgings at a glove-shop, in the Strand, within three doors of Temple-bar. He had not been two days in his new apartments, before an Irish relation, who happened to be unacquainted with the circumstance of Charles' having changed his name, called upon him at his lodgings, and inquired of the landlady—
“Whether *young Charley Mac-Laughlin* was within?”

“*Young Charley who?*” replied the good woman, with astonishment!

“Why, my relation, *Charley Mac-Laughlin*,” answered the Irishman, with vehemence and impatience.

Landlady. “Upon my word, Sir, you must be mistaken; there is no person of that name in my house.”

Irishman. “Arrah, faith and troth, and I must be right enough; for I was along with my friend *Charley Mac-Laughlin* last night at the play, and he himself *tould* me, he lived here, within three doors of the big gates, there,” (pointing to Temple-bar).

Landlady. “*Charley Macclottin! Macclottin!* Really, Sir, you must have made a mistake; no such person lodges in my house.”

Irishman. “Well, then, my honey, if *Charley Mac-Laughlin* is not within now, will you tell him, when you see him, that his *ould* friend *Phil Flanagan* called upon him.”

Mr. Macklin, who happened to be at home at the time, overhearing the latter part of this curious dialogue, came down stairs immediately, shook his old crony, *Phil*, by the hand, and requested him to walk up to his apartments.

The landlady was exceedingly surprised at this circumstance, and, upon a little consideration, *wisely concluded*, that her lodger and his Irish relation were little better than swindlers. She could by no means reconcile it to her notions of honesty, that any person who went by *two* names, could be a good member of society.

Thus strongly prejudiced against her lodger, and fearing that her name should be brought in question, and her character injured by some felonious act of the man whom she harboured, she determined to give him immediate notice to quit her apartments.

Accordingly, the next morning, she entered Mr. Macklin's room, with very little cere-

mony, and addressed him in the following manner:

Landlady. “Sir, I’d have you to know, that I have kept this house these five-and-thirty years, and have always maintained an honest character. I also have had very respectable lodgers in my house; but I never had any person that assumed *two names* before!”

Mr. Macklin, as the reader may easily imagine, was not a little surpris’d at this abrupt address of his landlady, and interrupted her, by asking her, laughingly, what she meant?

Landlady. “Sir, I mean to tell you, that I am too experienced to be impos’d upon, and I must request, that you will quit my house directly; for I cannot suffer any one to remain in it *who has two different names!*”

Macklin. “Upon my word, madam, you astonish me very much;—I do not understand you!”

Landlady. Sir, you took the lodgings in the name of "MACKLIN," and here, yesterday, a person came, and called you by some strange name—"Maclothin!" or "Maclottin!" Indeed, it is impossible to pronounce it. I, therefore, insist that you will leave my house."

Macklin, (bursting into a fit of laughter). "Madam, I beg your pardon; this misunderstanding originates with me. I can assure you, that I have but *one name*, which is 'Macklin,' and it is derived from that old Irish word, 'MacLaughlin,' as my friends in this town can testify."

The words, "*friends in this town*," had an immediate effect upon this scrupulous old dame, who replied—"Oh, Sir, if that is really the fact I have to beg your pardon."

Macklin. "Madam, you have no occasion to make an apology; it was my fault; I should have apprized you before, that if any of my countrymen called here, they would inquire after me by the name of *M'Laughlin*. In-

deed, madam, that fine mouthful of a word, is the *true Irish* for *Macklin*. But, in order to satisfy you fully of the truth of this matter, and to convince you of the wrong opinion that you entertained of me, I beg leave to refer you, for my character, to *Mr. Rich*, and *Mr. Boheme*."

The landlady now became as civil as she was rude before, and Mr. Macklin continued in her lodgings, as long as he remained in town, very well satisfied with the accommodation he met with; and related the circumstance afterwards to all his friends, who were highly entertained with his humorous narration of this laughable occurrence.

On the termination of his leave of absence, Mr. Macklin returned, and joined his company at *Stratford-le-Bow*; from whence they proceeded to *Southwark fair*, where they reaped a rich harvest. Our hero was dressed, on this occasion, in a fine laced coat, and bag wig, and cleared half a guinea a day. Here it was that the manager of *Sadler's Wells* had an opportunity of seeing Charles per-

form. He was struck with his humour and agility, and offered him very advantageous terms, which were immediately accepted.

Mr. Macklin was now cast into quite a new branch of his profession. Having played various characters at *Sadler's Wells*, with great applause to himself, and emolument to his employer, he was induced, by the manager, to perform in a party-coloured dress. He accordingly became the much-followed *Harlequin*, for a season. In this character he displayed great feats of agility: for he was, at that time, very thin in person, and very active, with a complexion very dark; so that, off the stage, he appeared exactly a *Filch*!

He has often, in a silk vest, trimmed with silver fringe, and in white silk stockings, bowed and scraped, and picked up halfpence, that were thrown upon the stage by cobblers, link-boys, and chimney-sweepers.

From *Sadler's Wells* he proceeded, once more, to his former head-quarters, at *Bristol*,

where he was kindly received, and played with his usual success.

After remaining at *Bristol* for three months, he took an excursion into Wales, with a respectable company of strollers, that were managed by a person whom they styled "*Lady Hawley*." This, like all other companies of the same description, was sometimes fortunate, and sometimes unsuccessful. However, *Mr. Macklin* had no great reason to complain; for, during the five months that he continued in this company, he contrived to lay up the sum of twenty pounds: no small acquisition in those days.

It happened, during the time that he strolled with this company, that they had the misfortune to arrive, at a late hour, at *Llangadoc*, in the county of Carmarthen, where only a part of the company could be accommodated with beds. Although *Mr. Macklin*, from the high rank which he held in the company, was entitled to the first choice, he gave up, notwithstanding, his pretensions, and willingly

resigned his claim in favor of a brother actor, who was then in an ill state of health.

After supping with *Lady Hawley*, Macklin made his bow, and retired to the room where the luggage was stowed. Here he undressed himself, and adopted the following humorous expedient: He instantly arrayed himself in the dress of *Æmilia*, in the *Moor of Venice*, a part he occasionally filled, tied up a small bundle in an handkerchief, and slipped out of the house unperceived.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned, apparently much fatigued, and addressed the landlady in the most piteous terms; recounted a variety of misfortunes that had befallen him; and concluded his speech with an heart-moving request, that he might have shelter for the night, as he was a total stranger in that part of the country.

The supposed young woman was informed by the unsuspecting landlady, that the beds were all engaged; but that, in pity of her

distressed condition, some contrivance would be made to let her have part of a bed. Charles now hugged himself at the success of his scheme; and, after he had taken some refreshment, was, to his great astonishment, conducted by the servant to the bed-room of the landlady herself, where he was left alone to undress. In this dilemma, he scarcely knew how to act: to retreat he could not, without running the risk of a discovery. However, into bed he went, convulsed with laughter. He had not lain many minutes before Mrs. *Boniface*, who was upwards of 60 years of age, but completely the character in point of size and shape, made her appearance. Charles struggled hard with himself for some moments; but the comic scene had such an effect upon him, at last, that he could no longer contain himself; and, at the instant the old lady had got into bed, burst out into a violent fit of laughter.

Mrs. *Boniface* was not a little alarmed at this oddity of her bed-fellow; and the laughter continuing, if possible, to increase, the old

lady was persuaded that the poor *young girl* was in a fit. She got out of bed as fast as she could, and roared out so loudly and effectually for help, that every body in the house was aroused, and assembled in the landlady's chamber in an instant.

Mrs. *Boniface* requested that assistance might be afforded to the afflicted female; but how great was her astonishment, when, on the entrance of *Lady Hawley*, and some of her itinerant *heroines*, the laughter began to spread, and encrease louder and louder; and it was not till some minutes after Charles was recognized by his companions, that the distressed and affrighted landlady recovered; for she began to entertain serious apprehensions that the whole company were suddenly affected by some unaccountable malady. However, after the *ecclairecissement*, she joined heartily in the laugh herself; but did not forget to throw out some sharp reproaches against Charles, who had made so serious an attack upon her virtue, as she conceived.

At the end of his engagement with *Lady Hawley*, Charles took it into his head to pay a visit to his mother in Ireland. This was in the year 1731. A circumstance occurred at that period, which, provided it had terminated successfully, might have been the means of turning Mr. Macklin's attention for ever from the stage.

The representatives of those, who, from their attachment to the *perfidious James*, and the side they took during the rebellion in Ireland, made every effort, in the year 1731, to recover the estates of their progenitors. Some succeeded, and some failed: among the latter was Charles.

From the deficiency of public records, and the want of substantial evidence, arising from the death of material witnesses, Mr. Macklin could not prove his title, and his application consequently fell to the ground. This failure of his cause did not affect him so much as might have been expected. His mind was never addicted to despondency—Besides, he had,

by that time, made some proficiency in the line of his profession, and he began to perceive that he should never want. His mother, too, was then in very good circumstances, at *Cloncurry*, and his unsuccessfulness was but slightly felt in the family.

Having paid all his promised visits to his friends in Dublin, *Charles*, set out immediately for his mother's residence in the country. To his mother he was ever dutiful and attentive; and, before his departure from the capital, took care to provide himself with some valuable presents for her acceptance. He remained at *Cloncurry* for some time, entertaining and gratifying his parents and friends with humorous descriptions of the various incidents that befel him and his fellow-strollers in England, and partaking of their advice and affection. After taking leave of his parents, *Charles* returned again to *Dublin*, where, in the course of his visits, he frequently met a young widow, that attracted his attention. This lady, though not affluent, was highly

accomplished. To her Mr. Macklin immediately paid his addresses, which were not unkindly received. In this lady he thought he discovered *theatrical talents* of an uncommon kind, and he was not deceived, for she afterwards became an excellent actress. After having consulted with his friends, and obtained his father and mother's consent, the marriage ceremony was performed. This lady was a *Mrs. Ann Grace*, the widow of a very respectable hosier in Dublin.

Mr. Macklin now lost no time in the instruction and improvement of his wife and pupil. The scholar was as anxious to learn, as the master was to teach: with aptitude and capacity on one side, and promptitude and capability on the other, the desired proficiency was soon accomplished, and Mrs. Macklin became at once an admirable actress; for she was a true child of nature. Being thus enriched, *Charles* set out again for England, and, upon his arrival at Chester, opened a small, but commodious theatre, where Mrs. Macklin made her *debut* in the part

of *Nurse*, in the play of *Romeo and Juliet*. Mrs. Nurse, to whom an objection may be made, as a character inconsistent with tragedy, though highly finished from nature, was most admirably supported by Mrs. Macklin. The petulant impertinence of the character was nicely hit off; and Mrs. Macklin continued to play the part, many years after, on the London stage, with unbounded applause.

Upon her appearance in every new character, she delighted her audience more and more; enriched her husband's treasury, and added to her own fame. Her success at Chester produced the following lines:

" While MACKLIN charms the list'ning throng,

" A nobler subject warms my song ;

" Of Nature's sacred name I'd sing,

" From whom her various beauties spring;

" The swelling sense!—the genial fire !

" The nameless graces we admire !

" To her—she frankly did impart

" A clue—to trace the mazy heart :

“ She gave her wit—with graceful ease,
“ And ev’ry attribute to please ;
“ But know—thou finish’d nymph—to you
“ Nor wonder, nor applause is due
“ For charms—which Nature only drew.”

Mr. Macklin having closed a very profitable season at *Chester*, proceeded to *Bristol*, where he introduced Mrs. Macklin to all his old friends and acquaintances.

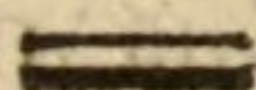
Here, as at *Chester*, our hero continued to enrich himself, and to display his wife’s talents to the best advantage. *Mrs. Macklin’s* performance of the *Hostess*, in *Henry the Fifth*, was highly applauded at Bristol, and the author has frequently heard *Shylock* himself declare, that the *Hostess’s* description of *Falstaff’s* final exit was masterly ; and, we doubt not, that all lovers of the *fat Knight*, feel, at this passage, some regret for the loss of him. We shall take leave to insert it here.

Quickly—“ Nay, sure, he’s not in hell,
“ he’s in Arthur’s bosom, if ever man went

“ to Arthur’s bosom. ’A made a finer end,
“ and went away, an it had been any chrif-
“ tom child; ’a parted even just between
“ twelve and one, e’en at turning o’ the
“ tide: for after I saw him fumble with the
“ sheets, and play with flowers, and smile
“ upon his fingers’ ends, I knew there was
“ but one way; for his nose was as sharp as
“ a pen, and ’a babbled of green fields.
“ How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man!
“ be of good cheer. So ’a cried out—God,
“ God, God! three or four times. Now, I,
“ to comfort him, bid him ’a should not think
“ of God; I hop’d, there was no need to
“ trouble himself with any such thoughts yet:
“ so ’a bade me lay more clothes on his feet:
“ I put my hand into the bed, and felt them,
“ and they were as cold as any stone; then
“ I felt to his knees, and so upward, and
“ upward, and all was as cold as any
“ stone.”

From Bristol *Mr. Macklin* took a ramble into Wales, to visit his old friends, who received him in the most hospitable manner.

From thence he proceeded with a strolling company to Portsmouth, where Mrs. Macklin was brought to bed of a daughter, of whose uncommon abilities and accomplishments we shall have occasion to speak in the progress of this history.



Chap. XV.

IN the year 1733, the revolt of the players at Drury-lane, (who set up for themselves at the Haymarket, under The. Cibber) and the consequent distress of *Highmore*, the manager, brought about a very sudden and unexpected change in the situation of Mr. Macklin.

A proposition of an advantageous nature was sent to him at Portsmouth, by the Drury-lane manager, which was accepted, and which completely established him on the London stage. Having taken leave of his

friends at Portsmouth, he hastened up to London, with his wife and infant daughter. In this change of situation Mr. Macklin thought he perceived the opportunity that he long wished to obtain. He thought, that the time was now arrived when he could display his abilities, and better his condition in life. He was not mistaken, for he had not appeared the third time, before he was particularly distinguished. Mr. Macklin made his first appearance on the 31st of October, in the character of *Captain Brazen*, in the *Recruiting Officer* ; and afterwards performed *Teague*, in the *Committee*, and the *Drunken Colonel*, in the *Intriguing Chambermaid*, with increasing success.

But, notwithstanding the efforts of the manager, and the exertions of his *new raised corps*, the balance every week was very much against him. In this dilemma, he was advised by his friends to put the Vagrant Act in force against the revolvers ; and accordingly *Mr. Harper* was taken up, by a warrant from a

Justice of Peace for the county of Middlesex, and committed to Bridewell.

Mr. Macklin has often declared, that the whole town was in a ferment on the occasion; and that this was considered an outrageous prosecution against *Harper*, the comedian, who happened to be a house-keeper in Middlesex, and a free-holder in the county of Surry; and consequently could not come within the description of the Vagrant Act.

The conduct of the Middlesex Magistrate, on this occasion, was very severely censured by the then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who released *Mr. Harper*, on his own recognizance to appear, if his prosecutors thought it prudent to proceed further. This was after many eminent counsel were heard on both sides; and *Mr. Harper* left Westminster-Hall, amidst the acclamations of several hundred persons, who crowded it on that memorable occasion.

It would be doing a great piece of injustice to the memory of the great man who then sat on the Bench, not to record an highly honourable observation that fell from him on that day. The cause was appointed to be heard early in the morning, when some of the opposite counsel were for deferring the pleadings, and treated it as a matter of little consequence. That great man declared, that he thought it a matter of very great consequence, as the liberty of a subject was concerned; that he could not enter upon it too soon; and that he should not grudge any time bestowed upon the investigation of the cause.

The law put a stop to the performance in the Haymarket; the performers returned, but the manager was ruined. Indeed, poor *Highmore* fulfilled all his engagements, for he was a man of strict honor and punctuality.

The whole of the Drury-lane patent being, as we have already mentioned, purchased

by Mr. Fleetwood, in the year 1734, and every point being amicably adjusted between him and the old company, the house opened on the 11th of March, with “*The Confederacy*,” in which Mrs. Clive performed. This actress was peculiarly happy in low humour, although she had a very disagreeable face and person—yet she always delighted the audience when she kept clear of any thing serious or genteel.

The new manager inherited an estate of 6,000*l.* per annum, but was so incurably addicted to gambling, that he at last fell a victim to that fatal vice. *Mr. Macklin*, who at first played under the direction of *Cibber*, but succeeded soon after to the office of Deputy-manager, was highly distinguished by this unfortunate man. As long as the manager hearkened to the prudent advice of *Mr. Macklin* the drama flourished, and the internal œconomy of the theatre was conducted in the most successful manner. But no sooner did he reject the admonitions of this valuable counsellor, and the repeated en-

treaties of his once bosom friend, than ruin, inevitable ruin, began to stare him in the face ; and the consciousness of his depravity and dissipation hurried him headlong into the very gulph of despair.

In the early part of his intimacy with this unhappy man, Mr. Macklin, though he acquired solid reputation as a Deputy-manager, and substantial fame as an actor, suffered very materially in his property. The attachment that subsisted between them, led them both to frequent the same place. In short, Mr. Fleetwood and Mr. Macklin constantly went to White's gambling-house, where they entered deeply into play, and won and lost large sums of money.

This practice was continued for a considerable time, till the manager was almost ruined, and Mr. Macklin retired a very great loser. Such was the fate of this once wealthy man ; and such must ever be the fate of those who frequent such ruinous places. Too much cannot be said in praise of the person who

has stepped forward to arrest the progress of this abominable vice. To the noble efforts of that illustrious character, LORD KENYON, the country stands highly indebted. This noble lord, to his immortal honor be it spoken, has often declared, and the community have already materially felt, and must continue to feel, the salutary effect of that declaration,—that he will punish, in the most exemplary way, and with the ignominy of the pillory, without respect to age, sex, or condition, every person that shall be brought before him, and that shall be found at play in any of these warehouses of plunder, debauchery, and dissipation.

On the 25th of November, 1734, *Mr. Duncomb* produced his tragedy of *Brutus*, which, *Mr. Macklin* says, ran only five nights. This was the first new piece this season: it received what it justly merited from the public—very indifferent approbation; for it is a mere translation from *M. de Voltaire*, who not only borrowed the fable from the *Brutus*

of LEE, but coldly imitated some of the best scenes of that author.

The next new piece that was brought out this season, was written by *Mr. Lillo*, and entitled “*The Christian Hero.*”

It was first performed at Drury-lane, on the 13th January, 1735, and ran but four nights. Though such subjects were countenanced and applauded on the French and Spanish theatres, yet they do not suit (and we think very justly) the general taste of an English audience.

The church is, unquestionably, the most proper theatre for such useful and solemn representations; and the clergy are, as they should be, and we trust ever will be, the fittest actors in the religious drama of Providence.

On the 10th February, the same year, *Mr. Fielding's Universal Gallant* was performed to a very crowded house, and but indiffer-

ently received—it ran but three nights. We have often heard Mr. Macklin say of this gentleman, that, although he was a man of humour, and a scholar, he could not write a good play.

Mrs. Macklin was engaged this season at Drury-lane, and made her *debut* in the character of the *Hostess*, in the historical play of *Henry the Fourth*.—The *Hostess* is well delineated by the poet: Mrs. Macklin exhibited her to great advantage, and was highly applauded.

In the beginning of May, this season, *Colley Cibber's* Comedy of “*Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune*,” was also performed at Drury-lane. This piece took its origin from two plays of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, which we think the *Laureat* should have acknowledged; but this circumstance he carefully concealed. The plot of this piece is highly improbable, and grossly irregular. The sentiments in many parts of the comedy convey gross ideas; many of the scenes are too long,

and others totally insignificant. The dialogue is natural and sprightly, though void of wit and elegance; and the moral is very vague, and is comprized wholly in this,—that the passion of love will inspire a man to rouse up principles of reason and action, which, till he feels that passion, lie dormant in his breast. What utility is inculcated hereby, we know not; but this we know, that young minds may be prejudiced by the capital figure in this piece of theatrical painting.

However, if an audience wish merely to laugh, *The Fop's Fortune*, when well performed, will undoubtedly gratify that wish; but we can by no means recommend it in the closet, as it may taint the mind, and cannot convey instruction. We come now to the particular mention of a farce, written by MR. FABIAN, entitled "*Trick for Trick*," because the performance of it, this season, brought about an unfortunate incident in the life of Mr. Macklin.

We allude to the melancholy fate of *Mr. Thomas Hallam*, the comedian, whose death was occasioned by a blow that he received in a scuffle with *Mr. Macklin*. The quarrel originated at the theatre, on the evening of the 10th of May, 1735, about a comedy wig, in which *Mr. Macklin* performed the part of *Sancho* the night before.

The circumstances attending this unfortunate affray we shall state at large, as they afterwards came out in evidence upon the trial, for two reasons.

In the first place, the veracity of a biographer imposes upon us the necessity of impartial narration ; and in the next place, the regard we owe to the memory of *Mr. Macklin* demands a circumstantial account of the transaction. Were we to pass over this occurrence in a slight way, the public might accuse us of an attempt to conceal what we know ; and, on the other hand, the character of *Mr. Macklin* might, in a very important point of view, be censured and con-

demned to an extent beyond what the whole circumstances of the case, taken together, will warrant or allow.

That Mr. Macklin was hurried on by a momentary, and instantaneous gust of passion, to lift his hand against his opponent, and to do that, which we must censure; and which, in his cooler moments, he lamented, and was heartily sorry for, cannot be denied. No doubt, such impetuosity of temper is to be condemned in the strongest possible terms; but the candid reader will perceive, in the perusal of the following pages, that a great deal might be said in extenuation of Mr. Macklin's conduct. He will perceive that the behaviour of Mr. Macklin, on that fatal occasion, was not that of a man bent upon mischief, and acting with deliberate malice. There was no *malice prepense*; there is nothing proved that is indicative of a mind thirsting for blood; or of a heart hungering for revenge. There was no preparation of the weapon of death—quite the reverse. No animosity subsisted between the

parties before the moment of the scuffle—all was momentary—what was done, was done in the instant of passion, and arose from the heat of violent altercation. There were faults on one side, as well as on the other; what happened, was merely accidental, but we shall leave the reader to pass his own comments upon the following impartial particulars of the case.

“*Charles Macklin* was indicted for the wilful murder of *Thomas Hallam*, by thrusting a stick into his left eye, and thereby giving him a mortal wound, of the breadth of a quarter of an inch, and depth of one inch and an half, May the 10th, 1735, of which mortal wound he languished till the next day, and then died. The witnesses on the part of the prosecution deposed to the following effect:

“*Thomas Arne*. I have the honour to be the numberer of the boxes, of Drury-lane play-house, under *Mr. Fleetwood*. On Saturday night I delivered my accounts in at the property-office; and, then, at eight at night, I

came into the scene-room, where the players warm themselves, and sat in a chair at the side of the fire. Fronting the fire there is a long seat, where five or six may sit. The play was almost done, and they were making preparations for the entertainment, when the prisoner came into the scene-room, and sat down next me, and high words arose between him and the deceased about a *stock wig*, for a disguise in the entertainment. The prisoner had played in the *wig* the night before: and now the deceased had got it.—“*D——n you for a rogue,*” says the prisoner, “*what business have you with my wig.*”—“*I am no more a rogue than yourself,*” says the deceased; “it’s a *stock wig*, and I have as much right to it as you have.” Some of the players coming in—they desired the deceased to fetch the wig, and give it to the prisoner, which he did, and then said to him, “Here is *your wig*; I have got one that I like *better.*” The prisoner, sitting by me, took the wig, and began to comb it out, and all seemed to be quiet for about half a quarter of an hour: but the prisoner began to grumble again, and said to the

deceased “G——d d——n you for a black-guard, scurvy, rascal, how durst you have the impudence to take *this wig*?” The deceased answered, “I am no more a rascal than yourself.” Upon which the prisoner started up out of his chair, and, with a stick in his hand, made a lunge at the deceased, and thrust the stick into his left eye; and, pulling it back again, looked pale, turned on his heel, and, in a passion, threw the stick into the fire—“G——d d——n it,” says he; and, turning about again on his heel, he sat down. The deceased clapped his hand to his eye, and said it was gone through his head. He was going to sink; but they set him in a chair. The prisoner came to him, and, leaning upon his left arm, put his hand to his eye. “Lord,” cried the deceased, “it is out.”—“No,” says the prisoner, “I feel the ball roll under my hand.” Young *Mr. Cibber* came in, and immediately sent for *Mr. Coldham*, the surgeon.

The Prisoner. “Did I shew any concern afterwards?”

Arne. "I believe he was under the utmost surprize, by his turning about, and throwing the stick into the fire: and he shewed a farther concern when he felt the eye-ball."

Thomas Whitaker. "I am a dresser in the house, under the comedy players. On Friday night the prisoner asked me to lend him a comedy wig, to play "*Sancho*," in "*the Fop's Fortune*;" and the next night the deceased came and asked me for the same wig: I told him that I had it not, and bid him go to the other dresser. As I was afterwards waiting in the hall for my money, the prisoner came in, and asked the deceased for the wig: the deceased answered, "*that he should not have it*:" and the prisoner replied, "You're an impudent rascal, and ought to be caned for your impudence. *Mr. Mills*, who was acting *Juba*, came in, and said, "What's the matter with you? We can't play for the noise you make." The prisoner answered, "The rascal has got a wig that belongs to me." *Mr. Mills* said to the deceased, "*HALLAM, don't be impudent*; but give him the wig." Hallam

still refused; upon which the prisoner said, "G—d d——n you, such a little rascal ought to be made an example of;" and so turned out of the room. I, being dressed in character, went up and undressed. *Mr. Woodford* bid me bring down a similar wig, which I did; but when I came down I could not find the prisoner; and so I went into the scene-room. The deceased was then standing between the door and the settle; the prisoner was about three yards from him, and, starting up, made a sudden longe (whether stepping or running, I can't say). The deceased clapped his hand to his eye, and made a wheel, as if he was throwing himself into the seat. The prisoner seemed to be very much agitated, and afterwards shewed every mark of sorrow and contrition."

Mr. Cole. "The deceased came first into the scene-room, and complained that the prisoner had used him ill about a *comedy wig*. The prisoner soon followed, and said, "the deceased had used him ill, and impertinently, and he insisted upon having the wig." They went

out separately. The deceased came in again. Upon which, *Mr. Fabian*, the author of a farce to be acted that night, *Mr. Mills*, and several others, advised the deceased to let the prisoner have the wig: and *Mr. Kitchen*, the property-man, promised to help him to a better. The deceased fetched the wig, and gave it to the prisoner, and then *Mr. Kitchen* gave another wig to the deceased. Then the deceased held out the wig, to shew it, and said, "He liked it better than the other."—"You saucy, impertinent rascal," says the prisoner, "I wonder how such a little scoundrel dared to *take a wig* out of *my dressing-room*." The deceased told him, that he had it from the dresser. "D——n you, you dog," says the prisoner, "dare you prate?"—and, rising up suddenly from the settle, he pushed at the deceased, who then stood stock-still between me and the settle: I was so near him, that I was afraid my own eye would have been hurt. The deceased reeled, and I caught him in my arms."

A Counsellor. “ Who does the dressing-room, where the wig was kept, belong to ? ”

Mr. Cole. “ Not to the deceased.”

2. “ Has every one a particular room to dress in ? ”

Mr. Cole. “ There were three or four who dressed in that room ; but the deceased did not belong to it. But he said, the dresser gave him the wig. I believe the dresser’s name is *Greenwood.* ”

Francis Lee. “ The deceased came into the scene-room, and said, “ the prisoner had used him like a pick-pocket, about a wig.” *Mr. Mills,* and *the author of the farce,* and *others,* advised Hallam to go up, and fetch Mr. Macklin the wig. *Mr. Kitchen* called the deceased to the end of the room, and lent him another wig : he shewed this wig, and said he would not change with the prisoner ; for he had got a better. The prisoner replied, “ You are a scoundrel for taking it at all.”

The deceased answered, "No more a scoundrel than you are." Some other words having passed, the prisoner rose up, and, I think, said, "D——n you, you dog, do you prate!"—and then gave him the blow. The deceased clapped both his hands to his eye, and cried, "Lord, I believe my eye is put out!" and would have fallen into the fire, if *Mr. Cole* had not caught him. When he was set down, I asked him how he did? He said, "Lord, I believe my eye-ball is shoved to the other side of my head." I believe the prisoner had him by the hand all the while the surgeon was dressing him. He lived till six o'clock the next night."

Ellis Roberts. "I came in when the deceased had received the other wig; he said, he liked it as well as the one the prisoner had. "You are an impudent scoundrel," says the prisoner, "for taking it out of *my shift*," (that is his dressing place). "No more a scoundrel than yourself," says the deceased; and added, "*You are one for calling me so.*"—"You impudent rascal, do you prate?" replied the

prisoner, and, rising up, made a lunge, and pushed at him."

Thomas Salway. "I was sitting at the end of the fettle, which will hold six or seven people. The deceased stood by me, and said, "If he (the prisoner) had a mind for the wig, he might have asked for it in a civil manner, and not attacked me like a pick-pocket." The prisoner said, "You lie." The deceased replied, "I don't lie." Upon which the prisoner got up, and, I think, took one step, and said, "You little rascal, do you prate?" or some such word; and then made a push at him with a stick, which accidentally entered his eye, and made a noise like a squashing. The deceased clapped his hands to his eye, and the blood ran down his face. He tottered:—but I was so shocked and frightened, that I had not power to catch him; so I went out of the room. When the push was made, the deceased was standing still, about three yards from the prisoner."

Counsellor. “ Did the prisoner aim at any particular place ? ”

Thomas Salway. “ He seemed to be in too great a passion for that.”

Prisoner. “ Was not a stick necessary for my part as a Spanish servant ? ”

Thomas Salway. “ Yes, certainly.”

Prisoner. “ Which side of him was towards me when I pushed ? ”

Thomas Salway. “ His full face.”

Prisoner. “ Did you not say, “ What a passionate man you are, to do this mischief ? ” and did not I answer, “ Good God ! what will not a man do in his passion, when he knows not what he does ? ”

Thomas Salway. “ Yes, you said so, and appeared very much concerned.”

Mr. Coldham, surgeon. “On the 10th of May, in the evening, I was sent for, and dressed the deceased. He died next day; and I opened the scull, and found that the stick had passed through the thin bone, that contains the eye, into the brain. That bone is extremely thin, and can make but little resistance. Had the blow been else where, it might have had a less fatal effect. I was astonished that a man should die by such an instrument. When I first attended him, the prisoner shewed much concern, and desired me to take all possible care of him.”

Here the evidence on the part of the prosecution closed, and the Judge asked Mr. Macklin if he had a wish to urge any thing in his defence. Mr. Macklin replied in the affirmative.

THE PRISONER'S DEFENCE.

Mr. Macklin. “My lord, and gentlemen of the jury,—I played *Sancho* the night before, and the wig I then used was proper for the

new farce, and *absolutely necessary* for my part, as the *whole force* of the *poet's wit* depends on the *lean, meagre looks* of one that is in want of food. This wig being, therefore, so fit for my purpose, and hearing that the deceased had got it, I said to him, "*You have got the wig that I played in last night, and it fits my part this night.*"—"I have as much right to it as you," says he. I told him that I *desired it as a favour*. He said I should not have it. "You are a scoundrel," says I, "to deny me, when I only ask you that *as a favour, which is my right.*"—"I am no more a scoundrel than yourself," says he; and so he went out of the room, and I went to the prompter's door, to look for *Mr. Cibber*; meanwhile, the deceased went into the scene-room, and said I had used him like a pick-pocket. The author persuaded him to let me have the wig, and the property-man brought him another wig. Upon this he threw the first wig at me. I asked "Why he could not have done that before?" He answered, "Because you used me like a pick-pocket." This provoked me; and, rising up, I said, "D——n you, for a

puppy, get out." His left side was then towards me; but he turned about unluckily, and my stick went into his eye. "Good God!" said I, "what have I done!" and I threw the stick into the chimney. He sat down, and said to *Mr. Arne's* son, (who was dressed in woman's cloaths) "Whip up your clothes, you little b——h, and urine in my eye." But he could not; so I did. I begged of the persons who were present, to take the deceased to the bagnio; but *Mrs. Moor* said that she had a room, where he should be taken care of. I had then no idea that it would prove his end; but feared that his eye was in danger. But the next morning I saw *Mr. Turbutt*, who advised me to keep out of the way, or I should be sent to goal. I begged of him to get the advice of a Physician, and gave him a guinea, which was all the money I had about me. From the beginning of the quarrel to the end, it was but ten minutes, and there was no intermission."

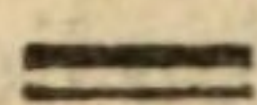
The prisoner then called *Robert Turbutt* on his behalf.

Robert Turbutt. "I played that night, and was in the scene-room when the deceased came in, and seemed flushed, and said "*Macklin has used me like a pick-pocket—I had the wig from Mr. Greenwood, the dresser, and now Macklin wants it, and, I think, it is as proper for my character as for his.*" The prisoner came in, and then demanded the wig; upon which, in a merry way, it was put to the question which of them should have it, and it was agreed that the prisoner should. *Mr. Kitchen* came in, and said, "here is another wig." The deceased then tossed the former wig to the prisoner, who said to him, "Why could you not have done this before?" He answered, "Because you used me like a pick-pocket."—"You lie," says the prisoner. "You lie," says the deceased. "You are a scoundrel," says one. "You're a scoundrel," says the other. At last, the prisoner, rising up, said, "You puppy, get out," and pushed at him, I am certain, not with any particular aim."

Mr. Rich, Mr. Fleetwood, Mr. Quin, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Mills, Mr. Lefsky, Mr. Black, and Mr. Torn, appeared to the prisoner's character, and deposed, that he was a man of a quiet and peaceable disposition.

The Judge having summed up the evidence, with great ability, the Jury found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter.

Mr. Macklin's long and honourable life justified this verdict of the Jury; and his conduct as a father, an husband, a friend, and a member of society, ranks among the first, for tenderness, affection, friendship, and honesty.



Chap. XVI.

MR. MACKLIN made his first appearance, after his trial, in the character of *Ramillie*, in FIELDING's *Miser*, and received very great applause.

The leading actor, at Drury-lane, before this period, was the elder *Mills*, who, Mr. Macklin says, possessed great natural parts, and was excellent in tragedy. This capital actor was succeeded by *Mr. Quin*, and *Mr. Milward*, a young man, who had some theatrical requisites to make a good actor. The women of great note were, *Mrs. Clive* and *Mrs. Heron*. In the year 1736, *Mrs. Cibber* made her first appearance at Drury-lane, in *Zara*, a tragedy by *Aaron Hill*. This is a translation from *M. de Voltaire*. The author having a nephew who had a violent inclination for the stage, and a mistaken notion of his abilities, prevailed upon Mr. Fleetwood to let him appear in the character of *Osmyn*. The public were, on this occasion, treated with a new play, and two new performers. The young man, aspiring at that for which he had not the smallest qualification, injured himself and the play, and was consequently treated by the audience with indifference. The play, however, ran 14 nights ;—and Mrs. Cibber received the approbation she deserved, and gave full promise of being, what she afterwards proved, a cele-

brated actresses. In her person she was agreeable, with a set of features uncommonly expressive; she possessed a very plaintive, mellow, powerful voice: in grief and distraction, no idea could go beyond her execution; but she had no turn at all for comedy. On the 20th of February, *Mr. Connell* produced his *Connoisseur*, which was *damned*; and on the 5th of March the stage sustained a great loss, in the death of *Mrs. Heron*.

At this period a new regulation took place at the theatre, with respect to the prices of admission. The regulated prices being, boxes 4s. pit 2s. 6d. first gallery 1s. 6d. and second gallery 1s. except upon the first run of a new play or pantomime, when the boxes were 5s. the pit 3s. the first gallery 2s. and the second gallery 1s. but *Mr. Fleetwood* thought fit to raise the prices for an old pantomime, which was revived without expence. This circumstance produced a violent opposition for several nights, and, at last, a deputation from the pit had an interview with the manager, in the green-room, where it was agreed, that the

advanced prices should be constantly paid at the doors, and that such persons as did not chuse to stay the entertainment, should have the advanced part of their money returned. This was an advantageous agreement for the manager; because, when the audience had once paid their money, and were seated, very few went out at the end of the play, and demanded their advanced money: the few that did it at first, soon grew tired, and at last it settled in the quiet payment of the advanced prices.

This was a very flourishing season, Mr. Macklin says, for the manager, who saw his house full of the first fashion and consequence, every night. About this time, *Mr. Rich*, the manager of Covent-garden theatre, proposed an agreement to Mr. Fleetwood, respecting the management of the theatres; by which agreement the actors conceived themselves injured and oppressed. This circumstance produced another commotion, which, at length, ended in Mr. Fleetwood's signing the cartel, as it was called; the particulars of which,

we shall not detail here, as the relation of such squabbles and disputes then, would not compensate the reader for his trouble in perusing them now. This was an eventful period in the history of the stage; for, in the course of the year 1736, the late ingenious MR. HENRY FIELDING exhibited some very bold and severe satires against the administration of the late *Lord Orford*, in the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.—Religion, Laws, Government, Priests, Judges, and Ministers (says Cibber) were all laid down by this Herculean satirist.

These were the proceedings that brought about a restraint upon the stage, and induced Parliament, in the year 1737, to pass an act, by a large majority, to limit the number of Theatres in London, and to enact, that no play, nor even prologue, epilogue, or song, should be exhibited at either of the Theatres, without being first inspected, and having the approbation of the Licensor.

The celebrated EARL OF CHATHAM opposed the bill with all his eloquence. The excel-

lence of that great man's speech, upon this occasion, needs no comment ; its delivery cannot be described. We cannot avoid inserting some of the principal passages in the following pages ;—never did an Orator command more deep attention—the House of Peers was silent as calm night :

Their Lordships were all ear.—

The raptur'd soul, absorb'd in deep attention,
Caus'd every other sense to drop its function,
As hearing were its only faculty.

The bill was entitled, An Act made to explain and amend so much of an Act made in the twelfth year of the reign of *Queen Anne*, entitled, An Act for reducing the laws relating to rogues, vagabonds, &c. as relates to *common players of interludes*.

The Earl of Chatham. My Lords,—The Bill, now before you, I apprehend to be of a very extraordinary, a very dangerous nature. It seems designed not only as a restraint to the licentiousness of the Stage, but it will prove a most arbitrary restraint on the liberty

of the stage; and, I fear, it looks yet farther; I fear it tends towards a restraint on the liberty of the Press, which will be a long stride towards the destruction of Liberty itself. It is not only a Bill, my Lords, of a very extraordinary nature, but has been brought in at a very extraordinary season, and pushed with most extraordinary dispatch.—When I considered how near it was to the end of the Session, and how long this Session had been protracted beyond the usual time of the year; when I considered, that this Bill passed through the other House with so much precipitancy, as even to get the start of a Bill, which deserved all the respect, and all the dispatch, the forms of either House of Parliament could admit of; it set me upon inquiring what could be the reason of introducing this Bill at so unseasonable a time, and pressing it forward in a manner so very singular and uncommon. I have made all possible inquiry, and, as yet, I must confess, I am at a loss to find out the great occasion. I have, 'tis true, learned from common report, without doors, that a most seditious, a most heinous

Farce* had been offered to one of the Theatres; a farce, for which the author ought to be punished in a most exemplary manner. But what was the consequence?—the Master of that Theatre behaved as he was in duty bound, and as common prudence directed: he not only refused to bring it upon the Stage, but carried it to a certain honourable gentleman in the Administration, as the surest method of having it suppressed. Could this be the occasion of introducing such an extraordinary Bill, at such an extraordinary season, and pushing it in so extraordinary a manner? Surely, no. The dutiful behaviour of the Players, the prudent caution they shewed upon that occasion, can never be the reason for subjecting them to such an arbitrary restraint: it is an argument in their favor; and a material one, in my opinion, against the Bill. Nay, farther, if we consider all circumstances, it is, to me, a full proof, that the laws now in being are sufficient for punishing those Players who shall venture to bring any seditious libel

* *The Golden Rump*.—It was rejected.

upon the Stage; and consequently sufficient for deterring all Players from acting any thing that may have the least tendency towards giving a reasonable offence. I do not, my Lords, pretend to be a Lawyer; I do not pretend to know perfectly the power and extent of our laws; but I have conversed with those that do, and by them I have been told, that our laws are sufficient for punishing any person that shall dare to represent upon the Stage, what may appear, either by the words or representation, to be blasphemous, seditious, or immoral. I must own, indeed, I have observed, of late, a remarkable licentiousness in the Stage.—There have but very lately been two Plays acted, which one would have thought should have given the greatest offence, and yet both were suffered to be often represented, without disturbance, without censure. In one, the Author* thought fit to represent the three great professions, *Religion*, *Physic*, and the *Law*, as inconsistent with common sense: in the other, a most tragical story was brought upon

* H. FIELDING, Esq.

the Stage—a catastrophe too recent, too melancholy, and of too solemn a nature, to be heard of any where but from the Pulpit. How these pieces came to pass unpunished, I do not know: if I am rightly informed, it was not for want of law, but for want of prosecution, without which no law can be made effectual; but if there was any neglect in this case, I am convinced it was not with a design to prepare the minds of the people, and to make them think a new law necessary.

Our stage ought, certainly, my Lords, to be kept within due bounds; but for this our laws, as they stand at present, are sufficient. If our Stage-Players at any time exceed those bounds, they ought to be prosecuted—they may be punished: we have precedents—we have examples—of persons having been punished for things less criminal than either of the two pieces I have just mentioned. A new law must, therefore, be unnecessary; and, in the present case, it cannot be unnecessary, without being dangerous: every unnecessary restraint on licentiousness is a fetter upon the leg, is a

shackle upon the hands of liberty—one of the greatest blessings we enjoy, one of the greatest blessings a people, my Lords, can enjoy, is liberty. But every good in this life has its alloy of evil: licentiousness is the alloy of liberty; it is an ebullition, an excrescence—it is a speck upon the eye of a political body, which I can never touch, but with a gentle, with a trembling hand, lest I destroy the body; lest I injure the eye, upon which it is apt to appear.—If the Stage becomes at any time licentious, if a Play appears to be a libel upon the Government, or upon any particular man, the King's Courts are open; the law is sufficient for punishing the offender; and, in this case, the person injured has a singular advantage;—he can be under no difficulty to prove who is the Publisher; the Players themselves are the Publishers, and there can be no want of evidence to convict them.

But, my Lords, suppose it true, that the laws now in being are not sufficient for putting a check to, or preventing the licentiousness of the Stage; suppose it absolutely neces-

fary that some new law should be made for that purpose ; yet it must be granted, that such a law ought to be maturely considered, and every clause, every sentence, nay, every word of it well weighed and examined, lest, under some of those methods presumed or pretended to be necessary for restraining licentiousness, a power should lie concealed, which might afterwards be made use of for giving a dangerous wound to Liberty. Such a law ought not to be introduced at the close of a Session ; nor ought we, in the passing such a law, to depart from any of the forms prescribed by our Ancestors for preventing deceit and surprise.

There is such a connection between licentiousness and liberty, that it is not easy to correct the one, without dangerously wounding the other : it is extremely hard to distinguish the true limit between them ; like a changeable silk, we can easily see there are two different colours, but we cannot easily discover where the one ends, or where the other begins. There can be no great and immediate danger from the

licentiousness of the Stage. I hope it will not be pretended that our Government may, before next winter, be overturned by such licentiousness, even though our Stage were, at present, under no sort of legal controul. Why, then, may we not delay till next Session passing any law against the licentiousness of the Stage? Neither our Government can be altered, nor our Constitution be overturned, by such a delay; but by passing a law rashly and unadvisedly, our Constitution may at once be destroyed, and our Government rendered arbitrary. Can we then put a small, a short-lived, inconveniency in the balance with perpetual slavery? Can it be supposed that a Parliament of Great Britain will so much as risk the latter, for the sake of avoiding the former.

Surely, my Lords, this is not to be expected, were the licentiousness of the Stage much greater than it is—were the insufficiency of our laws more obvious than can be pretended. But when we complain of the licentiousness of the Stage, and the insufficiency of our laws, I fear we have more

reason to complain of bad measures in our polity, and a general decay of virtue and morality among the people. In public as well as private life, the only way to prevent being ridiculed or censured, is to avoid all ridiculous or wicked measures, and to pursue such only as are virtuous and worthy. The people never endeavour to ridicule those they love and esteem, nor will they suffer them to be ridiculed: if any one attempts it, the ridicule returns upon the Author—he makes himself only the object of public hatred and contempt. The actions or behaviour of a private man may pass unobserved, and consequently unapplauded—uncensured; but the actions of those in high stations, can neither pass without notice, nor without censure or applause; and, therefore, an Administration without esteem—without authority among the people, let their power be ever so great, let their power be ever so arbitrary, they will be ridiculed. The severest edicts—the most terrible punishments, cannot entirely prevent it: if any man, therefore, thinks he has been ridiculed; if any man thinks he has been

censured, upon any of our public Theatres, let him examine his actions—he will find the cause: let him alter his conduct—he will find a remedy. As no man is perfect, as no man is infallible, the greatest may err; the most circumspect may be guilty of some piece of ridiculous behaviour. It is not licentiousness, it is an useful liberty always indulged the Stage, in a free country, that some great men may there meet with a just reproof, which none of their friends will be free enough, or rather faithful enough, to give them: of this we have a famous instance in the Roman History. The GREAT POMPEY, after the many victories he had obtained, and the great conquests he had made, had certainly a good title to the esteem of the people of Rome; yet that great man, by some error in his conduct, became an object of general dislike; and, therefore, in the representation of an old play, when DIPHILUS, the actor, came to repeat these words “*Nostra miseria tu es MAGNUS,*” the audience immediately applied them to POMPEY, who at that time was as well known by the name of “MAGNUS,”

as by the name of POMPEY, and were so highly pleased with the satire, that, as CICERO says, they made the actor, by their clamour, repeat the words an hundred times over. An account of this was immediately sent to POMPEY, who, instead of resenting it as an injury, was so wise as to take it for a just reproof. He examined his conduct; he altered his measures; he regained, by degrees, the esteem of the people; and then, he neither feared the wit, nor felt the satire of the Stage.— This is an example which ought to be followed by great men, in all countries. Such accidents will often happen, in every free country; and many such would probably have afterwards happened at Rome, if they had continued to enjoy their liberty. But this sort of liberty in the Stage came soon after, I suppose, to be called *licentiousness*; for, we are told, that AUGUSTUS, after having established his Empire, restored order in *Rome*, by restraining *licentiousness*. God forbid we should, in this country, have order restored, or *licentiousness* restrained, at so dear a rate as the people of *Rome* paid for it to AUGUSTUS!

In this case I have mentioned, my Lords, it was not the *Poet* that wrote, for it was an old play ; nor the Players that acted, for they only repeated the words of the play ; it was the people who pointed the satire ; and the case will always be the same, when a man has the misfortune to incur the hatred and contempt of a people. When public measures are despised, the audience will apply what never was, what could not be, designed as a satire on the present times. Nay, even though the people should not apply ; those who are conscious of guilt, those who are conscious of the weakness or wickedness of their own conduct, will take to themselves what the Author never designed. A public thief is as apt to take the satire, as he is apt to take the money which was never designed for him. We have an instance of this, in the case of a comedian of the last age ; a comedian who was not only a good poet, but an honest man, and a quiet and good subject. The famous MOLIERE, when he wrote his *Tartuffe*, which is certainly an excellent and a good moral comedy, did not design to satirize any great man of that

age ; yet a great man in France, at that time, took it to himself, and fancied the Author had taken him as a model for one of the principal, and one of the worst characters in that comedy. By good luck, he was not the licenser, otherwise the Kingdom of France had never had the pleasure, the happiness, I may say, of seeing that play acted ; but when the Players first proposed to act it at Paris, he had interest enough to get it forbid. MOLIERE, who knew himself innocent of what was laid to his charge, complained to his patron, the *Prince of Conti*, that, as his play was designed only to expose hypocrisy, and a false pretence to religion, it was very hard it should be forbid being acted ; when, at the same time, they were suffered to expose religion itself, every night, publicly upon the Italian stage ; to which the Prince wittily answered, “ ’Tis true, *Moliere* ; *Harlequin* ridicules Heaven, and exposes Religion ; but you have done much worse,—you have ridiculed the First Minister of Religion.”

I am as much for restraining the licentiousness of the Stage, and every other sort of licentiousness, as any of your Lordships can be. But, my Lords, I am, I shall always be, extremely cautious and fearful of making the least encroachment upon Liberty; and, therefore, when a new law is proposed against licentiousness, I shall always be for considering it maturely and deliberately, before I venture to give my consent to its being passed. This is a sufficient reason for my being against passing this bill, at so unseasonable a time, and in so extraordinary a manner; but I have many reasons for being against passing the Bill, some of which I shall beg leave to explain to your Lordships.—The Bill, my Lords, at first view, may seem to be designed only against the Stage; but to me it plainly appears to point against something else;—it is an arrow that does but glance at the Stage; the mortal wound seems designed against the liberty of the Press. By this Bill you prevent a play's being acted, but you do not prevent its being printed; therefore, if a license should be refused for its being acted, you may depend

on it, that the play will be printed; it will be printed and published, my Lords, with the refusal in capital letters on the title-page. People are always fond of what is forbidden; *libri prohibiti* are, in all countries, diligently and generally sought after; it will be much easier to procure a refusal, than it ever was to procure a good House, or a good Sale; therefore, we may expect that plays will be wrote on purpose to have a refusal: this will certainly procure a good sale; thus will satires be spread and dispersed through the whole nation; and thus every man in the Kingdom may, and probably will, read for sixpence, what a few only could have seen acted, and that, not under the expence of half a crown; we shall then be told—What! will you allow an infamous libel to be printed and dispersed, which you would not allow to be acted? You have agreed to a law for preventing its being acted; can you refuse your assent to a law for preventing its being printed and published? I should really, my Lords, be glad to hear what excuse, what reason, one could give for being against the latter, after having agreed to the former; for

I protest I cannot suggest the least shadow for an excuse. If we agree to the Bill now before us, we must, perhaps, next Session, agree to a Bill for preventing any plays being printed without a license. Thus, my Lords, from the precedent now before us, we shall be induced, nay, we can find no reason for refusing, to lay the Press under a general License, and then we may bid adieu to the liberties of *Great Britain*.

But suppose, my Lords, it were necessary to make a new law for restraining the licentiousness of the Stage, which I am very far from granting; yet I shall never be for establishing such a power as is proposed by this bill. If Poets and Players are to be restrained, as other subjects are, by the known laws of their Country; if they offend, let them be tried, as every Englishman ought to be, “*by God and their country!*” Do not let us subject them to the arbitrary will and pleasure of any one man. A power lodged in the hands of one single man, to judge and determine without limitation, without any controul or appeal, is a fort

of power unknown to our laws, inconsistent with our Constitution; it is a higher, a more absolute power than we trust even to the King himself, and, therefore, I must think, we ought not to vest any such power in his Majesty's Lord Chamberlain. When I say this, I am sure I do not mean to give the least, the most distant offence to the noble Duke who now fills the post of Lord Chamberlain. His natural candour and love of justice would not, I know, permit him to exercise any power, but with the strictest regard to the rules of justice and humanity. Were we sure his successors in high office would always be persons of such distinguished merit, even the power to be established by this Bill could give no further alarm, than, lest it should be made a precedent for introducing other new powers of the same nature: this, indeed, is an alarm, which cannot be prevented by any hope, by any consideration;—it is an alarm, which, I think, every man must take, who has a due regard to the Constitution and Liberties of his Country.

I shall admit, my Lords, that the Stage ought not, upon any occasion, to meddle with Politics; and for this very reason, among the rest, I am against the Bill now before us. This Bill will be so far from preventing the Stage's meddling with Politics, that I fear it will be the occasion of meddling with nothing else; but then it will be a Political Stage *ex parte*; it will be made subservient to the politics and schemes of the Court only—The licentiousness of the Stage will be encouraged, instead of being restrained; but, like Court Journalists, it would be licentious only against the Patrons of Liberty, and the Protectors of the People. Whatever man, whatever party opposes the Court, in any of their most destructive schemes, will, upon the Stage, be represented in the most ridiculous light the hirelings of a Court can contrive. True patriotism, and love of public good, will be represented as madness, or as a cloak for envy, disappointment, and malice; whilst the most flagitious crimes, the most extravagant vices and follies, if they are fashionable at Court, will be disguised and dressed up in the habit of the most amiable virtues.

This has formerly been the case :—in *King Charles II.*'s days, the Playhouse was under a License : what was the consequence?—the Playhouse retailed nothing but the politics, the vices, and the follies of a Court. Not to expose them—no ; but to recommend them—though it must be granted, that their politics were often as bad as their vices, and much more pernicious than their other follies. 'Tis true, the Court had, at that time, a great deal of wit ; it was then, indeed, full of men of true wit and humour ; but it was the more dangerous ; for the Courtiers did then, as thorough-paced Courtiers always will do,—they sacrificed their honour, by making their Wit and Humour subservient to the Court only ; and what made it still more dangerous, no man could appear against them. We know that *Dryden*, the Poet-Laureat of that reign, always represents the Cavaliers as honest, brave, merry fellows, and fine gentlemen ; indeed, his fine gentleman, as he generally draws him, is an atheistical, lewd, abandoned fellow, which was at that time, it seems, the fashionable character at Court. On the other

hand, he always represents the Dissenters as hypocritical, dissembling rogues, or stupid, senseless boobies. When the Court had a mind to fall out with the Dutch, he wrote his *Amboyna*, in which he represents the Dutch as a pack of avaricious, cruel, ungrateful rascals; and when the Exclusion Bill was moved in Parliament, he wrote his *Duke of Guise*, in which those who were for preserving and securing the Religion of their Country, were exposed under the character of the *Duke of Guise* and his party, who leagued together for excluding Henry IV. of France from the Throne, on the account of his Religion. The City of London was made to feel the partial and mercenary licentiousness of the Stage at that time; for the Citizens having, at that time, as well as now, a great deal of property; they had a mind to preserve that property, and, therefore, they opposed some of the arbitrary measures which were then begun, but pursued more openly in the following reign; for which reason they were then always represented upon the Stage as a parcel of designing

knaves, dissembling hypocrites, griping usurers, and *cuckolds* into the bargain.

My Lords, the proper business of the Stage, and that for which it is only useful, is to expose those vices and follies, which the laws cannot lay hold of, and to recommend those beauties and virtues which Ministers or Courtiers seldom imitate or reward; but by laying it under a License, and under an arbitrary Court License, too, you will, in my opinion, entirely pervert its use; for though I have the greatest esteem for that noble Duke, in whose hands this power is at present designed to fall; though I have an entire confidence in his judgment and impartiality; yet I may suppose that a leaning towards the fashions of a Court is sometimes hard to be avoided. It may be difficult to make one, who is every day at Court, believe that to be a vice or folly, which he sees daily practised by those he loves and esteems. By custom, even Deformity itself becomes familiar, and at last agreeable. To such a person, let his natural impartiality be ever so great, that may appear to be a Libel

against the Court, which is only a most just and most necessary satire upon the fashionable vices and follies of the Court. Courtiers, my Lords, are too polite to reprove one another; the only place where they can meet with any just reproof, is a free, though not licentious, Stage; and as every sort of folly generally, in all countries, begins at Court, and from thence spreads through the country, by laying the Stage under an arbitrary Court License, instead of leaving it what it is, and always ought to be, —a gentle scourge for the vices of great men and Courtiers, you will make it a canal for propagating and conveying their vices and follies through the whole Kingdom.

From hence, my Lords, I think, it must appear that the Bill now before us cannot be so properly a Bill for restraining Licentiousness, as it may be called a Bill for restraining the Liberty of the Stage, and restraining it, too, in that branch, which, in all Countries, has been the most useful; therefore, I must look on the Bill as a most dangerous encroachment upon Liberty, likewise an encroachment on

Property. Wit, my Lords, is a sort of property ; it is the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on : it is, indeed, but a precarious dependance. Thank God ! we, my Lords, have a dependance of another kind ; we have a much less precarious support, and, therefore, cannot feel the inconveniences of the Bill now before us. Those gentlemen who have any such property, are all, I hope, our friends : do not let us subject them to any unnecessary or arbitrary restraint. I must own I cannot easily agree to the laying of any tax upon Wit ; but by this Bill it is to be heavily taxed ; it is to be excised ; for if this Bill passes, it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a Permit ; and the Lord Chamberlain is to have the honour of being Chief Gauger, Supervisor, Commissioner, Judge, and Jury : but what is still more hard, though the poor author, the proprietor I should say, cannot perhaps dine till he has found out a purchaser ; yet, before he can propose to seek for a purchaser, he must patiently submit to have his goods rummaged at *this new Excise Office*, where they may be

detained fourteen days, and even then he may find them returned as prohibited goods, by which his chief and best market will be forever shut against him; and that without any cause, without the least shadow of reason, either from the laws of his Country, or from the laws of the Stage.

These hardships, this hazard, which every gentleman will be exposed to who writes for the Stage, must certainly prevent every man of a generous and free spirit from attempting any thing in that way;—and as the Stage has always been the proper channel for Wit and Humour, therefore, my Lords, when I speak against this Bill, I must think I plead the cause of Wit, I plead the cause of Humour, I plead the cause of the British Stage, and of every gentleman of taste in the Kingdom. But it is not, my Lords, for the sake of Wit only, even for the sake of his Majesty's Lord Chamberlain, I must be against this Bill.

The noble Duke, who has the honour to execute that office, has, I am sure, as little inclination to disoblige as any man; but if

this Bill passes, he must disoblige—he may disoblige some of his most intimate friends.

It is impossible to write a play, but some of the characters, or some of the satire, may be interpreted to point at some person or another, perhaps at some person in an eminent station: when it comes to be acted, the people will make the application, and the person against whom the application is made, will think himself injured, and will, at least privately, resent it. At present this resentment can be directed only against the author; but when an author's play appears with my Lord Chamberlain's passport, every such resentment will be turned from the author, and pointed directly against the Lord Chamberlain, who, by his stamp, made the Piece current. What an unthankful office are we, therefore, by this Bill to put upon his Majesty's Lord Chamberlain! an office which can no ways contribute to his honour or profit; and yet such an one as must necessarily gain him a great deal of ill-will, and create him a number of enemies.

The last reason I shall trouble your Lordships with, for my being against the Bill, is, that, in my opinion, it will no way answer the end proposed; I mean the end openly proposed, and I am sure the only end your Lordships propose—To prevent the acting of a play that has any tendency to blasphemy, immorality, sedition, or private scandal, can signify nothing, unless you can likewise prevent its being printed and published. On the contrary, if you prevent its being acted, and admit of its being printed and published, you will propagate the mischief; your prohibition will prove a bellows, which will blow up the fire you intend to extinguish.

This Bill can, therefore, be of no use for preventing either the public or the private injury intended by such a play, and consequently can be of no manner of use, unless it be designed as a precedent, as a leading step towards another, for subjecting the Press likewise to a Licensor. For such a wicked purpose it may, indeed, be of great use; and in that light it

may most properly be called a step towards arbitrary power.

Let us consider, my Lords, that arbitrary power has seldom or never been introduced into any Country at once ; it must be introduced by slow degrees, and, as it were, step by step, lest the people should perceive its approach.

The barriers and fences of the people's Liberty must be plucked up one by one ; and some plausible pretences must be found for removing, or hood-winking, one after another, those sentries who are posted, by the Constitution of every free country, to warn the people of their danger.

The Bill, however, was passed by a very great majority, and soon after received the Royal Assent.

Chap. XVII.

IN pursuance of this Act of Parliament, Goodman's Fields and the Haymarket Theatres were shut up. But this was not all; the Licenser soon after exerted his power, and prohibited two tragedies, viz. the "*Gustavus Vasa*," of BROOKE, and the "*Eleonora*," of THOMSON. The friends of *Mr. Brooke* advised him to print his Tragedy by subscription, which he accordingly did, and cleared above a thousand pounds by the publication. So much were the public incensed at this first act of the Licenser.

It was immediately preceding the shutting up of the Theatres that *Mr. Garrick* made his first appearance in *Goodman's Fields*, in the character of *Richard III.* His fame instantly reached the west end of the town, and the carriages of the first Noblemen in the Kingdom were to be seen every evening around that re-

mote Theatre. This celebrated actor was soon after engaged by the manager of Drury-lane.

The business of the Theatre went on now with success; and while Mr. Macklin was exerting himself in the way of his profession, he was not, at the same time, wholly inattentive to the improvement of his wife's theatrical talents, and to the education of his infant daughter. He paid considerable attention to the instruction of Mrs. Macklin, who was now become a very valuable actress; but to educate in the best manner, and to make his child as accomplished as possible, was his darling object. He spared no pains nor expence to attain this wished end; the best and most approved masters were procured, and entertained in the father's house, in order to perfect his design: for Mr. Macklin was so fond of his daughter, that he would not suffer her to be long absent from his person, or to be placed at any Boarding-school. Indeed, he always declared, that he had an aversion to public Seminaries, and ever spoke in praise of the advantages of a private education.

The reader will easily perceive that his duty now, as an actor, an husband, and parent, left Mr. Macklin very little leisure. However busily employed he might be, yet, whenever he could procure the least opportunity, he applied himself to the study of nature, and the perusal of books. He was now in good reputation as an actor, and was gaining every day in public estimation. Since his engagement with *Mr. Highmore* he had performed several parts both in tragedy and comedy, with increasing success. The *Beggar's Opera*, which was represented at Drury-lane, in 1737, afforded the public fresh proofs of the abilities and merit of Mr. and Mrs. Macklin in *Peachum* and *Mrs. Peachum*.

The characters of *Peachum* and *Lockit* are admirably drawn from their stations, with a very natural distinction. The former being more in the world, has more extended ideas, more shrewdness, and is a knave of greater latitude. For general dryness, and a just cynical turn of humour, Mr. Macklin stood indisputably superior to any competitor in

this part, and *Mrs. Peachum* was extremely well supported by Mrs. Macklin.

By this piece, it is evident, that *Mr. Gay* was resolved to exercise his unbounded talent for satire against those unessential exotics—*Italian Operas*. The author, too, called in music to his aid; and the very title of the Opera was intended to convey a bitter sarcasm on men of fortune and public taste, for the unmerited penury, and even contempt, that persons of most excellent talents and genius have frequently experienced in this country. GAY himself often sought for a *Mecænas* in vain—his mind was smarting under the recollection of the neglect that he had suffered, and he gave full scope to his severity, which he conveyed through the medium of the *Beggar's Opera*, with great poignancy of expression. The plot of this piece is very indifferent, and as to moral, there is none. It is truly a compendium of licentious burlesque, and loathsome infectious immorality. The humour is vulgar, and the satire inflammatory; in a word, it is

one of those bewitching evils, which offended reason must wish had never been exhibited to the world.

In the year 1738 Mr. Macklin got another *lift* (to use his own expression) in the Theatre, by his admirable performance of *Jerry Blackacre*, in the *Plain Dealer*. His throwing off a little in this character drew down upon him the resentment of *Quin*, who was then the great tyrant of the Play-house: The particulars of Mr. Macklin's quarrel with *Quin* we have already amply detailed in the xiith chapter of this History. It remains for us only to observe here, that Mr. Macklin's conduct, on that occasion, was highly approved by the Public in general, and by the Players in particular, who heartily rejoiced at the sound drubbing that *Quin* received, and at the mortification that he must have experienced, by having his despotic authority so effectually resisted, and his pride so completely humbled.

Jerry Blackacre is placed by the author in several diverting points of view. He is, in fact, a very laughable character, and Mr. Macklin, beyond all doubt, for genuine humour, and powerful simplicity, shewed himself a very good actor in the representation of this part. He had now arrived to the rank of a first-rate low Comedian, and was becoming more useful every day in the Profession.

The next new character that Mr. Macklin appeared in was *Scrub*, in *Mr. Farquhar's* comedy of the *Beaux Stratagem*, which is certainly a very odd, yet, we think, not a very blameable composition for a dying Author, whose genius, like an expiring taper, has, in the composition of this comedy, thrown out several stronger flashes of light than when in a perfect state of existence. The character of *Scrub* is very strongly marked—He is simple, yet cunning; forward, though timid; a tatler, affecting secrecy; and a fool, assuming wisdom. The situations

in which he is placed in the play are happily grotesque, and pregnant with much pleasantry. Mr. Macklin found an opportunity, in *Scrub*, of displaying his comic powers to advantage, and made his audience both laugh heartily, and applaud loudly. He performed this character often; and, by an admirable *naiv  te* of execution, stood unrivalled in the part. His performance of *Lord Foppington*, in the *Careless Husband*; *Ben*, in *Love for Love*; and *Trappanti*, in *She Would and She Would Not*, raised him still higher in public estimation.

The representation of *Mrs. Centlivre's* comedy of "*The Busy Body*," in 1739, brought *Mr. Macklin* before the public in the character of *Marplot*. With regard to this comedy, we find that it contains a good moral; but, if we search for solidity of sentiment, or purity of language, our inquiry will be fruitless. As to the characters, they are natural and well chosen, and some of them extremely well contrasted—the dialogue is pert, and the incidents whimsical. The comedy is

pleasing on the stage, but does not deserve a place in the closet. Poor *Marplot* is the main engine of the piece—he is adequately drawn, and prettily finished. He is not the mischievous and obnoxious *busy body* that we meet with in private life, but a mere inoffensive, laughable character. Mr. Macklin gained great applause in this part. Foolishness and stupidity he depicted admirably by his countenance; and, therefore, most unquestionably excelled *Mr. Garrick*, who afterwards attempted to play *Marplot*. *Mr. Garrick's* representation was lively and expressive, but too mechanical; in short, he could not, as *Mr. Fox* wittily said of him, *look foolish enough* for the part; and, knowing his deficiency, wisely relinquished his intimacy with *Marplot*.

We come now to the year 1740, at which period the comedy of *The Provoked Husband*, altered from *Vanbrugh*, by *Cibber*, was exhibited at *Drury-lane*. In the alteration of this play, *Mr. Cibber* has shewn great judgment and taste. The comedy opens with a

soliloquy from *Lord Townly*, who lets the audience well into the grounds of that uneasiness which sits heavy on his mind: but we shall here present the reader with Mr. Macklin's own description of this character; together with his valuable observations and criticisms on the manner in which *Lord Townly* was performed by the celebrated *Mr. Wilks*, and *Mr. Garrick*.

“ *Lord Townly*, as he stands in relation to society in general, must be considered as a man, whose title, fortune, virtues, fine understanding, polished manners, and purity of morals, raise him to the highest dignity and worth that we can conceive of a British Nobleman. As he stands particularly related in the play, he is a benevolent, tender husband; patient under a wife's dissolute follies, and most solicitous for her reformation; a loving brother, and an anxious, sincere friend.

“ In every situation that the Poet has placed him—be it in sorrow, joy, patience, anger, love, anxiety, raillery, or even a care-

less conversation upon the most indifferent subjects, he has been most careful to mark a benevolent heart, and a most polished mind. These characteristics *Mr. Wilks* observed to such a degree of amiable and elegant imitation, that they seemed, indeed, as they were in a great degree, the native and habitual qualities of the man himself.

“As soon as the curtain was drawn up, before he spoke a word, the audience might behold in his visage, position, and the gesture that introduced and accompanied the words—*‘Why did I Marry!’* an oppression of spirits, mixed with a benevolence and tender anxiety, and accompanied with a politeness of mien and manner, that completely gave that mixed and pleasing idea which the mind conceives of an accomplished man of fashion, and a nobleman in such a situation.

“His very dress, in make and fancy, was that of a man of sense and taste. He was not

harnessed or loaded with tinselled finery, but dressed modestly, in distinguished elegance.

“ He had no sooner uttered the words that begin the play—‘ *Why did I Marry!*’ than the audience became intimate with his condition.—So feelingly were they spoken, and so absorbed did he seem, at once, in conjugal solicitude ; and, all through that soliloquy, he was sunk in the deepest conjugal anxiety.

“ All the various starts of the mind, marked, and painted by an anxious sagacity of reasoning ; and distinguished and pointed by shrugs, looks, tones, and gesture, that seemed the native efforts and emanations of the heart ; yet, all tempered by an apparent tenderness and unalterable affection for the woman he was censuring, were truly and naturally delineated by Mr. Wilks.

“ He was remarkable for being always busy upon the stage—never idle ; always in attention to the characters in the scene with him, or else in a restless perturbed motion and

agitation, from the supposed passion and circumstances of the character that *he represented*.

“ A judicious writer, either in comedy or tragedy, is always careful in his approaches to, and in his developement of, the extreme starts and perturbations of a passion: he will not make the agitations and perturbations of it incessant, and always in the extreme, because that conduct would be contrary to nature; it would make his character agitate, stalk, strut, and turn his back, which would destroy that necessary attention that the general intercourse of men, and the particular business of a scene, demand.

“ For, if, while one person speaks, in an interview of business, which every well wrought scene is, another pays no attention, but chafes, struts, stalks, and pulls out his handkerchief, wipes his face, puts up his handkerchief and pulls it out again; varies his gait—walks up the stage, and down the stage, and across the stage, it is a breach

of good manners ; it is an interruption, a contempt, and an injury to the other actor ; a little, pitiful, avaricious ambition in the fellow that does it, and a total contradiction to the ways of nature.

“ It may make the ignorant admire, and applaud, but it must make the judicious grieve and despise.

“ This short, pert, ill-mannered, unnatural, busy bustle, is substituted now on all occasions :—in tragedy, comedy, grief, rage, deliberation, reflection, conversation, love, gallantry, old age, youth, in the infirmity of *Lear*—gallantry of *Lothario*.

“ Garrick huddled all passions into strut and quickness—bustle was his favourite. In the performance of *Lord Townly* he was all bustle. In *Archer*, *Ranger*, *Don John*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Brute*—all bustle ! bustle ! bustle !

“ The whole art of acting, according to the modern practice, is comprized in—*bustle* !

“ Give me a Horse!—Bind up my wounds!—*Have mercy Jesu!*”—all bustle!—every thing is turned into bustle! All *Garrick* wanted, in order to make him a great actor, were—consequence, dignity, elegance, and majesty of figure; a voice that would last through a part, for his was generally hoarse in the two last acts; the deportment and the manners of a gentleman; a knowledge of the passion and character, and how to dress with propriety.

“ The mind, the genius, and the judgment of a man, at the head of an art or science, may be seen by his pupils, for they all look up to him, and imitate him. *Moliere* formed a company that has not since been matched. *Booth*, *Wilks*, and *Cibber* left an excellent company behind them. But what kind of a company has *Garrick* left behind him?—A very poor one, indeed!

“ Of all the various passions of grief, a manly sorrow is the most difficult to be expressed; and, of all the actors I have ever seen, I must give the preference to *Wilks*.

No heart, that was capable of being touched, but must have sympathized at his manner of speaking one line in *The Orphan*, to *Monimia*, in the fifth act——

“ My fatal love, alas! has ruin'd thee !”

“ He was also inimitable in *The Royal Merchant*, in the *Beggar's Bush*, a comedy of Fletcher's.

“ The Character is noted for charity, and when his creditors have just pressed him for payment, *Clause*, his old beadsman (though his father in disguise) comes, as if to beg his usual charity, when the Merchant replies, with such a tone, that sinks into the soul——

“ *Clause*, I pray thee leave me ; for, by my troth, I have nothing now to give thee.”

Although the rules of time and place have not been strictly complied with by the author, yet, the comedy of *The Provoked Husband* is tolerably regular. The scenes are well arranged ; the serious and ludicrous happily

mingled ; the plot well digested, and the catastrophe much to be admired. In our humble opinion, the character of *Lord Townly* cannot be well represented by the requisites of mediocrity. Mr. Macklin, who saw *Wilks*, *Garrick*, *Sheridan*, *Mossop*, and many more play the part, has often declared, that no person supported the amiable, sensible, polite, generous, tender, and resolute *Lord Townly*, with ample justice, but *Mr. Wilks*.

Sir Francis Wronghead is an admirable portrait of false consequence, ignorant self-sufficiency, and undiscerning good nature ; a tame husband, a foolish parent, and a credulous friend ; possessed of a genteel independence, yet vainly grasping at imaginary promotion, to the great injury of his real circumstances. By the performance of this character, Mr. Macklin acquired the reputation of a finished actor. We cannot convey a better idea of his excellence in this part, than by quoting the opinion of a late excellent critic, who says—" Mr. Macklin,

beyond all doubt, filled the author's ideas of this part, and conveyed them to the audience admirably. Consequential stupidity sat well painted in his countenance, and wrought laughable effects, without the paltry resource of grimace; where he affected to be very wise, a laborious, emphatic slyness, marked the endeavour humorously; while the puzzles between political and domestic concerns occasioned much food for merriment." It may, therefore, be fairly said, that *Mr. Macklin* made *Sir Francis* his own, and stood, in the representation of this laughter-moving character, without a competitor.

Mrs. Macklin, who succeeded *Mrs. Clive*, in the part of *Lady Wronghead*, even out-did her celebrated predecessor, in the petulant, bustling affectation of this odd compound. With respect to this comedy, when we consider the language, characters, humour, spirit, and the moral, which is a most excellent one, shewing how follies, of a different nature, involve domestic concerns, in different perplexities, we are bound to pronounce it an admirable

play, and highly entertaining and valuable, both on the stage, and in the study.

In the year 1741, Mr. Macklin resolved to revive "*The Merchant of Venice*," by SHAKSPEARE, in opposition to "*The Jew of Venice*," altered from the same author, by Lord Lansdowne.

His Lordship, no doubt, took great pains to preserve regularity in the alteration, but, in so doing, like other alterers, greatly enervated the drama that he meant to improve.

The play was put in rehearsal, and Mr. Macklin stuck close to Shakspeare's text, and studied the part of *Shylock* with great diligence and attention. He saw, from the beginning, that the character, if properly supported, afforded a wide scope for the display of his abilities, and the exhibition of capital acting; but he had a great deal to encounter and surmount.

The public had been, for a long time, accustomed to see and approve the representation of *The Jew of Venice*, in which, the part of *Shylock*, instead of being the principal, was one of the most subordinate characters in the play, and was always personated by a very low comedian. However, *Mr. Macklin* persevered, and by his sound judgment, and inimitable performance of the part, immediately convinced the public, and his opponents, (for he had several upon this occasion, and among the foremost was *Mr. Quin*) that *The Jew of Venice* was not the *Shylock* of SHAKSPEARE.

During the rehearsal of the play, *Mr. Macklin* did not let any person, not even the players, see how he intended to act the part. He merely repeated the lines of the character, and did not, by so much as one single look, tone, gesture, or attitude, disclose his manner of personating this cruel Israelite. The actors declared, that *Macklin* would spoil the performance; and *Mr. Quin* went so far as to say, that he would be hissed

off the stage, for his arrogance and presumption. Nay, even the manager himself expostulated with him, concerning the propriety of his persevering in his intention of having *The Merchant of Venice* represented, in opposition to the judgment of so eminent a personage, as Lord Lansdowne ; to the opinion of Mr. Quin and the rest of the actors ; and, indeed, to the voice of the public, who had so often testified their approbation of the noble Lord's play. Thus did Mr. Fleetwood argue with Macklin, and strenuously urge him to abandon his resolution. His character, as an actor, might (he said) be materially injured by a perseverance in his determination, and ultimately by a failure in the performance of the part ; but Mr. Macklin, supported throughout by his sound sense and acute discrimination, continued firm to his purpose, and had *The Merchant of Venice* announced for representation, on the 14th of February.

It was cast in the following manner:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Anthonio	Mr. Quin.
Bassanio	Mr. Milward.
Gratiano	Mr. Mills.
Shylock	Mr. Macklin.
Launcelot	Mr. Chapman.
Gobbo	Mr. Johnson.
Salerio	Mr. Berry.
Morochius	Mr. Cashell.
Lorenzo	Mr. Havard.
Prince of Arragon	Mr. Turbutt.
Duke of Venice	Mr. Winstone.
Tubal	Mr. Tafwell.
Salarino	Mr. Ridout.

WOMEN.

Portia	Mrs. Clive.
Nerissa	Mrs. Pritchard.
Jessica	Mrs. Woodman.

On the first night of the representation, no sooner were the doors of the Theatre opened, than the house was crowded in every part. Some came from motives of pleasure; some to express their disapprobation; some to support the actor, and a great number appeared merely to gratify their curiosity.

Before the curtain rose, the Manager appeared in the green-room, in great distress. The actors were anticipating the reception that awaited them, and indulging themselves in malicious remarks upon the headstrong conduct of Macklin. It is impossible for us to describe the feelings of poor *Shylock* at this precise juncture.

MR. MACKLIN was sure that he was right, but he was not quite sure of the kind of reception that he was to experience from a crowded audience, whose taste might be perverted, and whose attachment might be pre-engaged.

However, the curtain was drawn up, and the Performers, who had to open the Play, went on, and were received in the usual way that Performers are, on their first entrance, when they are in favour with the public. But, when *Shylock* and *Bassanio* entered, in the third scene, there was an awful, a solemn silence. A pin might have been heard if dropt upon the stage. Nothing, Mr. Macklin has declared, affected him so much as the coolness that was observed by the audience on his entrance. He had been then, for several years, a great favourite with the town, and the audience had been accustomed to greet him, on his first entrance, by repeated plaudits. We shall leave it to the reader to conceive the situation of Mr. Macklin's feelings at this juncture, for it is impossible for us to describe them. Not a hand moved to encourage him ; on the contrary, every thing around him appeared to conspire towards his discomfiture. The terrified looks of the Manager, the malicious sneers of the Actors, and the tremendous silence of a brilliant, and a crowded audience, all united to strike

him with terror, and confound him with dismay.

Notwithstanding all this, he approached with *Bassanio*, who solicits a loan of three thousand ducats, on the credit of *Anthony*. Still not a whisper could be heard in the house. Upon the entrance of *Anthony*, the Jew makes the audience acquainted with his motives of antipathy against the Merchant. *Mr. Macklin* had no sooner delivered this speech, than the audience suddenly burst out into a thunder of applause, and in proportion as he afterwards proceeded to exhibit and mark the malevolence, the villainy, and the diabolical atrocity of the character, so in proportion did the admiring and delighted audience testify their approbation of the Actor's astonishing merit, by still louder and louder plaudits and acclamations, to the end of the Play. Never was a Performer's triumph more complete—never were enemies and opponents more confounded and abashed—never was a Manager more agreeably surprized. The sudden, unexpected, and happy catastrophe of

that night's representation, conferred on *Mr. Macklin* immortal fame, as an actor, and transmitted to posterity another proof of the amazing genius and wonderful talents of unrivalled SHAKSPEARE. The Play was repeated, again and again, with unbounded approbation. In short, it ran *nineteen nights* successively, the last of which was appropriated for Mr. Macklin's benefit.

We cordially coincide with an eminent critic, who says, "that *Shylock* is a most disgraceful picture of human nature."

He is drawn, what we think man never was, all shade, not a gleam of light; subtle selfish, fawning, irascible, and tyrannic.

As he is like no dramatic personage but himself, the mode of representation should be particular. There is no doubt but that Mr. Macklin looked, as well as spoke, the part much better than any other person. In the level scenes, his voice was most happily suited to that sententious gloominess of ex-

pression the author intended; which, with a fullen solemnity of deportment, marked the character strongly. In his malevolence, there was a forcible and terrifying ferocity.

In the third act scene, where alternate passions reign, for instance—

“ *Shylock.* How now, *Tubal*, What news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

“ *Tubal.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

“ *Shylock.* Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! the curse never fell upon our nation 'till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—And I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much, to find

the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

“ *Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck, too; Anthonio, as I heard in *Genoa*,—

“ *Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

“ *Tub.* Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

“ *Shy.* I thank God, I thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

“ *Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that 'scaped the wreck.

“ *Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in *Genoa*?

“ *Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

“ *Shy.* Thou stick’st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! Fourscore ducats!

“ *Tub.* There came divers of Anthonio’s creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

“ *Shy.* I am glad of it; I’ll plague him; I’ll torture him: I am glad of it.

“ *Tub.* One of them shewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

“ *Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my Torquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

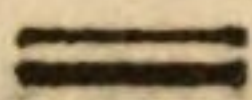
“ *Tub.* Anthonio is certainly undone.

“ *Shy.* Nay, that’s true, that’s very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.”

During this interview with *Tubal*, Mr. Macklin was inimitable. He broke the tones of utterance—he was at once malevolent and then infuriate, and then malevolent again: the transitions were strictly natural, and the variation of his countenance admirable. In the dumb action of the trial scene he was amazingly descriptive; and, through the whole, displayed such unequalled merit, as justly entitled him to that very comprehensive, though concise, compliment paid him by Mr. POPE, who sat in the stage box, on the third night of the representation, and who emphatically exclaimed—

“ This is the Jew,
That SHAKSPEARE drew.”

This was a decisive judgment, pronounced by a very eminent man, in favour of Mr. Macklin. At that period "*The Jew of Venice*" made his final *exit*, and "*The Merchant of Venice*" has held quiet possession of the stage ever since.



Chap. XVIII.

THE chagrin and mortification that Quin felt, on the occasion of his being so far mistaken with regard to the opinion that he pronounced, respecting the decision of the public on the *Merchant of Venice*, and on Macklin's performance of *Shylock*, must have been exceedingly great. His despotic power in the Theatre was diminishing very fast, and his manner of acting lessened in attraction. He, however, stood very high in the Manager's estimation, and possessed the largest salary ever given in an English Theatre.

For as soon as *Mr. Fleetwood* brought back the seceders from the Haymarket, at the commencement of his Management, and united the Performers of that Theatre with his own, he used every effort to make his company still stronger and more respectable, by enticing away as many Actors of merit from Covent-Garden, as he possibly could. At this time *Mr. Quin* had a salary of 300*l.* a year from *Mr. Rich*, and had performed at Covent-Garden Theatre for twenty years, with very considerable success. To procure such a Player, and at such a time, was, with *Mr. Fleetwood*, a matter of great consequence. With this view he made *Quin* an offer of 500*l.* per annum. This was a proposition as flattering as it was valuable ; and here we must do *Mr. Quin* the justice to say, that he acted towards *Mr. Rich* a very honourable part.

He candidly acquainted him with the nature and extent of the very advantageous proposal that was made him, and offered to remain with his old master for a less sum than that which *Mr. Fleetwood* offered to give

him. But Mr. Rich refused to make any advance in his salary, and declared, that no actor was worth more than 300*l.* a year. *Mr. Quin* immediately accepted Mr. Fleetwood's terms, and joined the Drury-lane company.

Some short time before *Mr. Quin* left Covent-Garden he played KING JOHN. This Play opens with peculiar dignity, being the royal audience of a French Ambassador, whose very insolent address, and arrogant demands, are replied to with such spirit, as we wish British Monarchs may ever shew upon such an occasion. *Mr. Bridgewater* performed *Hubert*, in the same tragedy, and very skilfully displayed the various passions of the character. *Quin* was so pleased with the acting of *Bridgewater*, who followed, at the same time, the different avocations of Coal Merchant and Player, that, upon going into the green-room after the Play was over, he took him by the hand, and thanked him; observing, at the same time, that he was glad he had drawn his attention from the coal wharf

to the stage:—" for sometimes, you know,
" *Bridge*, that, in the midst of a scene, you
" are thinking of measuring out a bushel of
" coals to some old crony that you are fearful
" will never pay you for them."

This play was got up about the same time at Drury-lane, and was ably supported. *Mr. Macklin* performed the part of *Pandulph*, the Pope's legate. In the composition of this tragedy *Shakspeare* disclaimed every idea of regularity, and has huddled such a series of historical events on the back of one another, as shame the utmost stretch of probability; his muse travelled lightning-winged. But this, like all the productions of the immortal Bard, abounds with beauties. What follows, we think so rich a repast for poetical taste, that we should deem ourselves very blameable not to offer it to the reader's palate: it discloses the method *King John* takes of working *Hubert* to the destruction of *Arthur*.

“ The fun is in the heav’n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds
To grant me audience—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowfy race of night :
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And those possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;
Which else runs trickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot Laughter keep men’s eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment :
A passion hateful to my purposes ;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without ears, and make reply
Without a tongue—using conceit alone—
Then, in despite of broad-ey’d watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.”

In the characters of this play there is great variety ;—the *Bastard* is an original and pleasing oddity ;—*King John* is a very disagreeable picture of Royalty—ambitious and cruel ; not void of spirit in the field, yet mean and irresolute in adversity—*Pandulph* is a subtle, proud, irascible Cardinal ; he is a mere politician, not incumbered with delicacy of principle, or the

feelings of humanity. Mr. Macklin performed this mischief-making priest with great correctness; but it seems he did not please *Quin* so much as *Mr. Bridgewater* did; for when *Quin* was asked what he thought of Macklin's *Pandulph*? he replied, 'That Macklin, instead of appearing like a *Cardinal*, looked more like a *Parish Clerk*!'

The French King and his son cut but a poor figure in this piece. Prince Arthur is an amiable and interesting character. The only female worth our notice is *Constance*, who seems to have been an object of great concern with the author, and who seldom fails to make a deep impression on the audience.

We shall conclude our notice of *King John* with this excellent, seasonable, and truly British remark, uttered by *Falconbridge*:

"Come, the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them!—nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do prove but true."

In the year 1742, "*The Wedding Day*," a comedy, by Mr. Fielding, was first done at Drury-lane. Mr. Macklin played the part of *Stedfast* in this comedy, and Mrs. Macklin performed *Mrs. Useful*; and the following prologue, written by Mr. Fielding, was spoken by Mr. Macklin on the occasion:

"*Gentlemen and Ladies*,—We must beg your indulgence,
and humbly hope you'll not be offended
At an accident that happen'd to-night, which was not in the
least intended,
I assure you;—if you please, your money shall be returned;—
but Mr. Garrick, to-day,
Who performs a principal character in the play,
Unfortunately sent word, 'twill be impossible, having so long
a part,
To speak the Prologue; he hasn't had time to get it by heart.
I have been with the author, to know what's to be done;
For 'till the Prologue's spoke, Sir, says I, we can't go on.
"Pshaw! rot the Prologue," says he, "then begin without it."
I told him, 'twas impossible, you'd make such a rout about it;
Besides, 'twould be quite unprecedented—and, I dare say,
Such an attempt, Sir, would make them damn the play.
"Ha! damn my play!" the frightened bard replies,
"Dear MACKLIN, you must go on, then, and apologize."—
Apologize! not I; pray, Sir, excuse me;
"Zounds! something must be done; pr'ythee don't refuse me:

“ Pr’ythee, go on; tell them, to damn my play will be a damn’d hard case.—

“ Come, do; you’ve a good, long, dismal, mercy-begging face.”

Sir, your humble servant; you’re very merry.—“ Yes,” says he, “ I’ve been drinking,

“ To raise my spirits; for, by *Jupiter!* I found ’em sinking.”

So away he went to see the play: O! there he sits;

Smoke him, smoke the author, you laughing crits.

Isn’t he finely situated for a damning oh, oh, a—a shrill whihee? O direful yell!

As *Falstaff* says, Would it were bed time, *Hal*, and all were well!

What think you now? whose face looks worst, your’s or mine?

Ah! thou foolish follower of the ragged nine,

You’d better stuck to honest *Abraham Adams* by half;

He, in spite of critics, can make your readers laugh.

But, to the Prologue—What shall I say? Why, faith, in my sense,

I take plain truth to be the best defence.

I think, then, it was horrid stuff; and, in my humble apprehension,

Had it been spoke, not worthy your attention.

I’ll give you a sample, if I can recollect it.

Hip! take courage; never fear, man; don’t be dejected.

Poor devil; he can’t stand it; he has drawn in his head;

I reckon before the play’s done he’ll be half dead.

But to the Prologue. It began,—

“ To-night the comic author of to-day,
 “ Has writ a—a—a something about a play;
 “ And, as the bee—the bee—(that he brings by way of
 “ simile) the bee which roves
 “ Through—through”—Pshaw! pox o’ my memory!—O!
 “ through fields and groves,
 “ So comic poets in fair LONDON town,
 “ To cull the flowers of characters, wander up and down.”
 Then there was a good deal about *Rome*, *Athens*, and dra-
 matic rules,
 And characters of knaves and courtiers, authors and fools;
 And a vast deal about critics, and good-nature, and the poor
 author’s fear;
 And, I think, there was something about a third night hoping
 to see you here.
 ’Twas all such stuff as this, not worth repeating,
 In the old prologue cant; and then at last concludes, thus
 kindly greeting,
 “ To you, the critic jury of the pit,
 “ Our culprit author doth his cause submit;
 “ With justice, nay, with candour judge his wit:
 “ Give him, at least, a patient, quiet hearing;
 “ If guilty, damn him; if not guilty, clear him.”

In the course of this year, the fatal effects
 of the prodigal, absurd, and dissolute conduct
 of the Patentee, whom it was impossible to re-
 strain within the bounds of prudence and
 œconomy, began to be severely felt in

the Theatre, which, till now, appeared to be in the most flourishing condition. The Playhouse, which had been raised for some years, by the prudent advice, and wise administration of Mr. Macklin, to the most prosperous state, began to sink rapidly into decay and disrepute. As soon as Mr. Fleetwood rejected the salutary council of his faithful bosom friend, Mr. Macklin, by whose indefatigable exertions his consequence in the Theatrical World was increased, his character distinguished, and his patrimony considerably augmented, nothing but disgrace, debasement, and a long funereal train of the most disastrous events followed in regular succession. To admonition or remonstrance he paid no attention; his sense of error was benumbed and deadened; his attachments became deeply rooted, and his vicious habits, alas! confirmed.

After he had forsaken some of the vices among the higher, he entered into all the depravity of the lower orders. He relinquished cards and dice, for pugilism and buffoonery. This man, of genteel address and polite manners, of handsome patrimony and eminent,

connections, preferred the company and science of *Broughton*, of boxing memory, to the conversation and accomplishments of persons of the first rank and character; the savage brutality of the heroic combatants of *Hockley in the Hole*, and the Bear Garden, to all the eminent virtues and endearments of civilized life; and the contemptible tumblers, fire-eaters, and rope-dancers, to all the beauties of the Drama, and the performances of the greatest Actors. He was not satisfied with such intimacies and acquaintances merely;—he was resolved to make a farther use of them, and to convert the Stage into a place the most despicable and ridiculous that ever was tolerated and countenanced by a civilized and enlightened Nation.

He brought all the mummers of *Sadler's Wells** upon his Theatre, and entertained the

* This place of public amusement has been since considerably altered—but, to the abilities, exertions, and wise administration of Mr. Hughes, the present amiable Manager, are to be ascribed the many highly praiseworthy improvements, which have been lately made in the scenery, machinery, internal œconomy, and performances at Sadler's Wells.

public with fights of tall monsters, and contemptible rope-dancers. To these vile, silly, paltry shews, to these mockeries on common decency and common sense, were the beauties of *Shakspeare*, *Johnson*, *Otway*, and *Rowe* to give rank and precedence. The skipping of an *Harlequin*, the grimace of a buffoon, and the monsters of nature were to supersede the necessity of Macklin's talents, and Clive's humour. To follow up his favourite amusements, the receipts of a declining Theatre were not sufficient, and he was obliged, in order to support his prodigality, to borrow money at an extravagant rate:—The Theatre was farmed by a person of the name of *Pierston*, who had supplied the Manager's wants at different times.

Thus was the Patentee circumstanced, and such was the degraded state of the Stage, and the deplorable situation of the Actors in 1742. The Manager, with a sullied character, impaired constitution, and ruined revenue, would not hearken to the repeated remonstrances of Mr. Macklin;—the ignorant, avaricious, narrow-minded *Pierston*, who was the treasurer,

paid still less regard to the grievances of the Players; the just and legal demands of the Actors were treated by him with insolence and contempt. The Theatre, cloaths, and other stage ornaments of the Performers were frequently in the possession of Bailiffs.

In this distracted state of Fleetwood's management, every circumstance seemed to indicate a sudden failure within, and to denote a rapid advancement towards a revolution.

The principal Actors held frequent conferences together concerning the redress of their grievances. Deputation after deputation waited upon the Manager, and expostulated, and entreated, and threatened. Fleetwood received them with politeness, acknowledged his faults with ingenuousness, admitted their claims with candour, and promised reparation with apparent earnestness. The Performers came to the Manager irritated and incensed, and, after their interview, went away satisfied and appeased. But no sooner had they turned their backs, than this unfor

fortunate, infatuated man forgot his fair promises, and returned to his former disgraceful conduct. Affairs were now come to a crisis, the Actors were tired out, and the clamours of those, who had no means of subsistence but their weekly salary, became so loud and urgent, that some prompt and decisive measure became absolutely necessary to be adopted. Accordingly Mr. Garrick invited all the Players to his lodgings about the latter end of summer, 1743, and proposed to them a plan, which he had digested for their mutual benefit, and which he meant they should carry into execution, for the purpose of redressing the grievances under which they had so long and so patiently suffered. The object of this notable plan was, to enter into an agreement to secede from Drury-lane, upon condition that no person was to accept of any terms from the Patentee, without the consent of all the seceders.

Mr. Garrick also observed to them, that he entertained great hopes of their being able to procure permission from the Lord Chamberlain to set up for themselves, at the Opera House, or somewhere else. He placed great reli-

ance, he said, upon the humanity and goodness of the *Duke of Grafton*, who was at that time Lord Chamberlain, and intimated, that he was almost certain that his Grace would be disposed, upon a full and impartial representation being made to him of their grievances and hardships, to extend his favor and protection towards them. He argued, that there could be no impropriety in their laying their distressed condition before the Lord Chamberlain, as there was a case exactly in point, where the great *Betterton*, *Mrs. Barry*, and other actors, were relieved from the oppressive tyranny of *Christopher Rich*, the old Patentee of Drury-lane Playhouse, by the benevolent Earl of Dorset, who had been formerly Lord Chamberlain.

This proposal was listened to with attention, and appeared to embrace the desires and wishes of all the actors, except Mr. Macklin, who was of opinion, that it was much better for them to go once more to the Manager, and tell him, in an open and manly manner, what they intended to do, before they took so rash a step,

and before they proceeded to actual extremities. He started this objection with the view of arousing the Patentee to a due sense of his danger, and to a consideration and proper redress of their grievances, and in the hope of reclaiming him from his vicious and abominable propensities. To this Mr. Garrick objected, on the ground, that an exposure of their plan, was the direct mode of throwing an impediment in the way of obtaining redress, and was the surest manner of enabling the Manager to defeat ultimately the object of their application to the Lord Chamberlain. In this opinion Mr. Garrick was supported by all the other performers, who contended, that it would be the highest absurdity to remonstrate any more with Mr. Fleetwood, and that his baseness and cruelty towards them did not entitle him to their candour or generosity. It was further observed by Mr. Garrick, that, in order to remove any scruples that Mr. Macklin might entertain in the business, an agreement should be formally drawn out, and immediately signed by all the parties, whereby it was covenanted that neither of the contracting parties should accommodate matters with

the Patentee, without a comprehension of the other.

The Performers immediately espoused this proposition, and Mr. Macklin was compelled to yield to the voice of the majority. Thus were his best intentions frustrated, and thus were a set of men cajoled into the designs of this ambitious person, who had for his object not merely the redress of the wrongs of a few Players, but the interested view of aggrandizing himself. He panted for an opportunity to become a Manager himself, and to wield the theatrical sceptre uncontrouled. He thought that he saw himself already at the head of a company, at the Opera House, and in the act of dispensing his laws and ordinances, to his underlings and dependants, with Kingly Authority. Alas! the vanity of human nature!—But to return to the plan. About a dozen of the Performers, the chief of whom were, *Garrick, Macklin, Havard, Berry, Blakes, Mills, and Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Mills*, immediately entered into an association, and signed the agreement. There were others invited to become

members. The next step that was to be taken after this secession, was, to address the Duke of Grafton, to lay a full statement of their case before him, and to entreat his Grace to lend a favourable ear to the prayer of their petition. This they did, and undertook, at the same time, to confirm every particular by Affidavit. The petition was laid before the Lord Chamberlain, and an interview followed soon after, which turned out very unfavourable for the Petitioners. Whatever the motives were that influenced his Grace, the Players were given to understand, that they had very little countenance to expect from that quarter. War had been, by this time, publicly declared between the Manager and Actors. In this posture of affairs, the Patentee began to exert himself, and to collect recruits from all the strolling companies in England. Both parties were now reduced to a very awkward predicament. The seceders found all their efforts to obtain a new patent ineffectual, and the Manager was little better circumstanced with regard to his *fresh troops*! The period at which the Theatres usually open having arrived, Mr. Fleetwood resolved

(although perfectly conscious of his weakness, and of his utter inability to exhibit any play) to hazard every thing, and to announce the representation of *The Conscious Lovers*, for the 20th of September, 1743. The efforts of the Manager's friends, together with the curiosity of the public, contrived to bring together a pretty tolerable audience, and the performance, though wretched, passed off with partial approbation.

As soon as Mr. Garrick discovered that the Lord Chamberlain was not favourably disposed towards the cause of the Players, he thought the best mode to be pursued was, to make the best terms with Mr. Fleetwood that could be obtained. A mediator was accordingly dispatched on this errand. The Patentee, distressed and deserted, was as ready to listen to a reconciliation as the seceders might be. A negotiation was immediately set on foot, and a proposition of accommodation was made by Mr. Garrick, in which he included some of his friends, such as he thought would be absolutely necessary to the Manager in his then harassed condition. This proposi-

tion was made without any intimation, on the part of Mr. Garrick, to the rest of the Performers respecting its nature and tendency. It was done without the privity of Mr. Macklin, without the consent of the whole of the seceders, and consequently in open violation of a solemn agreement. As soon as the object of this underhand negotiation became known, Mr. Macklin called upon Mr. Garrick, and reproached him in bitter terms: he accused him of perfidy and apostacy, and insisted upon his adhering to the articles of their agreement. But this was in vain; for Mr. Garrick was now resolved upon an accommodation with Mr. Fleetwood, at the expence even of his honour and character.

The proposition of reconciliation was, as might be expected, instantly agreed to, and Mr. Garrick and a few others were admitted again into favour. But this was not all—Mr. Garrick contrived, during the negotiation, to get his own salary increased, and to procure the same annual stipends for his friends that they enjoyed previous to their secession; and

the rest of the unfortunate Players, who had been led away from their allegiance, and afterwards duped by this designing man, were left to shift for themselves as well as they could. These poor people, rather than starve, threw themselves on the mercy of the Patentee, who employed them, indeed, but, at the same time, took care to abridge them of half their salary. But what was to become of Mr. Macklin? The man who acted throughout the whole business with manliness and honour, who opposed the secession in the first instance, and who recommended reconciliation almost upon any terms, was now forsaken and abandoned, and doomed to eternal banishment from the very Theatre that he had raised to the most flourishing condition. And what was worse than all this, the revolt of the Players was ascribed, by Mr. Fleetwood, principally to Mr. Macklin, whose ingratitude he determined to punish; for such he termed his conduct in this transaction.

Now, let us quote Mr. Davies, the author of the Life of Garrick: speaking of this affair, he

says, “ Mr. Macklin had no inclination to become the scape-goat in this business, and he urged Mr. Garrick to perfect the articles of their agreement, by which it was covenanted that neither of the contracting parties should accommodate matters with the Patentee, without a comprehension of the other.

“ *Mr. Garrick could not but acknowledge the justice of Mr. Macklin's plea.*” Even the panegyrist of Mr. Garrick pronounces him *guilty*; but, by way of extenuation, he goes on, and says :

“ Mr. Garrick offered Mr. Macklin a sum, to be paid weekly out of his income, for a certain time, till the Manager could be brought into better temper, or he should have it in his power to provide for himself in a manner suitable to his rank in the Theatre. He obtained a promise of Mr. Rich, to give Mrs. Macklin a weekly salary of three pounds. These proposals were strenuously rejected by Mr. Macklin, who persisted

“ in his claim of Mr. Garrick’s absolutely
“ fulfilling the tenour of their compact.”

“ *Mr. Garrick, notwithstanding the per-*
“ *severance of Mr. Macklin, accepted*
“ *Fleetwood’s proposals, and entered into co-*
“ *venant with him, for that season, at a very*
“ *considerable income, I believe six or seven*
“ *hundred pounds.*” This is an extenuation,
with a vengeance. Mr. Davies, by way of
palliating the matter, records, that Mr.
Garrick offered Mr. Macklin *a weekly salary*,
to be paid out of his income, till he could be
better provided for. This Mr. Macklin re-
jected with contempt, because, if he had ac-
cepted it, the *odium* of the transaction would
be removed from Garrick’s to Macklin’s
shoulders, and the baseness of it would be
converted into generosity. Mr. Garrick
knew, at the time that he made this offer to
Mr. Macklin, that it would not be accepted.
He was conscious, also, of the infamy of
his conduct, and he wanted to make use of
this *seemingly fair offer*, as a cloak, to cover
the nakedness of his criminality. Mr. Davies

then says—Garrick offered Macklin a weekly salary, “*till the manager could be brought into better temper.*” Who, it may be asked, put *Mr. Fleetwood out* of temper? The answer is obvious—most certainly Garrick, who was not only the instigator and promoter of the quarrel, but continued to exasperate the Manager still more against Mr. Macklin, by basely insinuating, that the Actors would not have revolted, in the first instance, if they had not been excited by Macklin. But then, as a compensation, he wished “to procure Mrs. Macklin an engagement at Covent-garden.” Why, this, to be sure, was doing a great deal, when it is well known that Mrs. Macklin’s abilities were always certain to procure her an engagement. Even the author of the Life of Garrick cannot extenuate his conduct in this business. He acted throughout with design and duplicity, and finished the transaction by baseness and treachery. His behaviour, on this occasion, will remain as an everlasting stain upon his character, and will evince to the latest posterity, the manly

spirit, the candour, and the honesty of Mr. Macklin.

The public were so much incensed at the flagitious conduct of Mr. Garrick, that, on the night of his first appearance afterwards, in the part of *Bays*, in the *Rehearsal*, he was treated by the audience with the most ignominious contempt. Mr. Davies says—
“ As soon as Mr. Garrick entered, he bowed
“ very low, several times ; and, with the most
“ submissive action, entreated to be heard.
“ He was saluted with loud hisses, and con-
“ tinual cries of ‘ off ! off ! off ! ’—All Mr.
“ Garrick’s attempts to pacify them, were
“ rejected with disdain.” It is well known, that this perfidious man would have been driven from the Stage, if the Manager had not called in to his aid his friends and associates from *Hockley in the Hole* and the *Bear Garden*. These ruffians were distributed, in great plenty, in the pit and galleries, armed with sticks and bludgeons, with positive orders from their Commanding Officer, to check the zeal of Macklin’s friends, by the weigh-

tiest arguments in their power, and force Garrick down the throat of the public. However anxious people might be to testify their disapprobation of an Actor's misconduct, yet their good sense would not suffer them to go so far as to enter the lists with bullies and bravos, and run the risque of having their heads broke, merely for the sake of expressing their dislike of a Player, in a public Theatre. This theatrical tempest lasted two nights, but the obstinacy of the Manager, and the weighty arguments of his associates, at length prevailed, and shielded Mr. Garrick from the just vengeance of the Public.

Mr. Macklin immediately wrote a pamphlet, in which he laid his whole case before the Public. This appeal was ascribed, at that time, to *Mr. Corbyn Morris*; but we shall present the reader with what Mr. Davies says upon the subject—"The pamphlet was allowed, by the answerer, to be well written, and to contain in it a charm of words. I have authority to say, that Mr. Morris was not the

author of that pamphlet, which, indeed, is *well written*; but its *merit consists* in the *closeness of reasoning*, from AUTHENTICITY OF FACTS." Here again Mr. Davies condemns Mr. Garrick—He admits the "*authenticity of facts*."—He makes him plead *guilty* to *all the charges* brought against him in *that pamphlet*; the principal parts of which we have already stated. Thus was Mr. Macklin led into this disagreeable contest; thus was his conduct misrepresented and misunderstood, and thus was his character traduced and vilified. He supported himself throughout with magnanimity and fortitude, and retired the principal loser in the conflict, but with this consolation, that he had justified his conduct in the eyes of the world, and made the perishable infamy of Garrick's apostacy immortal.

Chap. XIX.

BEING disengaged from Drury-lane Theatre, Mr. Macklin adopted a plan of supporting himself, which, if it had met with sufficient encouragement, would have contributed much to the improvement of the Drama and the Stage.

He collected together a company of persons, almost wholly unacquainted, at that time, with the business of an Actor, among whom were, the celebrated *Mr. Foote*, *Dr. Hill*, and several others; and undertook to instruct them in the science of acting. With these raw troops he resolved to turn Manager immediately. This was an arduous undertaking; but Mr. Macklin was determined to surmount every obstacle, and he executed his plan with such uncommon promptitude and success, that he was enabled to open the Haymarket Theatre, on the 6th of February,

1744, with the tragedy of *Othello*. The very difficult character of the Moor was performed, on this occasion, by Mr. Foote, and the part of *Iago* was most ably supported by Mr. Macklin. The house was crowded in all parts, and the Performance, for chasteness and spirit, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of Mr. Macklin's friends.

The method that Mr. Macklin pursued in the instruction of his pupils, and his excellence in acting, have always been universally admired and approved. The celebrated Dr. Hill conveys so just and appropriate a panegyric on the theatrical abilities of *the Father of the Stage*, that it would be doing his memory a great injustice not to insert it here.

“ There was a time when that extravagance, which has been just recommended for farce, had its place in tragedy, both in action and delivery ; the gestures were forced, and beyond all that ever was in nature ; and the recitation was a kind of fingering. We are at present getting more into nature, in playing, and if

the violence of gesture be not quite suppressed, we have nothing of the recitative of the old tragedy.

“It is to the honour of Mr. Macklin, that he began this great improvement. There was a time he was excluded the Theatres, and supported himself by a company, whom he taught to play, and some of whom afterwards made no inconsiderable figure. It was his manner to check all the cant and cadence of tragedy: he would bid his pupil first speak the passage as he would in common life, if he had occasion to pronounce the same words; and then giving them more force, but preserving the same accent, to deliver them on the Stage.

“When the Player was faulty in his stops or accents, he set him right; and with nothing more than this attention to what is natural, he produced, out of the most ignorant persons, players that surprized every body—the *Montano* mentioned before, was one of these, and this instruction was the source of his merit.

“ People were pleased with a sensible delivery on this little Stage (Haymarket), and those that saw that they were, transferred it to the greater, where it at this time flourishes, and will flourish, as long as good sense lives in the audience. Tragedy has now no peculiar accent or tone, but the most outrageous scenes of it are spoken according to Mr. Macklin’s plan, as the same words would be pronounced in common speech, only with more energy.”

The *Montano* alluded to by Dr. Hill, was a man of the name of *Yorke*, who obtained, to his own surprize, great applause in this character, which scarcely consisted of more than a dozen lines, but which he spoke, from Mr. Macklin’s instructions, with much propriety. His success in this small part induced one of the then Managers to engage him; but, in higher characters, and left to himself, he soon lost the reputation he had acquired.

Whilst Mr. Macklin was thus laudably exerting himself, both as a Manager and Actor, at the Haymarket, a circumstance occurred, which afforded him the opportunity of displaying his abilities to greater advantage in another place. The property in Drury-lane Theatre being transferred to new masters, Mr. Macklin was induced, by the very advantageous proposals that were made to him, to enter into articles with the new Patentees, and to relinquish his undertaking at the Haymarket. Previous to his re-appearance at Drury-lane, Mr. Macklin spoke the following prologue, which was written by the *Rev. Mr. Dunkin* ———.

“ From scheming, fretting, famine and despair,
Behold, to grace restor’d, an exil’d player.
Your sanction yet, his fortune must compleat,
And give him privilege to laugh and——eat——
No revolution plots are mine again ;
You see, thank Heaven ! the quietest of men ;
I pray, that all domestic feuds may cease ;
And, beggar’d by the war, solicit peace.
When urged by wrongs, and prompted to rebel,
I fought for freedom, and for freedom fell,

What could support me in the seven-fold flame?
I was no *Shadrac*, and no angel came.
Once warn'd, I meddle not with State affairs,
But play my part, retire, and say my prayers.
Let nobler spirits plan the vast design;
Our green-room swarms with longer heads than mine.
I take no part; no private jarrs foment,
But hasten from disputes I can't prevent:
Attack no rival brother's fame or ease,
And raise no struggles—but who most shall please.
United in ourselves, by you approv'd,
'Tis ours to make the slighted muse belov'd—
So may the Stage again its use impart,
And ripen Virtue, as it warms the heart.
May Discord, with her horrid trump retreat,
Nor drive the frightened beauty from her seat.
May no contending parties strive for sway,
But Judgment govern, and the Stage obey."

During the delivery of this prologue, Mr. Macklin was frequently interrupted by the plaudits and acclamations of a crowded audience. The circumstances that led to his re-engagement at Drury-lane, are briefly these :

The very embarrassed state of Mr. Fleetwood's finances, obliged him, in the

year 1744, to advertise his mortgaged patent to be sold before a Master in Chancery. At this time Mr. Lacy was Assistant-Manager to Mr. Rich, of Covent-Garden Theatre; and Messrs. Green and Amber, Bankers, in the city, resolved to buy the patent, if Mr. Lacy would undertake to manage the company. The conditions they offered, were, that they would advance all the purchase-money; that Mr. Lacy should become a third sharer in the undertaking; and that he should (when the profits enabled him so to do) repay them one-third of the purchase-money. To this proposal Mr. Lacy consented. Messrs. Green and Amber paid 3,200*l.* for the patent, and agreed to pay Mr. Fleetwood 600*l.* a year till the patent expired. The patent, however, was mortgaged for 7000*l.* to a gentleman, who agreed to let his mortgage lie, for which the patent was still a security. Matters being thus adjusted, Mr. Fleetwood retired to the Continent upon the shipwreck of his fortune, where he soon after died, and Mr. Lacy entered upon his Management. The first step he took was to engage the best and

and most approved actors. He accordingly employed *Mr. and Mrs. Macklin, and Mr. Barry*, who had just then made his first appearance in *Othello*, on the Dublin Stage. *Mr. Barry* was, beyond all doubt, one of the most pathetic lovers on the English Stage, and stood greatly indebted to the excellent instructions of *Mr. Macklin*.

When *Mr. Barry* came first to England, he very wisely put himself under the tuition of *Mr. Macklin*, who spared no pains to instruct his pupil in the art and duty of an Actor. Before he made his first appearance at Drury-lane, he happened to walk with *Mr. Macklin* in St. James's Park, where his agreeable person soon attracted the eyes of the people. When *Mr. Macklin* was asked, Who that fine-looking man was? he replied, that he was an Irish Nobleman, viz. *the Earl of Munster!* *Mr. Macklin* carried on the joke for some time, by the assistance of a few friends that he let into the secret; and, wherever *Barry* appeared in public, he was looked upon as an Irish Earl. When he afterwards made his

debut on Drury Lane Stage, several of the audience whispered — “ *That is the Earl of*
“ *Munster ! we are certain he is the Earl of*
“ *Munster ! for we saw him walking the other*
“ *day in St. James’s Park along with Macklin,*
“ *who told us so.*”

However, the *Earl of Munster* gained great applause that evening, and Macklin and his friends enjoyed an hearty laugh on the occasion ; as did the rest of the audience when they found out the jest.—Mr. Macklin played *Iago* this season to Barry’s *Othello*, and acquired as much fame as he did in the part of *Shylock*. The character of *Iago* is excellently drawn—he is full of subtilty, irascibility, and villainy—devoid of every good and tender feeling—mean, hypocritical, and vindictive—base enough to do any bad action underhand, but without resolution to avow, or vindicate his wickedness. In the representation of this monstrous character, Mr. Macklin stood, confessedly, without a competitor. His excellence in this part burst upon the audience in *Iago’s* soliloquy, which con-

cludes the first act; it is a masterpiece of villainous machination, and finely written for a judicious Actor—we must present it to the candid reader—

————— I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: let me see now:

To get his place, and to plume up my will,

A double knavery. How? how?—Let me see—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,

That he is too familiar with his wife:

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,

To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;

And will as tenderly be led by the nose,

As asses are.

I hav't;—it is engendered:—Hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

The distant, artful manner, in which *Iago* enters upon the grand part of his design, is admirable. Macklin here displayed great

powers—he wrought with great judgment and propriety upon Othello's openness of temper, and warmth of heart.

The insidious villainy, and hypocritical diffidence, with which the double dealing Ancient works up *Othello* to impatient curiosity, he pourtrayed with singular ability.

Othello's speech, on being supposed capable of so illiberal a passion as jealousy, is extremely pleasing and instructive. This character appeared peculiarly suited to Mr. Barry's *forte* in acting; he happily exhibited the hero, the lover, and the distracted husband—indeed, he rose through all the passions of this character, to the utmost extent of critical imagination. In the following speech he was amazingly great:

—— Why, why is this?

Thinkest thou I'd make a life of jealousy,

To follow still the changes of the moon

With fresh suspicions? No, to be once in doubt,

Is once to be resolved———

——— 'Tis not to make me jealous,

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are most virtuous;
Nor from mine own weak merits, will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt.
For she had eyes, and chose me——No, Iago,
I'll see before I doubt——When I doubt——prove,
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love and jealousy.

Iago's making the circumstance of the handkerchief, though apparently insignificant, an instrument of importance, is admirably conceived.

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

Mr. Macklin's subtle affectation of chagrin at Othello's boisterous treatment of him, and his blunt method of expression, in order to recal the Moor's calmer reason, and to plant the dagger still deeper in his heart, went home to the feelings of every body that had the pleasure of seeing him perform the character——'When shall we look upon his like

again!' This is an admirable tragedy, and most forcibly inculcates an excellent moral, by shewing the very dangerous consequences of permitting, even upon the most probable proofs, that pernicious and ungovernable passion, *Jealousy*, to take possession of the human heart.

The fatal effects of this fever of the mind, which Dr. Young most emphatically calls "*The Hydra of Calamities*," are admirably depicted in this play, by well-wrought passions, elevated sentiments, and a dreadful catastrophe.

The Scotch Rebellion, in 1745, caused a desertion of all theatrical entertainments, and the misfortunes of Messrs. Green and Amber, may be principally ascribed to that commotion;—for, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Manager and Actors, the Theatre was but thinly attended during the season. Mr. Macklin commenced author this year, and produced his tragedy of *Henry VII. or the Popish Impostor*, which is founded upon the

well known story of *Perkin Warbeck*. This piece is well planned, but the language is rather inelegant. It is not to be wondered at that the author did not succeed in this undertaking, since he was put upon the subject by Mr. Lacy, and allowed but six weeks to compose the work. Mr. Macklin performed the part of *Huntley* in this tragedy, which ran six nights, and was then laid aside.

In the year 1746, Mr. Macklin wrote *The Suspicious Husband*, or, the *Plague of Envy*, a Farce, by way of criticism on the comedy of the *Suspicious Husband*. This piece answered the purpose for which it was written; the nature and tendency of the *Suspicious Husband* of DR. HOADLY, afforded Mr. Macklin ample room for criticism. That the Doctor's Comedy is calculated to exhilarate the spirits, we readily admit, but we are extremely apprehensive that it will not mend the heart—*Ranger* is most assuredly a gilded bait of vice for youth and vanity to snap at, and all his transactions tend, at least, to inflame, if not to taint the imagination. The

same year Mr. Macklin produced a new Farce, entitled "*A Will, or No Will,*" or a "*New Case for the Lawyers,*" for the benefit of Mrs. Macklin. This little piece contributed to the novelty of a benefit night, and, after its first representation, was withdrawn.

This was a very unsuccessful period for the Stage; both the Managers and Actors suffered materially. It was during this season of distress, that Messrs. Green and Amber became insolvent; and the patent of Drury Lane Theatre was again put up to sale, as a part of the bankrupt's effects. After some transactions, of no importance to the public, Mr. Lacy and Mr. Garrick, having engaged to pay off the mortgage of 7000*l.* and the other debts of the Theatre, which, altogether amounted to 12,000*l.* exclusive of *Fleetwood's* annuity, undertook the joint management of Drury Lane Theatre, having previously obtained a promise from the Duke of Grafton of a renewal of the patent.

In the year 1747 this partnership commenced, both to be equal sharers, except that Mr. Garrick was to be allowed an income of 500*l* a year as a Performer, and some particular emoluments for altering Plays, Farces, &c. Several of the most eminent Performers, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Macklin, entered into articles with the Patentees of Drury Lane.—On the 20th of September, the House opened, and an admirable Prologue, written by Dr. Johnson, was spoken by Mr. Garrick on the occasion. It contains so many beauties, that we cannot avoid inserting it here.

“ When learning’s triumph o’er her barbarous foes,
First rear’d the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose ;
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin’d new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil’d after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress’d,
And unresisting passion storm’d the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule ;

His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach assail'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame ;
Themselves they studied; as they felt they writ :
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend,
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.
Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years, the power of tragedy declin'd :
From bard to bard, the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd while passion slept.
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.
But forc'd at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit ;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?

Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New *Behns*, new *Durfey's*, yet remain in store.
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new forcerers may ride.
Perhaps (for who can guess the effects of chance ?)
Here Hunt may box, or * Mahomet may dance.
Hard is his lot, that here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chace the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice ;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die :
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence,
Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense ;
To chace the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth, and salutary woe,
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

The business of the Theatre was now conducted with great ability, and was divided into two departments. The wardrobe, the scenes, and œconomy of the household, were

* A famous Rope Dancer, and practiser of Legerdemain Tricks.

superintended by Mr. Lacy, while the business of treating with Authors, hiring Actors, and superintending rehearsals, was regulated by Garrick. These two men were suitable associates for the management of such an important concern. Mr. Garrick was always sure of a full house as often as he played, and Mr. Lacy took infinite pains to fit up the Theatre for the accommodation and reception of the Public. Every Actor was fairly dealt with, according to his demerits, and the company throve under such wise regulations. Mr. Macklin's "*Club of Fortune Hunters, or Widow Bewitched*" came out this season, and met a tolerable reception.

Although Mr. Macklin had just cause to recollect the cruel treatment he had formerly experienced at the hands of Mr. Garrick, yet the nobleness and generosity of his mind prompted him now to dismiss it totally from his recollection—and these two men became friends again.

In the beginning of the year 1748, the comedy of “*The Foundling*,” by MOORE, was put in rehearsal. This play speaks so feelingly to our passions, so chastely to our ideas, and so instructively to our sense, that we wish it were oftener performed on the Stage. About the latter end of February, this comedy was announced for representation—it was cast in the following manner—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Young Belmont	Mr. Garrick.
Sir Charles Raymond	Mr. Barry.
Sir Roger Belmont	Mr. Yates.
Villiard	Mr. Sparks.
Colonel Raymond	Mr. Havard
Faddle	Mr. Macklin.

WOMEN.

Rosetta	Mrs. Woffington.
Fidelia	Mrs. Cibber.

This comedy, thus supported by the whole strength of the company, was admirably performed, and received the warmest approbation of the public. In this play, the critical unities are well preserved, and the plot lays proper hold of suspense and attention. There are no make-shift scenes, nor any that are tedious—in a word, there is much to be praised, and little to be censured. In the fourth act, which commences with the renewal of *Colonel Raymond's* addresses, and *Rosetta's* coquetish raillery, we meet with the following just description of matrimony—"To fools, it is the jewel of *Æsop's* cock; to the wise, a diamond of price in a skilful hand to enrich life; it is happiness or misery, as minds are differently disposed. The necessary requisites are love, good sense, and good breeding; the first to unite, the second to advise, and the third to comply: if you add to these neatness and a competency, beauty will always please, and family cares become agreeable amusements." And in the scene between *Sir Charles Raymond* and *Faddle*—where *Sir Charles* having made the discovery he

wanted, dismisses the parasite, with a most excellent lecture, so descriptive of such reptiles, and so pregnant with instructive truth, that we beg leave to offer it to our readers—

“Thy life is a disgrace to humanity; a foolish prodigality makes thee needy, need makes thee vicious, and both make thee contemptible; thy wit is prostituted to slander and buffoonery; and thy judgment, if thou hast any, to meanness and villainy—thy betters, who laugh with thee, laugh at thee; and who are they?—the fools of quality at Court, and those who ape them in the City: the varieties of thy life are pitiful rewards, and painful abuses; for the same trick that gets thee a guinea to-day, shall get thee beaten out of doors to-morrow; those who care for thee, are enemies to themselves, and when they know it, will be enemies to thee; in thy distress they'll desert thee, and leave thee, at last, to sink in thy poverty, unregarded and unpitied; if thou canst be wise, think of me, and be honest.”

The character of young *Belmont*, was designed by the author to be a capital one; but, excepting the first scene, and that with his father, (which is truly pleasant) and that with Sir Charles, he has nothing to say worth notice. However, Mr. Garrick, by the happy use of his qualifications, added amazing spirit to this play, and gave young *Belmont* more consequence than any other Performer. *Sir Charles Raymond* is an amiable character, and displays throughout great justice, humanity, spirit, and good sense. He never was in better hands than those of BARRY, who supported the character with emphatic dignity, and melting tenderness.

The thorough-paced villany, rhapsodical foppery, and designing knavery of *Faddle*, were admirably hit off by Mr. Macklin, who was peculiarly happy in marking the obsequious knave all through the piece.

During the first and second nights of its representation, several passages in the part of *Faddle* drew down the vengeance of the au-

dience (and we think very properly)—The objectionable speeches were afterwards very wisely omitted.—The author drew this character for one *Russel*, a young man who was admired for his agreeable manner of imitating the Opera Singers. He was handsome and elegant in his person, of most consummate assurance, and carested for some years by several ladies of quality, and yet (so capricious is the fate of such beings) he was thrown into the *Fleet Prison*, in his prime of life, for a debt not exceeding forty pounds, ran mad, and died there in a few months.

The part of *Rosetta* was undoubtedly conceived for *Mrs. Woffington*, and she did it particular justice. There was a *je ne sçai quoi* about this lady that rendered her extremely agreeable; she was sensible, witty, and full of vivacity; her countenance was beautiful and expressive, and her form was elegant; she made her first appearance, in London, at the Theatre in Covent Garden, in the character of *Sir Harry Wildair*.

The ease, the elegance, and the propriety of deportment, with which she represented this gay, dissipated, good-humoured rake, spread her fame all over the town, and the Managers soon found it their interest to bring her forward in that character frequently. Shortly after this, an intimacy commenced between Mr. Macklin, Mrs. Woffington, and Mr. Garrick, which cemented into a partnership concern. These parties grew so attached to and so fond of each other, and were so distinguished and remarkable for their various qualifications, that they formed a plan for entering into a kind of *coalition* in the way of their profession. With this view, they took a house, (now No. 6,) in Bow Street, and began trade. This *Dramatic Triumvirate*, (if we may be allowed the expression, for Mrs. Woffington was *more like a man than a woman*) undertook the Presidency of Tragedy and Comedy. They resolved to improve theatrical taste, and found a school for Histronic Science; and the better to accomplish their object, they determined to live together, to play together, and to put their money in

one purse! For some 'time matters went on briskly, and every thing had the appearance of success. The firm of the house was of the highest respectability; their credit was very extensive, and their receipts considerable. But, all on a sudden, affairs took an unfavourable turn; for, upon casting up the books at the end of the quarter, the *stock-purse* was found deficient some hundreds of pounds. This circumstance caused a more minute investigation of their income and expenditure; the result of which was, that Mr. Garrick had disbursed the capital too freely—altercations and disputes immediately followed, and this *extraordinary kind of commerce* terminated soon after in a dissolution of the partnership.

In the spring of this year, *Mr. Sheridan*, the then Dublin Manager, came from Ireland to provide attractive Actors for the ensuing season. This gentleman made proposals to Mr. Macklin, which were accepted. The agreement was, that Mr. and Mrs. Macklin should be engaged for two years, at

a salary of 800*l.* per annum, with the allowance of a sum, to be stipulated, for any new Plays or Farces that he might compose. Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Macklin set out for Ireland, and performed there with wonderful applause. The principal characters that he played during his engagement in Dublin with Mr. Sheridan, were *Shylock*, *Scrub*, *Sir Paul Pliant*, *Sir Gilbert Wrangle*, &c. &c. but Mr. Macklin did not act long under the management of Mr. Sheridan before several disputes took place between them, which at length terminated in a law suit. We shall here present the reader with Mr. Macklin's own account of this transaction, copied *verbatim et literatim* from his Memorandum book, now before us—" Mr. Sheridan brought over Mr. and Mrs. Macklin from London, and discharged them in the middle of a season, without giving them any notice, or without signing any cause; and at the same time refused to pay Mr. Macklin the money that was due to him, which was 800*l.* according to an agreement. Mr. Macklin filed

“ a Bill in Chancery against him, on which
“ Mr. Sheridan paid 300*l.* into Court, and
“ Mr. Macklin took that sum rather than
“ be detained unemployed in Ireland, or
“ wait the event of a Chancery suit.”

At the time that Mr. Sheridan engaged Mr. and Mrs. Macklin in London, he also engaged, in the musical way, *Mr. and Mrs. Lampe, Signior Pasquali, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Howard, Mrs. Storer, and Mrs. Mozeen.*

All this musical party, Mr. Victor says, were articulated for two years. With regard to Mr. Lampe and his wife, we also find that Mr. Macklin writes thus—“ the same kind
“ of treatment *Mr. Lampe* received respecting his agreement with Mr. Sheridan
“ for his own performance, as a Musician
“ and Composer, and his wife’s as a Singer.—
“ Mr. Sheridan quarrelled with them—he
“ would only pay what part of the agreement his own equity thought proper,
“ which *Mr. Lampe*, like Mr. Macklin,

“ accepted, rather than abide the distant
“ event of a Chancery suit in a strange Country.

“ He quarrelled in the same manner with
“ the *Mitchels, Diggs, Mossop, Barry, Bellamy,*
“ *Lee, and Montgomery.*”

In the year 1749, Mr. and Mrs. Macklin left Dublin in consequence of this dispute with Mr. Sheridan, and returned to England. Soon after this Mr. Macklin became the Manager of a very excellent Company of Comedians at Chester, where he performed with considerable success. His engagement at Chester being over, he set out for London, where he arrived during the contested election for the City of Westminster, when *Lord Trentham* and *Sir George Vandeput* were candidates. We have often heard Mr. Macklin relate a very curious anecdote respecting this contested election, which we shall beg leave to insert here:

The late *Dr. Barrowby*, who was Mr. Macklin's particular friend, interested himself

very much in favour of *Sir George Vandeput*, who was nominated in opposition to the Court party. At this period, the Doctor had, for some weeks, attended the noted *Joe Weatherby*, master of the *Ben Jonson's Head*, in Ruffel-street, Covent-garden, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever. During the Doctor's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing that gentleman's attachment, had frequently expressed her uneasiness that her *Joey* could not get up and vote for her good friend, *Lord Trentham*. Towards the end of the election, when very uncommon means were used on both sides to obtain the suffrages of the people, the Doctor, calling one morning on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse and her assistants.—“Hey-day! what's the cause of this?” exclaims *Barrowby*; “why would you get out of bed without my directions?”—“Dear Doctor,” says *poor Joey*, in broken accents, “I am going to poll.”—“To poll!” replies the Doctor, with great warmth, (supposing that he espoused the same side that his wife did), “going to the devil you mean!”

Why, do you not know that the cold air must destroy you? Get to bed, man; get to bed as fast as you can, or immediate death may ensue."

—"Oh! Sir, if that is the case," returns the patient, in faltering accents, "to be sure I must act as you advise me; but I love my country, Sir, and thought, while my wife was out, to seize this opportunity to go to Covent Garden Church, and vote for *Sir George Vandeput*."—

"How, *Joey*, for Sir George?"—"Yes, Sir; I wish him heartily well."—"Do you?" says the medical politician.

"Hold! nurse; don't pull off his stockings again; let me feel his pulse.—Hey! very well; a good firm stroke; egad, this will do; you took the pills I ordered last night?"—"Yes, Doctor; but they made me very sick."—"Aye, so much the better. How did your master sleep, nurse?"—

"O, charmingly, Sir," replies the nurse.

"Did he? Well, if his mind be uneasy about this election, he must be indulged; diseases of the mind greatly affect those of the body. Come, come, throw a great coat or a blanket about him; it is a fine day; but the sooner he goes the better; the sun will be down very soon.—

Here, here, lift him up; adad! a ride will do him good: he shall go with me to the Hustings in my chariot." The Doctor was directly obeyed, and poor *Joe Weatherby* was carried in the chariot to the place of poll, where he gave his voice according to his conscience, amidst the acclamations of the people, and two hours after his physical friend had left him at his own house, absolutely departed this life, loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife, and her friends of the Court party.

In the winter of 1749, Mr. and Mrs. Macklin were engaged at Covent Garden, and Mr. Barry and Mrs. Cibber being ill-treated by Mr. Garrick, deserted from Drury Lane, and were employed by Mr. Rich; who, at the same time, strengthened his Company by the valuable addition of Mr. Quin and Mrs. Woffington.

The House opened on the 24th September, with *The Miser*. Mr. Macklin played *Lovegold*, to a brilliant audience, and gained wonderful applause, and Mrs. Macklin per-

formed *Lappet*, with her accustomed ability. Early in October, a very remarkable contest took place in the Theatrical World. The Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* was performed at both Houses for twelve nights successively. The lovers at Covent Garden were, Barry and Cibber, while Mr. Garrick and *Miss Bellamy* supported the same characters at Drury Lane. In *Romeo and Juliet* the author has taken *very unusual, and very successful pains with his female character*. The plot is romantic and irregular, the characters oddly conceived, and strangely jumbled, and the scenes are very unequal in point of matter; some are extremely insignificant, and others enchantingly beautiful; the unities are violently, yet not offensively, broken; and the catastrophe is equal, if not superior, to any in the English Drama. With respect to moral, some very instructive lessons may be drawn from this piece: first, from the Lovers, that disobedience in Children, or doing what they know is totally against parental inclinations, brings on a train of perplexities, and produces the most fatal consequences:—Parents may

learn, that family quarrels are not only unfocially absurd, but pregnant with misery to themselves and their offspring; they may also perceive that compelling youth into the matrimonial state, is an unnatural, dangerous exertion of authority; and Duellists may infer from fiery *Tibalt's* fall, that the sword of Fate hangs suspended by a thread over a turbulent disposition.

The hero of this Tragedy is vested with very warm passions, with much love, and what, in that case, may well be expected, little prudence. *Romeo* fixes his affections upon *Juliet*, and determines to have her at any rate; the two valuable qualifications of courage and friendship he seems happily possessed of; but, upon the whole, shews rather an amiable than a great mind; ardent in affection, vehement in rage, poignant in grief:—thus equipped, and so circumstanced as he is, it is not to be wondered at, that he affords a fine opportunity to an Actor for the display of his talents upon the Stage. The reputation of Mr. Barry and Mrs. Cibber was raised to the highest degree, by their scenes of tender love and pathetic

distress in this Play. At the time of this contest, the opinion of the Public was much divided, with regard to the merits of the Performers:—though the people ran, at first, in crowds to decide and criticise upon the Actors in this Tragedy, yet there were many who were highly incensed at the conduct of the Managers, by being obliged to give up the diversion of the Theatre for almost a fortnight, or else be under the necessity of seeing the same play repeatedly. The Patentees lost very considerably by this struggle for superiority; for they often played to thin or made-up audiences. We have often heard Mr. Macklin declare, that *Mr. Barry* was the best *Romeo* he ever saw; and that *Mr. Garrick* was not at all qualified for the part. The amorous harmony of *Mr. Barry's* features, his melting eyes, and unequalled plaintiveness of voice, and his fine graceful figure, gave him very great superiority over *Mr. Garrick* in this contest. *Mr. Barry* was confessedly the best lover that ever appeared on the stage. In the garden scenes of the second and fourth act, and in the tomb scene, he was super-eminently great

and affecting: indeed, he bore away the palm from Mr. Garrick in this part; but Mrs. Cibber's strength failing, another Play was obliged to be announced at Covent Garden, which enabled Mr. Garrick, as Mr. Davies says, 'if he did not absolutely conquer the enemy, to keep the field, and to close the long contest with a diverting Epilogue, which was spoken by Mrs. Clive.' The character of *Mercutio*, that peculiar offspring of spirited imagination, was admirably supported by Mr. Macklin on this occasion. This Theatrical Nestor preserved in this, as well as all other characters, the author's sense critically, and was as whimsical as the author could wish; and Mrs. Macklin was as petulant a Nurse as ever was seen. The revival of *The Refusal* this season, by Mr. Macklin, was peculiarly beneficial to the treasury, and his *Sir Gilbert Wrangle* was a fine specimen of capital acting.

Chap. XX.

THE next Play that was got up this year at Covent Garden was *Othello*, in which Barry and Macklin, and Quin and Ryan, played alternately. When Barry acted *Othello*, Macklin was the *Iago*; when Quin played *Othello*, Ryan performed *Iago*. Here again Mr. Macklin pronounced judgment in favour of *Mr. Barry*, who, he said, did not ‘o’erstep the modesty of nature,’ when he exhibited the extravagant passions of the Moor. The external appearance of Mr. Quin was not calculated to engage *Desdemona*: his person was clumsy, his declamation heavy, his passions bellowing, his emphasis affected, and his under strokes growling. He was accustomed to play *Othello* in a large powdered major wig, which, with the black face, made such a magpye appearance of his head, as tended more to make the people laugh than cry. Mr. Ryan was as far behind Mr. Macklin in *Iago*, as Quin was inferior to Barry in *Othello*. In his plausibility

and ease he was very commendable ; but he appeared very deficient in design.

Mr. Garrick once took it into his head to play *Othello*, and in a *Moorish dress* ; an alteration which was not only absurd in the extreme, as it must naturally be supposed that a *Venetian General* would usually wear a *Venetian* habit, but as it tended to make his own figure more *petit* than it really was, which was quite unnecessary. After the performance was over, a gentleman called upon *Mr. Quin* to give him an account of it, when the latter, with the utmost good humour, exclaimed, “ You must be mistaken, my dear friend, the *little man* could not appear as the Moor ; he must rather look like *Desdemona's little black boy*, that attends her *tea-kettle*.” And, indeed, this observation of Mr. Quin was not merely a witty *impromptu*, but it was founded in truth ; for the great Roscius, not feeling himself equal to the part, and conscious of the degradation of his figure in the character, never ventured to perform it again.

In the history of the Stage, there is scarcely any thing more singular than the circumstances which have attended the performance of this character, by a person of the name of *Stephens*, a button-maker, who resided in *Paternoster Row*. *Mr. Samuel Stephens* had been for many years a constant attendant at the Theatre, and especially at that period when *Mr. Booth* acted the principal characters in Tragedy. Among his acquaintances he had frequently repeated speeches, or favourite portions of Plays, especially from *Othello*. He was told by his friends, that his voice resembled that of *Mr. Booth*, both in strength and melody, and his imitation of that great actor's manner was just, as well as pleasing. He was, at length, tempted to make an offer of his services to *Mr. Rich*, who had just lost his great Tragedian, *Mr. Quin*, who had left his old master, and was engaged at *Drury Lane*. In consequence of some temporary agreement with *Mr. Rich*, *Stephens* ventured, in 1734, to perform his favourite character of *Othello*.

His figure was not unfuitable to the part, and he had, by close attention, acquired some of Mr. Booth's happy tones. The audience were equally surprised and delighted at the performance; and, during that passionate scene between the *Moor* and *Iago*, in the 3d act, the pit cried out, "*Bravo! bravo! better than Quin! better than Quin!*" For six or seven nights successively, this man drew after him very large audiences. During this time *Mr. Quin* avoided going to the Coffee House that he usually frequented, lest he should be affronted by the loud praises bestowed upon the *button-maker*. However, the charm was not wound up so powerfully as to last long; *Rich*, either through mistake or design, persuaded the new Actor to choose *Polydore*, in the *Orphan*, for his second character, than which nothing could have been more ill-advised. *Stephens* was in form, bulky; in the management of his voice, awkward, and advanced beyond his fortieth year. This act of indiscretion was equally hurtful to the Actor and Manager. The ladies, more especially, were displeased with such a misrepresentation of a

young, gay libertine, dressed in a large full-bottomed wig, and red stockings, though they had been laid aside by all the fashionable people for some time; but Mr. Ryan's predilection for that colour kept them too long on the Stage. However, the audience did not forget the pleasure that *Stephens* afforded them in *Othello*; they forbore, on that account, from shewing any marks of displeasure to his *Polydore*. To recover the good opinion of the public, he was forced to hide himself in his black vifor again. *Stephens* acted several characters, particularly the *Duke of York*, in *Richard II.* with some degree of approbation; but, as he never came up to his first attempt, he declined gradually in the public estimation. He ended at last in an Itinerant Player. His last Stage was Bath, where he died in 1764, respected for his general good behaviour.

The fame of Mr. Macklin was now spread abroad, and his merit as an Actor was universally allowed and admired. He was considered to be the only person that had reduced

Acting to a science, and Performers were improving every day by his advice and instructions. But his Dramatic Lectures were not confined solely to persons employed on the Stage. People of the first rank and character became his pupils, and profited, in an eminent degree, by his manner of teaching elocution, till then unknown in Dramatic Science.

In the year 1751, some ladies and gentlemen of fashion became desirous of performing in public, in order to display their own acquirements and abilities, and, at the same time, to give an incontestible proof of Mr. Macklin's eminence in Theatrical Instruction. A Play performed on the common Stage, by persons of distinction, is an incident that this nation has, perhaps, the honour of having first produced to the world. Some gentlemen, long celebrated for their taste and accomplishments, were determined to give their friends and acquaintances an uncommon entertainment, and to do it in an uncommon manner. Theatrical performances had been, at that time, often exhibited by charac-

ters in the upper circles, and always with success; but the *apparatus* of a regular Theatre had been wanting in all those representations, and the whole had been greatly hurt by that deficiency. The just sense that the persons who were at the head of this scheme entertained of things, could not suffer them to think, that, if the action itself were not blameable, the place, on this occasion, could not make it so; nor could their spirit submit to their doing any thing imperfectly, either for the want of the necessary expence, or of the courage to do what was no way really exceptionable, though out of the common road. They hired the theatre at Drury-lane, for the night; they gave their friends as many tickets as would fill it, and exhibited their Performance with all the pomp and decoration of the most regularly concerted entertainment of the kind.

As but a thousand people could be happy enough to see this, out of twenty thousand that desired it, very wise arrangements were adopted by the Managers to render every thing

commodious and agreeable to the audience. It is greatly to the honour of those gentlemen, that the tickets were so carefully disposed of, that the women of the town, who can very seldom be kept out of any place of entertainment, who find their way into the boxes of the *Opera*, the pit at the *Oratorio*, and the private *Masquerades* of the *first Nobility*, and who had, at least, ten times as much mind to this, as they ever could have to any of those entertainments, yet found no possibility of admittance. The Conductors of the plan knew that every part of the house would be full of persons of the first fashion, and they paid them the just and sensible compliment of keeping all improper people from among them. The tickets expressed no particular part of the House, so that those only who came first had the advantage of the best places: by this means the whole House was filled with equally good company: and half a dozen Stars glittered for the first, and probably for the last, time, in the upper gallery. Part of the Royal Family did them the honour of filling the Stage Box, and every corner of the House besides glittered

with diamonds and embroidery. The accommodations were fit for the company; the band of music was a very fine one, and the house was in every part illuminated with wax-lights: the scenes were proper, as well as beautiful; and the dresses not only magnificent, but well fancied, and adapted to the characters. *Othello's* was a robe, in the fashion of his country; *Roderigo's* an elegant modern suit, and *Cassio's* and *Iago's* very rich uniforms.

The play was cast in the following manner:

MEN.

Othello	.	Sir Francis Delaval.
Iago	.	John Delaval, Esq.
Cassio	.	— Delaval, Esq.
Brabantio and Lodovico	.	Sim. Pine, Esq.
Roderigo	.	Capt. Stephens.

WOMEN.

Desdemona	.	Mrs. Quon.
Æmilia	.	Mrs. Stevens.

The terrors of an Audience to persons not accustomed to speak in public, are not to be got absolutely over by all the resolution in the world. It might easily be perceived, that every one of the Performers laboured, in some degree, under the effect of fear. The management of the voice, in adapting it to the space it is to fill, is another circumstance also to which those Performers must have been perfect strangers. A public rehearsal on the Stage could have done nothing towards informing them in this point, since the same house empty, and filled with an audience, is, in this respect, a perfectly different place.

If we weigh these circumstances together, we shall see the infinite disadvantages with which these gentlemen set out, in comparison of those whose nightly task it is to act; and shall be able to form some judgment of what were their talents and abilities, when it is asserted, that the greatest part of the Play

was much better performed than it ever was upon any Stage before.

In the whole, there was a face of nature that no Theatrical Piece, acted upon any private Stage, ever came up to. It was evident, that the Performers felt every sentiment that they were to express; and were not reduced to labour at an imitation of what would be done in real life on the occasion, but were inspired, by the sentiment, to be the thing the Author represented. The figure of *Othello* was undoubtedly one of the finest ever produced on a stage; his deportment, in the whole, was majestic, without pomp; and his sense of the passions, the Author has thrown into his part, quick, and exquisite. The animated expression—

—— “ Had all his hairs been lives,
My great revenge had stomach for them all !”

was, perhaps, never so well spoken before: his expression of his anguish, by the mono-

syllable "*Oh!*" was truly affecting. But what he was peculiarly superior to every person in, was the natural expression of the lover and the gentleman, when, in the last act, he is informed, by *Cassio*, that he had given him no provocation for the revenge he had meditated against him, the Author gives him no more to say than—

" I do believe it, and I ask your pardon !"

But the manner in which SIR FRANCIS took the hand of the man he had injured, while he spoke this, had something in it so like the man of honour, and so unlike all imitation, that the audience could not be easily reconciled afterwards to the hearing it from any body else. His embracing *Desdemona*, on their meeting in *Cyprus*, set many a fair breast among the audience a palpitating.

His manner of throwing his arms about her, and the jocund expression of his countenance at that instant, afforded the spectators a fine picture of *Cowley's* embrace—

“ Then like some wealthy island thou shalt be,
And like the sea about it I ;
Thou like fair ALBION to the sailor's sight,
Spreading thy bosom snowy white ;
Like the kind ocean I will be,
With love's soft arms ever furrounding thee.”

MR. J. DELAVAL, (NOW LORD DELAVAL) in the character of *Iago*, was more than it was possible to expect or conceive from a person who had not trod the Stage before. His ease in the character was amazing ; his whole deportment so much the gentleman ; so perfectly adapted to every circumstance of the character, and so elegant in propriety, that his audience were not only delighted, but astonished at his acting. He every where conveyed the full sense of the Author's expression, and exaggerated it no where. His eye worked as much as his tongue, and he was

equally intent on his plots, when engaged in the dialogue, and when out of it: upon the whole, the Player was lost in the Man. He was perfectly the character that Shakspeare drew, and yet he seemed modelled on his own thoughts; not representing, but really transacting, the several scenes he was engaged in. Mr. Macklin got great honour, and deservedly, by his pupils on this occasion.

The youngest MR. DELAVAL gained great applause in *Cassio*, and he merited it all. The drunken scene, which is the capital one in the part, and a very difficult one to succeed in, he was very excellent in; and his recovery to sobriety, though a bold and forced passage in the Author, was rendered natural by his manner of performing it. *Roderigo* was the character that Shakspeare intended he should be, though not exactly what has been used to be palmed upon us for Shakspeare's *Roderigo*. *Desdemona* had all the native honesty and candour in her face that the Poet meant to

make an example of; and when, at her first setting out,

“ Whilst she assay'd to speak, the accents hung,
And, faltering, died, unfinish'd on her tongue.”

The native modesty of the character charm-
ed the audience exceedingly. *Æmilia* was,
as she should be, strictly natural. The per-
formers were all perfect in their parts, and,
what is seldom observed by the best expe-
rienced actors, they were, through the Play,
constant in their attention, and characteristic
in their manners. Their elocution was natu-
ral and easy; free from the *whine*, the *mouth-*
ing, the *cant*, the *clap-trap trick*, and the
false consequence, so often hackneyed upon
the Stage. Of the Royal Family, there were
present, their Royal Highnesses the Prince
and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cum-
berland, the Princess Amelia, Prince George,
and Princess Augusta. The streets and
avenues to the Theatre were so filled with
coaches and chairs, that the greatest part of
the gentlemen and ladies were obliged to

wade through dirt and filth to get to the house, which afforded diversion and benefit for pick-pockets. In short, the crowd was so great, that many stars and garters appeared in the public houses adjacent to the Theatre, to wait for entrance with ~~any~~ ~~any~~.

The dresses and expence of the house, which was 150*l.* amounted to upwards of one thousand pounds. The whole of this business was superintended by Mr. Macklin, who, thus carested by all ranks, and in the very midst of triumph and applause, had still another pleasure to enjoy. He had to experience the gratification that was to result from the polished education of his daughter, who was now arrived at the period that she was to display her talents and accomplishments on the public Theatre. Mr. Macklin was, perhaps, the fondest of all fond parents—he had set his heart upon his child, and the time was now come, when he was to be the witness of his daughter's merit, and the sharer of the unbounded approbation which she was to receive from an admiring Public. She made

her first appearance at Covent-Garden, in the character of *Athenais*, in LEE's Tragedy of *Theodosius*, and gained uncommon applause. Her father's commendable vanity was now raised to the highest pinnacle of human grandeur, and the measure of his happiness was full. The plot of this tragedy is regular, and some of the scenes peculiarly tender. Many of the sentiments are brilliant, and the versification flowing; but these beauties are accompanied with a great deal of disagreeable, unintelligible, bombast. In the composition of the tragedy of *Theodosius*, the Author has certainly displayed great genius, but, at the same time, evinced very little judgment. The character of *Athenais* is by far the most estimable one in the piece, for she maintains that exalted virtue practically, which *Leontine*, her father, only admires and recommends speculatively. Miss Macklin was singularly pleasing in this part. Perhaps this lady is the only instance of a person being regularly bred to the stage: the general attractions to this way of life, are love of indolence, and loss of fortune; as if inclination

alone could fit them for a profession that requires the most universal exertion of talents of any other ; and where a single deficiency is often the cause of precluding them the encouragement of the public. Mr. Macklin, to prepare her regularly for the Stage, had her instructed in all the branches of polite education that entitle a lady to the first circles of life. At a very early age she could speak French and Italian fluently, nor was she less deficient in music, drawing, and a perfect knowledge of the *belles lettres* ; so that, at the age of eighteen, Miss Macklin was reckoned one of the most accomplished women in England.

The next part that Miss Macklin performed was *Polly*, in the *Beggar's Opera*. In this character she had more scope for the display of her abilities than in *Athenais*. *Polly* is an agreeable young woman, imprudent, yet delicate, and constant in affection. No character in the drama has furnished so many young adventurers as this, several of whom have made ample provision for themselves,

through her introduction into life. Miss Macklin was to the eye, heart, and ear, every thing that an audience could wish : her sensibility of countenance ; her elegant figure, and taste in music ; her just emphasis, and melodious voice, empowered her to do the part particular justice, and to gratify the understanding in the most ample manner.

On the 24th of March, 1753, Mr. Macklin had a benefit at Covent-Garden Theatre. Upon these occasions, it has been customary with Actors to entertain their audience with as much *novelty* as they possibly can. We allow the intention to be very good, but, in various instances, the execution has been most wretched.

Neither Actors nor Actresses should convert their benefit-nights into a *first appearance*, in new characters, *merely for the sake of novelty*. If they are desirous of treating their friends, who are supposed to be present on such occasions, they should perform that character in which they have been most admired by the

Public. They should not impose that upon their friends, which they would be afraid to represent to the Public.

But what we have just now observed, does not, in the smallest degree, apply to the choice Mr. Macklin made for the entertainment of his friends. The bill of fare contained the Tragedy of *The Fair Penitent*, and *The Englishman in Paris*. MR. ROWE wrote his *Fair Penitent* at a time when the Genius of Literature derived nourishment from the beams of Royal Favor; and this Tragedy, considered in the several lights of character, sentiment, regularity, plot, spirit, and pathos, stands to this day in estimation, at least equal to any, except those of Shakspeare. The compositions of *Rowe* are remarkable for richness of fancy, purity of language, justness of images, and harmony of numbers; but his genius was rather too poetical for the drama, of which every piece he wrote, as well as this, is an evident proof. But the absurd manner of Theatrical Speaking, in his time, might lead him to monotony in compo-

fiction, and jingling rhymes, at the end of acts.

Lothario is the most reproachable character this moral author ever drew ; and, indeed, (in the language of an eminent critic) as dangerous a one as we know : like a snake with a beautiful variegated skin, which lures the unguarded hand to a poisonous touch, this licentious gallant gilds his pernicious principles with very delusive qualifications, especially for the fair sex ; and yet, upon examination, we do not find one trace of intrinsic merit in his composition. He is sprightly, voluble, amorous, and possessed of some courage ; but the reverse shews him vain, superficial, inconstant, and malevolent ; capable not only of ruining a credulous woman who loves him, but, on pretence of resentment against the man who has married her, forward to expose her fatal weakness, and his own inhuman triumph over her unsuspecting virtue.

The character of *Sciolto* was performed, on this occasion, by Mr. Macklin. Mr. Barry was the *Horatio*, and Miss Macklin played *Calista*. The situations that *Sciolto*, who is a nobleman in principles, as well as rank, is placed in, awake the tenderest passions of the human heart. We find him throughout nice in his honor, delicate in his patronage, and warm in his parental affection. His eagerness for the happiness of a darling daughter, and the son of a valued friend, whom he has married her to on the most generous and disinterested principles, and his miserable disappointment in such a commendable expectation, were chastely depicted by Mr. Macklin, whose transitions of countenance, breaks of expression, and melting cadences of grief, were happily suited to the character, and received the stamp of approbation from Public Taste. The *Horatio* of Mr. Barry was rendered very agreeable by a fine figure and pleasing voice; but he was faint and insipid in sustaining the spirit and sedateness of the character. When the charge of forgery is brought home to *Lothario*, who

only answers in a doubtful style, *Horatio* utters a most beautiful sarcasm against him, and all other pernicious reptiles of his nature, which we cannot avoid quoting—

“ Away!—no woman could descend so low;
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe ye are,
Fit only for yourselves: ye herd together,
And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties, which you never saw,
And fancy raptures which you never knew!
Legends of faints, who never yet had being,
Or being, ne’er were faints, are not so false
As the fond tales which you recount of love!”

Of Miss Macklin’s *Calista*, we need only say, that she was highly pleasing to cultivated taste. She was very affecting in the fourth act scene with *Lothario*, where she expresses herself thus—

“ The hours of folly and of fond delight,
Are wasted all, and fled; those that remain
Are doomed to weeping, anguish, and repentance!”

Mr. and Mrs. Macklin spoke an Occasional Prologue, and Miss Macklin an Epilogue, which was written by Mr. Foote, who presented his new farce to Mr. Macklin for his benefit. The character of *Lucinda*, in the farce of *The Englishman in Paris*, was drawn on purpose to introduce Miss Macklin to advantage, and to give an additional proof to the town, that Mr. Macklin had not spared any expence to render the education and accomplishments of his daughter worthy the notice of the Public. The Dancing and Music-master were purposely introduced, to prove her various excellencies.

On the 24th April, 1753, Miss Macklin had *The Orphan* and the *Englishman in Paris*, performed for her benefit. She played the part of *Monimia*, and looked, and spoke all the passages of amorous feeling admirably. Her conception of the rage and distress of this character was critically correct.

The *Orphan*, of OTWAY, most certainly possesses many strokes of peculiar sensibility

but the plot abounds with improbable irregularities, and is originally founded upon a most gross and offensive principle. Human nature is here represented in a most unfavourable point of view. There is nothing but licentiousness, blood, and death, throughout the Tragedy, without the shadow of a moral. Indeed, we most ardently wish, that it was banished for ever from the Closet and the Stage, for it is extremely pernicious, and exhibits a lamentable specimen of the vile prostitution of *Otway's* talents, who, if he could not lay claim to the noblest, yet he has been generally and justly allowed some of the tenderest, flights of genius that ever graced dramatic composition. But, alas! by his life, as well as his pen, we perceive him to have been deeply tainted with licentiousness of taste, and depravity of manners.

Covent-Garden Theatre closed this season, on Saturday, 24th May, with *Romeo and Juliet*. This was the last time that Mrs. Cibber performed with her first *Romeo*. She engaged at Drury-lane, the season follow-

ing. The successor to Mrs. Cibber was Miss Nossiter.

On the 10th of October, the ensuing season, Mr. Barry introduced the following compliment to Mrs. Cibber, during the performance of *Romeo and Juliet*.

“ Who cou’d have thought that *Juliet* e’er cou’d prove,
False to her *Romeo*, faithless to her love ;
She on whose voice th’ enraptur’d audience hung,
Caught by the angelic music of her tongue.”

Chap. XXI.

MR. MACKLIN being now advanced into the 64th year of his age, was induced, from a variety of motives, to think of a retreat. He had by this time realized a pretty handsome fortune, by his industry and exertions ; and he was resolved not to remain upon the Stage till his powers of acting were weakened by age and infirmity. He was a very convivial man, although he never

drank to excess. It may be readily supposed that, as an eminent Actor and Teacher of Elocution, and as a public man, the circle of his friends and acquaintances must have been very extensive. He was also patronized and respected by the most eminent characters of those days.

Mr. Macklin was very fond of being independent, and this fondness was increased still more, by the unjust treatment that he had experienced both from Managers and Actors. He had encountered the prodigality and oppressive tyranny of *Fleetwood*, the unprovoked and unwarrantable conduct of *Sheridan*, and the apostacy, envy, and treachery of *Garrick*. As he never acted unhand somely, or unjustly, to any Manager or Actor, he conceived that he was not bound to brook insult, suffer oppression, or endure injustice, from any man. He accordingly resolved, to take leave of the Stage, and to set up for himself upon a new plan. In pursuance of this resolution, Mr. Macklin closed his Dramatic career, at least for some time, on the 20th December, 1753. The per-

formances of the night consisted of “*The Refusal, or the Lady’s Philosophy*,” and, “*The Englishman in Paris*”—Mr. Macklin played *Sir Gilbert Wrangle*, Mrs. Macklin *Lady Wrangle*; and Miss Macklin, *Charlotte*.—The unbounded approbation of the Audience on that night, bore the most ample testimony of their satisfaction, and the Actors’ merit—they regretted loudly, and repeatedly, the retirement of their old favourite.

At the end of the performance, Mr. Macklin advanced towards the Audience with visible emotion in his countenance, and evidently labouring under much embarrassment of mind, and after a pause of a few moments, during which time he seemed to have recovered himself, spoke the following farewell epilogue:—

Poor I, tofs’d up and down from shore to shore,
Sick, wet, and weary, will to sea no more;
Yet ’tis some comfort, tho’ I quit the trade,
That this last voyage with success is made,
The ship full laden, and the freight all paid.

}

Since, then, for reasons I the Stage give o'er,
 And, for your sakes, write *Tragedies no more;
 Some other schemes, of course, possess my brain,
 For he who once has eat, must eat again.
 And lest this lank, this melancholy Phiz,
 Should grow more lank, more dismal than it is;
 A scheme I have in hand, will make you stare!
 Tho' off the Stage, I still must be the Play'r.
 Still must I follow the Theatric plan,
 Exert my comic powers, draw all I can,
 And to each guest appear a diff'rent man.
 I (like my liquors) must each palate hit,
 Rake with the wild, be sober with the Cit,
 Nay, sometimes, act my best becoming part—the Wit.
 With Politicians I must nod—seem full—
 And act my best becoming part—the Dull.
 My plan is this—man's form'd a social creature,
 Requiring converse by the laws of nature;
 And as the moon can raise the swelling flood,
 Or as the mind is influenc'd by the blood,
 So—do I make myself well understood?
 I'm puzzled, faith—let us, like *Bayes*, agree it,
 You'll know my plot much better when you see it.
 But truce with jesting, let me now impart,
 The warm o'erflowings of a grateful heart;
 Come good, come bad, while life or mem'ry last,
 My mind shall treasure up your favours past;

* Mr. Macklin produced his Tragedy of King Henry VII. in 1746.

And might one added boon increase the store,
With much less sorrow should I quit this shore;
To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
Protect the pledge my fondness leaves behind.
To you, her guardians, I resign my care,
Let her, with others, your indulgence share;
Whate'er MY fate, if this my wish prevails,
'Twill glad the FATHER, tho' the schemist fails.

After bowing in the most profound manner, Mr. Macklin retired amidst the plaudits and acclamations of a most crowded and brilliant Audience.

Mr. Macklin now lost no time in carrying the scheme alluded to in his farewell address into immediate execution. He opened a large Tavern and Coffee House under the Piazza in Covent Garden, next door to the Playhouse. To fit up this house in the most commodious and superb style he spared no expence—Choice wines of the highest price, and abundance of provisions were laid in—bar-maids, cooks, waiters, and servants of all descriptions were immediately hired, and set in motion by the great crowds

of persons, of all denominations, that came every day to crack a *bottle* and a *joke* with their old friend. At one table, and at another table, below stairs, and above stairs, the company of Mr. Macklin was sought after with great eagerness. His humorous anecdotes, witty repartees, and entertaining stories, gave an admirable zest to the produce of the larder and the cellar. One would have imagined, that such a very bustling kind of life would have furnished ample employment for the mind of Mr. Macklin, however active it might be—but he was not easy, he was not satisfied, till he was doing something in his own way. He was desirous of giving lectures on various subjects, and of instructing *Theatrical Tyros* in elocution, and in the art and duty of an Actor. With this view he opened a Lecture-Room in Hart Street, Covent Garden, which he styled “*The British Inquisition.*”

By the Papers now before us, it is evident that Mr. Macklin intended to have delivered Lectures upon *Acting, Politics, Newspa-*

pers, Garrick-bane, and various other subjects. We shall present the reader with the following Advertisement, which was published by Mr. Macklin in the year 1754, and which will give him an idea of the *Institution*, and of the whole of his Plan :

“ At *Macklin's* Great Room, in Hart-Street, Covent-Garden, this day, being the 22d of this instant November, will be opened,

THE BRITISH INQUISITION.

“ This Institution is upon the plan of the ancient Greek, Roman, and modern French and Italian Societies,—of liberal Investigation. Such subjects in Arts, Sciences, Literature, Criticism, Philosophy, History, Politics, and Morality, as shall be found useful and entertaining to society, will there be lectured upon, and freely debated. Particularly, Mr. Macklin intends to lecture upon the Comedy of the Ancients, the use of their Masks and Flutes, their Mimes and Pantomimes, and the use and abuse of the Stage.—He will likewise lecture upon the

Rise and Progress of the Modern Theatres, and make a Comparison between them and those of Greece and Rome, and between each other.—He purposes to lecture also upon each of Shakspeare's Plays; to consider the original Stories from whence they are taken; the artificial or inartificial use, according to the laws of the Drama, that Shakspeare has made of them:—his Fable, Moral, Character, Passions, Manners, will likewise be criticised, and how his capital characters have been acted heretofore, are acted, and ought to be acted. And as the Design of this Inquiry is to endeavour at an acquisition of truth in matters of Taste, particularly Theatrical, the Lecture being ended, any gentleman may offer his thoughts upon the subject. The doors will be opened at five, and the Lecture begin precisely at seven o'clock, every Monday and Friday evening.

“ Ladies will be admitted. Price 1s. each person.

“ The first Lecture will be on *Hamlet*.

“ N. B. The Question to be debated after the Lecture will be, ‘ *Whether the people of Great Britain have profited by their Inter-course with, or their Imitation of, the French Nation ?*’

“ There is a Public Ordinary every day at four o’clock, price 3s. Each person to drink Port, Claret, or whatever liquor he shall choose.

“ This evening the Public Subscription Card Room will be opened. Subscriptions taken in by Mr. Macklin.”

Mr. Macklin also gave Readings from Milton, Young, and several other Authors. His Audiences were very numerous, and he had two or three Pupils at the time, among whom was an eminent Senator. The great success that attended Mr. Macklin’s *British Inquisition*, at the outset, raised up against him the envy of Foote, then the Manager of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, who brought out an Entertainment to ridicule

the whole of Mr. Macklin's undertaking. In consequence of this unprovoked, unwarrantable attack, Mr. Macklin retorted upon Foote with great justice and severity. The contention, however, became injurious to both parties: for the Haymarket Theatre was, soon after, entirely deserted by the public; and certain unfavourable circumstances, which we shall relate hereafter, brought Mr. Macklin's Institution to a sudden close.

We shall present the reader with the following specimens of the lectures which were intended for delivery, and which we have copied *verbatim* from the papers of Mr. Macklin, that are now before us.

“ THE ART AND DUTY OF AN ACTOR.

“ It is the duty of an Actor always to know the Passion and the Humour of each Character so correctly, so intimately, and (if you will allow me the expression) to feel it so enthusiastically, as to be able to define and describe it as a Philosopher; to give its operations on the looks,

tones, and gestures of general nature, as it is ranked in classes of characters; and to mould all this knowledge, mental and corporeal, to the characteristic that the poet has given to a particular Character.

“ If the Actor has not this philosophical knowledge of the Passions, it is impossible for him to imitate them with fidelity. It is because Shakspeare knew the Passions, their objects, and their operations, that he has drawn them so faithfully. It is manifest, that Passions take their habits and characteristics in Attornies, Barristers, and Judges; Subalterns and Generals; Curates and Bishops; Clerks and Merchants; Sailors, Midshipmen, Captains, and Admirals; Labourers, Farmers, Yeomen, and rustic 'Squires; Dancing-masters, Fiddlers, Toothdrawers, Music-masters, and Hair-dressers: they are all to be distinguished into *genus*, *species*, and individual characteristics, like Dogs, Fowl, Apples, Plums, and the like *genus*, *species*, and individuals of the creation. — Women must be classed in the same manner.

“ Now, unless the Actor knows the genus, species, and characteristic, that he is about to imitate, he will fall short in his execution. The Actor must restrict all his powers, and convert them to the purpose of imitating the *looks, tones, and gestures*, that can best describe the characteristic that the Poet has drawn: for each Passion and Humour has its *genus of looks, tones, and gestures*, its *species*, and its individual characteristic.

“ *Avarice*, for instance, has its *genus, species*, and individual characteristic. *Moliere* has given the *genus*.

“ As the Poet hath drawn an individual characteristic, so ought it to be represented: the Actor must take especial care not to mould and suit the character to his looks, tones gestures, and manners; if he does so, it will then become the Actor's character, and not the Poet's.—No; he must suit his looks, tones, gestures, and manners to the character:—the suiting the character to the powers of the Actor, is imposture. I have seen *King*

Lear, *Hamlet*, and *Richard III.* acted without one look, tone, or gesture, or manners of Shakspeare.

“I have seen *Lord Townly* and *The Miser* done in the same way.”

“ON ACTING.

“*Acting*.—A fit subject for a lecture; all people judge of it; some merely from the pleasure they receive from the Poet and the Actor indiscriminately; others distinguish *that portion* which they receive from each, but without entering into the science, or the art of Acting.

“There are various kinds of judges, and of critics; males and females; such as Milliners, Mantua-makers, Ladies’ Waiting-maids, and Women of Fashion, to an infinity.

“It would be highly entertaining to give the ridiculous judgments of each.

“Truth in Art, Science, Religion, or Politics, is known to but very few, and none but those very few will take pains to search for Truth; though all delight in Truth, except the envious and the ignorant.

“What is Character? The Alphabet will tell you. It is that which is distinguished by its own marks from every other thing of its kind.

“The voice of the Actor must alter in its intonations, according to the qualities that the words express: from this idea Music seems to have taken its birth. The number seven harmonizes in Music, and so it does in Acting.”

“ON NEWSPAPERS.

“*A Newspaper* may be compared to a Sophist;—it can take any side of the question. There never was a character so pure white that it cannot blacken, nor one so black that it cannot whiten. For instance, *Lord Chatham*. There was no man more able in office; he was pure as innocence; he never suffered any

perquisites, though sanctified by usage, to defile his service, or enrich his coffers: every man has a certain passion, which he loves to indulge in preference to all the others. The great Minister I speak of had his favourite passion, which he gratified by the Wisdom of a Measure, by a Veracity, a Plainness, a Precision, and Dispatch, in all Negotiations with foreign States. He observed a strict honesty in the fulfilment of his Treaties, on the part of his Country; and he always endeavoured to punish a breach of them, on the part of other Powers, by the Compulsion of immediate Reparation, either by Remonstrance or Force of Arms.— Well, what was the consequence? Why, the Pride, the Virtue, the Wisdom, and the Courage of the Nation, consented to such Measures with one voice, and brilliant Victory followed.

“ And could the Editor of a *Newspaper* blacken the character of such a man as this? Yes; Sir, as black as the most venal, debauched, ignorant Minister, that ever contributed to ruin a nation.

“That is wonderful, indeed!—Not at all, Sir; the Public, when once corrupted themselves, are ready to believe every man as vicious as themselves: they have, as it were, an interest in the vice of every individual; for the greatest satire upon vice is virtuous conduct. As Doctors live by diseases, so Newspapers are supported by the idle, universal curiosity, and universal depravity of the times.”

“GARRICK-BANE.

“The *Garrick-bane* was invented by a *Quack*, somewhere about Wapping; one Doctor *Guichard*, or *Giffard*, was the purchaser of it: he bought it, according to report, from a *little Smouse*, a damned fly little fellow, who was quacking about town, in clubs at Ale-houses, Coffee-houses, and Punch-houses, at that time of the day; and the *Smouse*, perceiving that the *nostrum* took, sold it to the Doctor six several times. This little cunning rogue knew what it was to *break the law*, and, therefore, always kept his word *according to law*: but there are some men who never keep

their word when they can break it to their advantage without transgressing the law. Now, this *Smouse*, in the opinion of many, who had drank of his *nostrum*, was not a person of this description; but all those who had any dealings with him, were convinced, from experience, that he was a dishonourable character: for no man had the words, *honor*, *veracity*, and *delicacy* in his mouth oftener; nor did any man ever make more use of them—*Cromwell*, *Macheavel*, and a few others excepted. He never had a dispute with any person, through the words—*dishonour*, *breach of faith*, *shuffling*, *tricking*; all his disputes arose from the ignorance of those he dealt with; for they always mistook his meaning, from the belief that words have but one signification. Since it is plain, from our Acts of Parliament, and the Courts in Westminster Hall, that it is impossible to ascertain with precision the *real* meaning of words; and since it is certain that different hearts and heads will annex different ideas to the same expression; this philosophy does not require any explanation or illustration: every man's

experience has proved it; some to their advantage, some to their ruin. But if it did need an illustration, no instance in society can throw a stronger light upon it, than the well-known phrase of a Courtier, viz. '*You may depend upon it I will do you all the service in my power.*' Now, these are very plain words, and yet how many foolish, nay, and wise, well-meaning, honest, and ingenious men have misunderstood them. I could make a very ingenious and satirical comment upon this text, and a most shrewd application; and I could branch it out to the length of several pages, by intimations, illustrations, and explanations. But to return—This little *Smouse* was a daily canker to men's fame; nothing plagued him so much as the merit of his contemporaries; and every device that envy, policy, mimicry, and tyranny could invent, he constantly practised, to obscure and blast the worth of every Actor of reputation."

Chap. XXII.

MR. MACKLIN's time was now employed in catering and marketing for his guests in the morning, in preparing dishes and bills of fare for the dinner hours, in carving during the time of dinner, and affording a slice of himself (as he used to say), by dealing out his humour and fun at all the different tables in his house. After dinner, he had to prepare himself for the Lecture Room, and after the delivery of his Lecture, he had to return and superintend the suppers, and then keep it up with his company till a very late hour. This was a labour and an exertion too much for any human being, and required very great strength of body and mind to support it, even for a short space of time. However, Mr. Macklin continued this laborious employment for some months, when he was at last obliged to yield, not to fatigue, but to the dictates of honesty. Finding, that, instead of aug-

menting, he had considerably diminished his fortune, and was daily and hourly plundered by his servants, Mr. Macklin thought the most prudent step he could take, would be to relinquish altogether the business that had cost him so much pains, labour, and money. He had, by this time, discovered that he was every day sinking deeper into debt, and that it would be in vain, as well as dishonest, to carry on the trade any longer. He had frequently detected his servants in the robbery of the Till, and had given credit to a very considerable amount, without the prospect of any payment.

Thus distressed, plundered, deceived, and almost ruined, he perceived, by too fatal experience, the absurdity of his whole scheme, and the impossibility of proceeding any farther in this road to ruin, without doing a clear, manifest, and premeditated injustice to his creditors.

There was nothing that he despised and abhorred more than dishonesty, and he was convinced that honesty was the best policy. He

accordingly called his creditors together in the beginning of the year 1755, and disclosed to them, fairly and honourably, the actual state of his affairs. The major part of his creditors endeavoured to persuade him to adopt certain regulations that they suggested, and to continue the business: but against this he protested, saying, that he should never be seen acting the part of a knave in society, however successful he might be in his endeavours to represent such a character on the stage. The bulk of his creditors finding him resolute, and determined to oppose their wishes, took out a commission of Bankruptcy against him, and on the 15th of February, 1755, he was announced in the Gazette—"Charles Macklin, of St. Paul, Covent Garden, Vintner." Upon the surrender of all his effects, it turned out that he had property sufficient to satisfy all the demands of his creditors. He paid twenty shillings in the pound, and retired from the tavern, with the loss of some thousands of pounds. Thus ended the undertaking of Mr. Macklin; and thus were the public convinced, that however capable he might be to succeed

on the Stage, he was not at all qualified to conduct a Tavern.

His *British Inquisition* closed fifteen days previous to his failure, and he was reduced to the necessity of looking once more towards the Theatre for a support.

During the time that Mr. Macklin was engaged as a Coffee-house keeper, Mrs. and Miss Macklin did not remain unemployed: they were both engaged at Drury Lane in the season of 1754. At this period Miss Macklin was in the highest estimation as an Actress, and her fame and success proved a very considerable alleviation to the mind of her father, in the hour of his adversity. The following complimentary verses, addressed to Miss Macklin, appeared, about this time, in a very excellent periodical paper.

“ Since sprightly wit and humour you possess,
Majestic carriage, and polite address;
Since you, as if by instinct, do inherit
Your father’s genius, and your mother’s spirit :

With less regret the loss of him we bear,
Who left so rich a treasure in our care ;
While with paternal fondness running o'er,
To our protection he resigns his store ;
Who but with inward sorrow must repine ?
Who could refuse an offer so divine ?
Thee to admire, encourage, and reward,
Let ev'ry gen'rous Briton have regard ;
To give that budding merit kindly heat,
Which time, with stealing hours, shall make compleat ;
Then the rich produce we may hope to see,
Of OLDFIELD'S excellence reviv'd in thee.
When in the graceful dance thy foot-steps move,
Elegance bids each man of sense approve.
E'en things minute and trivial you adorn,
And make that please, which else would meet our
scorn.
Thrice happy *Macklin*, who can thus retire,
And like the Phoenix leave thy parent fire,
Which must, as long as judgment rules the ball,
Give spirit, life, and happiness to all."

Mr. Macklin being now totally disengaged, began to turn his thoughts once more to the Stage, where it was likely he would be more successful, and where his abilities would appear to the best advantage. About the beginning of the year 1756, the Proprietors of

the Music-Hall, in Crow-street, Dublin, were applied to by Messrs. Macklin and Barry, respecting the purchase of that building, on the site of which they intended to erect a new Theatre, by subscription. Mr. Sheridan, who was at that time sole Manager of the United Theatres of Aungier-street, and Smock-alley, taking the alarm at an opposition so formidable being set up against him, dispatched Mr. Victor, his Deputy-Manager, to London, with the view of preventing Mr. Macklin and Mr. Barry from persevering in the rash enterprize of building a new Theatre. And the better to ensure success to the negotiation, Mr. Sheridan authorized Mr. Victor, at the same time, to offer Mr. Barry very advantageous terms, on which he might become either joint or sole Manager of the United Theatres, if he should have any objection to a partnership concern. But the propositions of the Dublin Manager were rejected, and an agreement for the purchase of the Music-Hall was soon after compleated.

To carry their new plan into immediate execution, Mr. Macklin and Mr. Barry set out from London, and landed in Ireland the latter end of June, 1758, and soon after their arrival in Dublin, the walls of the Music-Hall, in Crow-street, and some adjacent buildings were levelled to the ground, in order to lay the foundation of a new Theatre there.

Many and various were the schemes that were now adopted for preventing the building of Crow-street Theatre. The Proprietors of the United Theatres of Aungier-street and Smock-alley, drew up a statement of their case, which they had printed and delivered to all the Members of Parliament. In this statement they set forth the great expence that they had been at, in building and compleating two magnificent Theatres; and most earnestly prayed, that the number of Theatres might be limited by Parliament, as in London; and that as two Play-houses were thought sufficient for the metropolis of Great Britain, that one might be fixed for Dublin.

Mr. Macklin instantly published an answer to this printed case of the Proprietors, wherein he demanded with what decency the said Proprietors of Smock-Alley Theatre, could appear in their Prayer to Parliament.

He observed, that the Theatre in Aungier-street was built by a large subscription of the nobility and gentry, about the year 1728, and had not been occupied above four or five years, before another subscription was opened for building a new Theatre in Smock-alley, on the spot where the first Play-house formerly stood; and, therefore, contended, that it was highly unjust and indecent for those gentlemen, who erected a Theatre twenty-four years before, in direct opposition to a new one then lately built, to exclaim against an Act which they had themselves committed, under the most aggravating circumstances. He contended, that they ought to come into Court with clean hands;—but we shall here insert Mr. Macklin's own words:—

“ But were there no petition, no appeal, no tongue, or pen, moved against him, (*Mr. Sheridan*) can it be conceived, that the Representatives of this city, (*Dublin*) in their Legislative capacity; or that a *Malone*, a *Hutchinson*, a *Flood*, a *Hussey*, a *Brownlow*; or that the Peers and Commons of this land, would so far forget their own dignity, and *their trust, their equity*, and the *sacred virtue* of the British Constitution, as to strip the City of *Dublin* of its *immemorial right*; as to make an *ex post facto law*, to take away the property of the subscribers of *Crow-street Theatre*; and *for what?*—*a public utility?* No. To remove a *public nuisance?*—No—but to secure a *monopoly*; and *for whom?* Why, a *Player*.—*A Roscius?* No—*A Sheridan!* And wherefore? Because his father *whipt* the fathers and grand-fathers, and some of the Members of the present Parliament; and because *this Player* was educated in the University of *Dublin*; and because *he* gives the public to understand, in his *daily conversations*, that *he* is the *greatest Actor* that has been for ages:—that *he* is the *greatest Orator*,

Politician, Theologist, Grammarian, Rhetorician—that *he* has revived *the long lost art of Eloquence*; and that he will teach it to the Lords and Commons, and make them as great Orators as himself. Upon these pretensions he founds his claims to a *Theatrical Monopoly*!

“ When there is but *one* Theatre, the necessary emulation that must ever subsist between rivals, contending for public favor, is destroyed. It is this laudable contention that keeps up the spirit of curiosity in the Public, and increases their love for *Theatrical diversions*. Let there be but one Theatre, and the spirit of exertion in a Manager will soon become extinct. If the Manager is an avaricious man, that passion must be fed by getting cheap Actors; or, if he is a vain, ostentatious coxcomb, that wants, in spite of nature and fortune, to pass for a *Lucullus*, or the *Petronius Elegantiarum* of the age; why, then, to cover his table with dainties, and charge his goblets with wines of princely price, he must retrench the expences of the

Stage, by procuring *wire dancers, fire-eaters*, and all the *ballatroni* of Sadler's-Wells, and the cheapest Actors that can be had from strolling companies; and like them, too, they must be dressed; while the Manager himself must be supported with *wax-lights, new scenes, dresses, and other decorations*—"By desire of several ladies of quality." This was the head most commonly prefixed to Mr. Sheridan's Play-bills.

"But let there be a rival Theatre, and the money which would otherwise be expended in faucy prodigality, must be appropriated to procure good Actors, and rational entertainment for the Public.

"The Corporation of Dublin are bound by reason, conscience, and social fellowship, to act up to the end for which they were first incorporated; namely, to watch, guard over, and preserve the Rights and Privileges of this City.

"There never was yet an opinion so absurd, but had its believers; nor a mind so im-

puident and visionary, but had its followers and admirers. *Mahomet* has established a religion; and *Sheridan* has undertaken to make the House of Lords and Commons, the Lord Lieutenant, and the City of Dublin, believe, that he is a *modest* man, a *genteel* man, an *eloquent* man, and an *honest* man—And many think that he will succeed in his attempt to prevent the building of Crow-street Theatre.

“ He has undertaken to shew, that he is a *great Grammarian, Rhetorician, Politician, &c.*; that he has *revived the long lost art of Eloquence*; and that he is capable of instructing a *Malone* in that art.

“ Now, it must be shewn on what he founds his pretensions. Are we to be told, that he taught her Majesty and the Universities the English Language; and that he has discovered the art of Eloquence? Abundant instances of his style, his grammar, and his eloquence, might be given, that would prove the contrary. And to shew that he is *better qualified* to manage a Theatre than any

other man, we have occasion only to take a retrospect of his management—*his new entertainments*—*his wax-lights*—*his wire-dancers*—*his fire-eaters*, and *his debts* !

“ Who are the persons that he has gained to his cause?—The young, the unwary, and the credulous. Has he gained *Malone*, *Perry*, *Flood*, *Brownlow*, or *Hussey*?—No. If there is to be a monopoly, is he the man best qualified to become possessed of it? Is he to be preferred for the *sweetness* of his voice ; for his *modesty* ; his *gracefulness* of person and action ; his *prudence* as a Man and a Manager ; his *æconomy*, and his *justice* ? Sheridan sets up for the *Martin Luther* of the Age, but he is truly the *Mahomet* of it.

“ He preaches up *reformation*, but his doctrine is *tyranny*. His public good, that he so vauntingly boasts of, is comprized in selfish ambition : not a proposition has he advanced that is not false. He would enslave the Actors, and give laws to the Corporation, and to the People in their Theatres. His policy ever has

been to calumniate every Actor's public and private character ; to treat him as a vile, contemptible, low being ; to degrade the profession by which he subsisted—the only profession by which he could have got more than a mere subsistence, as it was the only one in which he could have imposed upon the Public (I mean the Irish Public), for England soon found out his incapacity, and soon discovered the dissonance of his voice, the laboured quaintness of his emphasis, the *incessant flux of his speech*—his general offence. The appellative “ Actor ” he disclaimed ; and instead of going by that denomination, he styled himself a *Gentleman*, and all the rest *Actors*. He condemned *Garrick*, *Barry*, *Powel*, and *Quin*. He has been despised as an Actor in England—Was it his merit that excited that contempt ? Most certainly not. He gave Attic Entertainments in London, in the course of which he read passages from *Milton* and *Dryden* : And what followed ? Why, his Audience gaped and yawned—he dulled them even to stupor.

“ During the course of the same entertainment he gave a composition of his own to the Fair Sex. He told them how necessary it was to read gracefully. This was very novel! Their grand-mothers had told them the same thing when they were in frocks. His Audience laughed him to scorn—he has tired out Bath, Oxford, Cambridge, and every Theatre in London: as an Actor he could not live. The Public would not attend him; he would be a Manager, or nothing—It is all over with him as an Actor.

“ Will the Parliament of Ireland strip the City of Dublin of a right, to give it to Sheridan? The Parliament of Great Britain has made an Act against *Witches*; and the Parliament of Ireland may make one in favour of an *Impostor*; it may, but it is not probable that it will.

“ *Poor Sherry* has been acting mad, haranguing mad, teaching mad, reading mad, managing mad, and he is now monopoly mad! If any gentleman or lady has any doubt

about his insanity, let a subject be started, and let him be drawn into a conversation, and then it will only remain to be observed, how he will harangue *like a madman*. Let any person but observe his confidence, his sophistry, his haughtiness, his peremptoriness, and his utter inattention to what others advance in argument, and, I think, they will conclude that he will die *in a mad-house*.

“Would any man in his senses have gone to Oxford upon the errand that he did?—Certainly not. He sued for an Act of Parliament ten years ago, and was then treated as a madman: his proposal was despised. He sues now for a Theatrical Monopoly, which gives a man an opportunity of becoming an oppressor, an extortioner, and a tyrant. Of all the laws that folly, ignorance, or tyranny can suggest, none can be so opposite as monopoly to the spirit of justice, commerce, emulation, encouragement; or to the spirit and letter of the Constitution of our Realms.

“ When the British Parliament regulated the Stage, it preserved all the rights, all the powers, that the Law or the Crown had before granted to men respecting Theatres. There are now three Patents extant for acting Plays in London; two of them are for ever, one of which I remember to have been sold for 70*l*. not forty years ago. Two of them are now the property of the Manager of Covent Garden; the other is employed at Drury Lane Theatre.

“ Suppose the House of Commons were to turn Managers of a Theatre, and that they were to prompt their Sub-Manager—what then? This kind of government has been experienced in Aungier-street, and in London, and was productive of nothing but confusion. Every controuling Manager, in such case, will have his Mistress turned into an Actress—She must have a salary—merit she need not have from nature, knowledge, or experience; she will be sure to derive sufficient from her patron. His tongue will declare her merit, and his plaudits will confirm it—But to return

to the monopoly of Mr. Sheridan: Let us see how he used it, and what improvements he made in Public Amusements, and what fortune he acquired during the time that he was *sole Manager*. The Conductors and Proprietors of all other Public Places hated him most cordially. There was not an Assembly, Music-Hall, Public Garden, &c. that he was not at enmity with. He monopolized all the music he could, in order to distress *Doctor Moss*, and every Music Meeting—This brought on his ruin. This arbitrary spirit, together with his vanity, caused his destruction. If he is to be recompensed for the loss of his property, and for offending the Public in various ways, and at various times, let it be done without the establishment of a monopoly.

“ Let him be made a *Member of Parliament*, a *Commissioner of Excise*, a *Vicar*, a *Dean*, or, if you will, a *Bishop*; there will be no injustice in that—he is *eloquent*, he will be an *example* for the Clergy—he will

manage a diocese well—he will give lustre to the House of Commons!”

Mr. Macklin urged and expatiated upon a variety of other topics so forcibly and truly, that he turned the tide of popular favor on the side of the New Building. And, as many of the leading Members of Parliament were subscribers to the New Theatre, in Crow-street, and many more well wishers to it, the erection of the Play-house suffered hardly any delay or impediment; and the case of the Proprietors of Aungier-street and Smock-alley remained neglected and unpitied.

Both parties began now to collect their forces, and to procure auxiliaries from all quarters. Mr. Barry made proposals to Mr. Woodward, at Drury Lane, to become a Joint-Manager and Proprietor, which were accepted. The secession from Smock-alley, of *Mr. King*, *Mr. Dexter*, and *Mrs. Fitzhenry*, who entered into articles with Mr. Barry, was a severe blow to Mr. Sheridan. To re-

pair this loss, the Manager and his Deputy came to London, and took immediate measures to engage *Mr. Digges*, and *Mrs. Ward*.

Mr. Theophilus Cibber was also engaged; and at the same time, *Maddox*, the celebrated wire-dancer, was articed with for 200*l.* to be the *Harlequin*, and to exhibit his improvements on the wire. A new Pantomime was also purchased from the Manager of *Sadler's Wells*, with the scenery, machinery, &c. But, unfortunately, the ship on board of which poor *Cibber*, *Maddox*, and the rest of the tribe from *Sadler's Wells* embarked, was overtaken by a storm, and driven on the coast of Scotland, where she foundered, and every soul on board perished!

There was a Noble Earl, with his youngest son, and about seventy passengers, on board this fatal ship.

The opposition between *Crow-street* and *Smock-alley* now commenced, and was car-

ried on with singular industry, and much vehemence, to the mutual loss and disgrace of both parties. But, a short time before the opening of the New Theatre in Crow-street, Mr. Macklin, having reason to be dissatisfied with some part of Mr. Barry's conduct, withdrew himself from the management, and returned to England.

Upon his arrival in London, Mr. Macklin made his re-appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, for his daughter's benefit, and received the warmest gratulations and unbounded plaudits of a most brilliant and crowded Audience. They hailed the return of their old favourite by the most rapturous applause ; and Mr. Macklin's feelings on the occasion were so overcome by this generous testimony of an admiring Public, that several minutes elapsed before he recovered himself sufficiently to display his abilities, and to demonstrate, that his powers of acting were rather increased than diminished during his retirement. After playing for his daughter's benefit, a circumstance that was always up-

permost in his mind, and that he always was extremely anxious of performing, he employed himself in writing for the Stage. In the winter of 1758, Mr. Victor, the Deputy-Manager of Smock-alley, made proposals to Miss Macklin, who had obtained leave from the Managers of Drury Lane to accompany her father to Ireland, and to play there along with him the succeeding after-season. However, when Mr. Victor wrote from Dublin to Mr. Macklin, the April following, and was desirous of closing an agreement with him and Miss Macklin to play twelve nights at Smock-alley Theatre, the very precarious state of Miss Macklin's health induced her fond father, who was not willing to subject her to the fatigue of so long a journey, to decline accepting the advantageous proposals of the Dublin Manager.

Chap. XXIII.

AT the close of the year 1758, Mr. Macklin sustained a very heavy loss by the death of Mrs. Macklin. She had been for some months in a declining state, but her dissolution was certainly hastened by the losses and misfortunes of her husband.

Mrs. Macklin may, by her judgment and execution in the parts that she undertook, be ranked, with very great propriety, in the first class of Actresses. She never set up for an heroine, or attempted to appear in an improper light. She knew the power of her own talents, and always shone with unborrowed lustre, without the danger of being eclipsed. Her propriety in dress, for the various characters that she performed, was another circumstance that she was peculiarly attentive to, and that was generally passed over by most of her contemporaries. In her person she was

rather below the middle size, but extremely well formed: she had no pretensions to beauty, but her countenance was uncommonly expressive. In short, she was an admirable Actress, and understood the science of acting as well as her great Preceptor. Many ladies stood very much indebted to her for her kind advice and instructions. Besides the several characters that we have mentioned, Mrs. Macklin was unrivalled in many other parts, namely, *The Widow Blackacre*, in *The Plain Dealer*; Mrs. Day, in *The Committee*; *The Widow Locket*, in *Oroonoko*; *Lady Pliant*, in *The Double Dealer*; *Doris*, in *Æsop*; Mrs. Amelet, in *The Confederacy*; *Lady Wisfor't*, in *The Way of the World*. To conclude, she was an affectionate wife, a fond mother, and a steadfast friend.

There was not much more than the intervention of a few weeks between the death of Mrs. Macklin and Mr. Luke O'Meally, the father-in-law of Mr. Macklin. Mr. O'Meally died at Cloncurry, at a very advanced age, sincerely regretted by a very nu-

merous circle of friends and acquaintances; and Mrs. O'Meally (Mr. Macklin's mother) was left a second time a widow, and continued to carry on the business of the *Blue Bell Inn*, at Cloncurry, for several years after, with great success and ability.

In the year 1759 Mr. Macklin presented his Farce of *Love-a-la-Mode* to the Managers of Drury Lane Theatre. When Mr. Garrick read it, he declared it would not do, but observed, at the same time, that if the Author pressed it, the Farce should be represented. The opinion of Mr. Garrick having gone abroad, several of the Players publicly foretold its approaching destruction; nay, some of them, who had no opinion of their own, and who were guided by their great master, refused to perform in the Piece. However, Mr. Macklin was not in the least disheartened on this account. He despised the judgment of Mr. Garrick, as much as other Players admired and approved it.

Besides, the conduct of Mr. Garrick, in the years 1756, 1758, and 1759, was fresh in the recollection of Mr. Macklin. He could entertain but little respect for the opinion, the candor, or the sincerity of the man, who had successively rejected the *Douglas* of Mr. John Home, the *Cleone* of Mr. Doddsley, and Mr. Murphy's *Orphan of China*. The great admirer and panegyrist of Mr. Garrick (we mean Mr. Davies), speaking of Mr. Home's Tragedy, declares, "that great interest was made for *Douglas*, cannot be questioned: the author's connections with some great persons at Leicester House, who encouraged his abilities, and favoured his interest, we should have imagined, would have superseded all objections, and brought on the Play without hesitation; but Mr. Garrick's opinion of it could not be removed; he thought the plot was too simple and undramatic." This is an extraordinary proof of his incapacity to decide on Dramatic worth. But let us observe what Mr. Davies says further—"Mr. Garrick had the double mortification

of seeing this Play acted with great approbation and success, at Covent-Garden, and of being obliged to act two of Home's Tragedies, written with inferior ability." Here we find a stronger proof of his shallow judgment. He condemned the sterling merit of *Douglas*, which has maintained itself successfully ever since upon the Stage; and he extolled and approved "*The Agis*," and "*The Siege of Aquileia*," two weak compositions of the same Author. These two Pieces fretted their short hour upon the Stage, and are now heard no more. We pass next to the *Cleone* of Mr. Doddsley.

This Play had been read and approved by Dr. Johnson, and many persons of taste and learning. That *Cleone* speaks the language of nature, cannot be denied; and, when it was acted, was highly approved, and drew tears from many brilliant Audiences. But let us see what Mr. Garrick's opinion was of this Play. Mr. Davies records that—"Mr. Garrick rejected *CLEONE*, with great marks of contempt, and termed it a cruel, bloody, and unnatural Play;" and in another place

the same Author writes—" *but it must be confessed, by those who esteemed Mr. Garrick most, that his conduct in the whole dispute with Mr. Doddsley, was unjustifiable, and that he treated a worthy man, and an old acquaintance, with severity and unkindness.*" If Mr. Doddsley, the intimate friend of Mr. Garrick, could not procure better treatment than this, what had Mr. Macklin to expect from the same man, who envied his talents, and hated his popularity.

His decision on *The Orphan of China*, which, besides the reputation of Mr. Murphy, had Voltaire's name to recommend it, completes the climax of his ignorance, his shuffling, and his insincerity.

After the Play was read over and over again by Mr. Garrick, and objections pointed out by him were removed by the Author; and after a variety of cavils and altercations between the Manager and Poet, Mr. Garrick at last declared, that *the Play was not fit for the Stage*, and recommended it to Mr.

Murphy to change his plan, or make such alterations as he imagined would give a much better Stage effect than “*The Orphan of China*” could possibly produce in its then state. The Author, tired out with perpetual objections to this Scene, and that Act; to this Incident, and to that Speech, asked Mr. Garrick, if he would abide by the decision of Mr. William Whitehead, respecting the merit of the Tragedy: this was assented to by Mr. Garrick. Now let us quote Mr. Davies again—“*Mr. Whitehead accepted the task, and in very explicit terms declared his opinion in favor of the Orphan of China. The Manager was not a little mortified to find his judgment thus contradicted by his friend the Poet Laureat.*”

The Tragedy of *The Orphan of China* was universally approved, and performed many nights with the greatest approbation and applause.

So much for the *correct judgment* and *noble criticisms* of little David Garrick. But to re-

turn to *Love-a-la-Mode*: Mr. Macklin being conscious of its merit, and holding cheap the opinion that Mr. Garrick had pronounced upon it, had the Farce rehearsed, under his own immediate care and inspection. It is well known, that no Play ever raised so many Performers into notice, as this little Piece. For Mr. Macklin always took uncommon pains to instruct every Actor that had to perform a part in it, and by that means rendered the performance correct, and improved the Player ever after.

On its first representation, Mr. Macklin performed *Sir Archy M'Sarcasm*; Mr. Moody, *Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan*, and Mr. King, *'Squire Groom*. The Farce was received with unbounded applause, and had a very considerable run. Here we have another instance of Mr. Garrick's *wise* judgment in Theatrical Pieces. The different Performers acquitted themselves highly to the satisfaction of the Public, and were well repaid for their exertions.

Of the great merit of this little Piece it is almost unnecessary to say one word, as it is before the Public. A great proof of its worth is, that it has kept its ground ever since upon the Stage, and has been highly approved by every Audience that has seen it represented.

Love-a-la-Mode conveys a just and severe satire on the base duplicity, pride, and meanness of some Scotchmen; and on the pernicious attachment of our young Nobility and Gentry to horse-racing.

Sir Callaghan is a good portrait of a brave, blundering, honest Irishman, and *Beau Mordecai*, an excellent picture of a little, cunning, Jew Broker. The Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman, and Jew, are all drawn together, to pay their addresses to a young lady of very considerable fortune, whose Guardian, to try the sincerity of their love for his Ward, acquaints them with the sudden loss of her fortune. Upon this information they all declare off, except the Irishman,

who exclaims, "That the lovely person of the Lady is a sufficient fortune for him!"—Her Guardian then bestows her on the Irishman, whom he gives to understand, that she is still in possession of her ample fortune, to the no small mortification of all the other parties.

The several scenes, in which these well drawn characters are introduced, are full of shrewd remarks, strong humour, and poignant satire; and abound with pertinent observations on the manners and customs of the times. Some gentlemen of North Britain were, during the first run of the Farce, highly exasperated at the character of *Sir Archy*, which they very imprudently declared was a satire upon the whole kingdom of Scotland. This circumstance turned out exactly as the Author imagined it would; the resentment of the Caledonians provoked the mirth of others, and spread the fame of *Love-a-la-Mode* all over the town. That Scotland, as well as England and Ireland, can furnish materials to draw pictures of pride, flattery, duplicity,

vanity, and meanness, cannot surely be denied; but as the dissolute, prodigal *'Squire Groom* would not be acknowledged to be a faithful representative of all England, nor the blundering *Sir Callaghan*, of Ireland, neither can we suppose that *M'Sarcasm* was drawn to represent the whole kingdom of Scotland. However, the prejudices of a few gentlemen of that country were very strong for a long time, and were not easily removed; whilst others, of the same nation, enjoyed the humour as highly as the rest of the Audience. The Farce is now particularly relished by a Scotch Audience.

George II. who was then in the 77th year of his age, and had for some time discontinued his appearance at the Theatres, had heard so much of *Love-a-la-Mode*, that he sent for the Manuscript, and commanded an old Hanoverian officer to read it to him. This person spent eleven weeks in misrepresenting the Author's meaning. The German was totally void of humour, and was, besides, not well acquainted with the English lan-

guage. The King, however, expressed great satisfaction at the Irishman's getting the better of his rivals, and gaining the young lady.

About this time, Mr. Barry, the Crowstreet Manager, made very advantageous proposals to Mr. Macklin, which were accepted. He accordingly made preparations to set out for Ireland, but, previous to his departure from England, he resolved to enter again into the matrimonial state. Mr. Macklin, having long enjoyed the comforts of a married life, and being always a domestic man, felt very materially the loss of his former wife. During the time that he was Manager of the Theatre at Chester he frequently met a young lady in company that particularly attracted his attention. With her father, who was a very respectable private gentleman, Mr. Macklin was in habits of the closest intimacy. A treaty was immediately set on foot, and the young lady having given her consent, the marriage articles were soon after settled by her father. Mr.

Macklin was married on the 10th of September, 1759, to *Miss Elizabeth Jones*, a young lady, who to great elegance of form, and many polite accomplishments, joined the more amiable virtues of the mind. The marriage ceremony being over, Mr. Macklin set out for Ireland, to fulfil his engagement with the Dublin Managers. The New Theatre in Crow-street seemed the first year to promise success to Messrs. Barry and Woodward. They had gained a triumph; as Mr. Sheridan, after endeavouring, unsuccessfully, to stem the current of fashion, and oppose so formidable an enemy, was obliged to retire from the scene of action, a considerable loser, and repair to England.

Flushed with their success the first season, besides engaging Mr. Macklin, they also hired Mr. Mossop, at a very considerable salary and he was extremely serviceable to his employers, by acting along with Mr. Barry in those Tragedies, in which two parts, of almost equal consequence, are skilfully contra-distinguished from each other by their Authors.

The Dublin critics were highly gratified this season with Barry and Mossop, in *Marc Antony* and *Ventidius*, *Pierre* and *Jaffier*, *Castalio* and *Chamont*, *Tamerlane* and *Bajazet*, *Lothario* and *Horatio*, *Phocyas* and *Caled*.

The new Managers, being determined to spare no expence, entered also into articles with Mr. Foote this season. The novelty of Woodward's Pantomimes, together with Foote's comical Pieces; and the amazing attraction of Mr. Macklin, and his attention to *Love-a-la-Mode*, being its first representation in Ireland, proved highly beneficial to the treasury of the Theatre.

The Farce of *Love-a-la-Mode* was cast in the following manner:

Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan	Mr. Barry.
Sir Archy M'Sarcasm . . .	Mr. Macklin.
Sir Theodore	Mr. Walker.
Beau Mordecai	Mr. Messink.
'Squire Groom	Mr. Woodward.

This admirable little Piece, thus supported by such excellent Actors, proved a rich feast for the lovers of the Drama. In short, Crowstreet had to boast of a company this season, equal to any ever seen in London. After playing with Mr. Barry a certain number of nights, Mr. Macklin came to England to play for his daughter's benefit, and soon after entered into an engagement with the Managers of Covent-Garden Theatre.

His success raised up the envy and malice of Mr. Garrick against him, and he had to encounter again the machinations of that great Actor, but avaricious man, as must evidently appear to the reader, by the following Extract from the Memoirs of Mr. Tate Wilkinfon, the worthy Patentee of the Theatres Royal of York and Hull.

“ About that time (1760) Mr. Garrick had
“ some dispute and quarrel with my friend Mr.
“ Macklin, and had *to a certainty purloined*
“ his favourite Farce of *Love-a-la-Mode*, then
“ in high rage of fashion with the public,

“ both for its novelty and real attractive me-
“ rits; and so eager was he to hurt (if possi-
“ ble) Mr. Macklin’s property in that excel-
“ lent Piece, *that he wished to do it by the*
“ *means of a division of the spoils,* as Mr.
“ Macklin was engaged at Covent-Garden.
“ Nay, it is evident, that to have obtained
“ that desired object, he would have run
“ the hazard of a law-suit, *though he knew*
“ *it must have ended to his dishonour;* but,
“ in that instance, his spleen out-ran his po-
“ licy, as the insertion of the following Let-
“ ters to me (Tate Wilkinson) will decidedly
“ prove. I never mentioned the matter to
“ Mr. Macklin, as it would have caused mis-
“ chief between him and Mr. Garrick.

“ *Dear Sir,*

“ *The Managers have desired*
“ *me to inform you, that if you play the*
“ *Scotchman in LOVE-A-LA-MODE, they will*
“ *give you, for every time that you shall*
“ *perform the part, two guineas; and, if*
“ *you mingle in the other business, you shall*
“ *have your old salary besides, and a benefit*

*“ in course of salary, when you return from
“ Ireland. I wish you had called upon me
“ when in Town, for I always think that
“ matters are sooner adjusted by one meeting of
“ the Parties than by a thousand letters. The
“ Managers desire their compliments to you.*

“ I am,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your most obedient,

“ Very humble Servant,

26th August,

“ George Garrick.”

1760.

*“ P. S. Pray send an Answer by the return
“ of the Post, for I am going out of Town.”*

“ Dear Sir,

*“ I have communicated the con-
“ tents of your last to the Managers, and
“ they think you are too hard with them.
“ They are willing to give you two guineas
“ for every time that you shall play Sir
“ Archy, and will engage that you shall play
“ it fifteen times at least, and that you shall*

“ have your old salary ; be permitted to make
“ your excursions, during which time you are
“ not to receive any salary ; but if you return
“ before the benefits, or shall play in any of
“ their nights at your return, that then your
“ salary shall be continued from the time of
“ your return, and you be entitled to your
“ benefit into the bargain. They cannot possi-
“ bly do more. If the terms are agreeable to
“ you, please to let my brother know, for I
“ go into Derbyshire on Monday next, and
“ they will send you the part directly.

“ I am,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your most obedient,

“ Humble Servant,

4th September,
1760.

“ George Garrick.”

“ Hampton,

“ September 18, 1760.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I received yours, and shall
“ answer it directly. I can scarcely think
“ that you are in earnest with us from your

“ last proposition. You must know that it is
“ impossible, from the nature of a Theatre, to
“ let you have a benefit before Christmas :
“ you must fix with us, or be off immediately.
“ Mr. Lacy and I will agree to give the two
“ guineas per night for the acting SIR ARCHY ;
“ and during the run, or as long as that Farce
“ continues to be acted, we will allow you
“ your former salary. When the Farce is
“ laid aside you shall have liberty to go ad-
“ venturing, and when you return shall have
“ a benefit as usual ; and if employed in SIR
“ ARCHY, or otherwise, your salary shall be
“ continued to you. This is proposed to you
“ to hinder any more correspondence. Say
“ AY or NO, in your next, by the next post ;
“ and we desire that you will keep this matter
“ a PROFOUND SECRET, and study the part in
“ all haste, and SECRETLY.

“ I am,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your truly well-wisher,

“ And humble Servant,

“ David Garrick.”

Here is proof positive of the *base design* of this *avaricious* man, who, to injure Mr. Macklin's property, would disgrace his own character, and brand it with infamy; but Mr. Wilkinfon having positively declined any engagement whatever, the negotiation terminated where it began, only with this difference, that it was carried on just far enough to prove to all mankind, that Mr. Garrick *intended* to be *dishonest*, and that it was not his fault, that his *intention* was not carried into *execution*.

During this season the business of Covent-Garden went on with success, but the Dramatic world sustained a severe loss by the death of the celebrated Mrs. Woffington. This Actress was born in Dublin, in 1718, and was educated by *Madame Violante*, a *female Harlequin*. The representation of females of high rank, and of dignified elegance, was Mrs. Woffington's particular forte. She was possessed of a good understanding, which was much improved by company and books. She had a most attractive sprightliness in her

manner, and dearly loved to pursue the *bagatelle* of vivacity and humour. She was affable, good natured, and charitable. It is well known that she was chosen President of a select Society, called "*The Beef Steak Club*," and was the only woman in the company. She frankly declared, that she preferred the company of men to that of women; the latter, she said, talked of nothing but silks and scandal. This assertion precluded her from an access to women of rank and virtue; but her company was sought after by men of the first distinction; and persons of the gravest character, and most eminent for learning, were proud of her acquaintance, and charmed with her conversation. Her attachment to Mr. Garrick was certainly of a very tender kind, and his marriage, and neglect of her afterwards, operated very powerfully on her mind. Her death was universally regretted.

Chap. XXIV.

ON the 30th of January, 1761, “*The Married Libertine*,” a Comedy, written by Mr. Macklin, was performed, for the first time, at Covent-Garden.

It was cast in the following manner :

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lord Belville (the Libertine)	Mr. Macklin.
Townly (his nephew) . . .	Mr. Davies.
Serjeant	Mr. Buck.
Corporal	Mr. Perry.
Reynolds (Belville's servant)	M. Willer.

WOMEN.

Lady Belville	Mrs. Ward.
Angelica	Miss Macklin.
Harriet	Mrs. Abegg.
Lucy (her maid)	Mrs. Green.
Pert (Lady Belville's maid)	Mrs. Pitt.

Lord Belville, a Nobleman about 60 years of age, of rank—of abilities—of importance to his country, and of established honor in all the occurrences of life, is yet so overborne by, and lost in, an insatiate passion for women, that he is supposed to spare no expence, however extravagant; scruple no means, however villanous; nor consider any consequence, however fatal, in the pursuit of his darling inclination. Nor is this inclination particular, but general and indiscriminate, for women of every rank, and every disposition; having frequently several amours of this kind on his hands at the same time, to the ruin of his fortune, his reputation, his honor, and the peace and

happiness of his family. His lady, though perfectly informed of every step of his conduct, had for many years borne his behaviour with silent patience ; till, at length, exasperated by discovering that he had ruined an innocent young creature, a tenant's daughter, whom she had brought from the country, and taken under her care and protection, and that he had commenced an amour with *Miss Harriet Wingfield*, a cousin of her own ; enraged, I say, beyond sufferance, at these transactions, added to a threat of a separation thrown out by my Lord, on some pretty warm remonstrances which she made to him, in her first scene with him in this Play, she is at length determined on some method of revenge, whereby she may be able to expose and set him forth to himself in the most ridiculous and contemptible colours, not without some hopes of bringing him to a sense of his follies, and a disposition to reform them. This is the principal, nay, indeed, the sole action of the Piece. To bring about this design, she is assisted by *Mr. Townly*, a nephew of Lord Belville ; by *Angelica*, a mad-cap young lady,

with whom Mr. Townly is in love, and by *Miss Harriet*, and her maid, and their plan is laid as follows :

Lord Belville, in his design on *Harriet*, to whose person he was a stranger, and whom he had only met in the Green Park one evening, without knowing her, had passed himself on her under the character of a *Mr. Jackson*, a grave, elderly, *Staffordshire* gentleman of fortune and reputation; entreating leave to visit her; which she, knowing his Lordship, and inclinable to indulge the frolic, permits, but returns the imposture on him, by taking on herself the name of *Margery Packington*, with which, added to an assumed broad West-country dialect, an affected awkwardness, and a bashful simplicity, she passes on him as a raw, ignorant, country girl, who, by some assistance from her maid, (to whom, also, *by the bye*, he makes violent love at the same time) may possibly prove a very easy conquest. The co-adjutors of her scheme are her maid *Lucy*, and Townly's mistress, *Angelica*, who, disguised through the whole Play in

men's cloaths, is to pass for her brother, a rash, hot-headed, young Officer, just come from *America*, to raise some recruits, and on the point of returning thither again ; and a real Serjeant, with some soldiers belonging to *Angelica's* brother, who is, in reality, an Officer, and their Commander.

These are the principal Actors in the Plot, the Scene of which is laid in *Harriet's* house : Lady Belville and Mr. Townly assisting with their counsel, but remaining in an adjacent room, silent spectators of what is to pass : Matters in this manner settled, they thus proceed. The *self-made* Mr. Jackson, disguised in a plain suit of cloaths, now comes to pay, what he expects to be a decisive visit to his rustic *Margery* ; and, after bribing her maid with a bank note, is told by her, that her mistress's heart is entirely his, and that he has no bar in the way of his desired happiness, but her religious scruples, and a conscientiousness, which, however, may be easily lulled asleep by the means of a contract, whereby he shall engage to marry her in three months'

time. This he makes no difficulty of complying with; secure, as he imagines, from the consequences of it, by his feigned name and character. Whilst he is engaged with Lucy in regard to this affair, he is told that her brother is with her, whose character, for violence and rashness, *Lucy* describes in the most formidable manner possible.

This, in some measure, alarms Mr. Jackson, who, to render his appearance the more consistent with his assumed station, had left his sword at home, by which means he is entirely unprepared for any kind of resistance, in case of danger, which makes its first approaches to him by some gross insults from the Serjeant, which the necessity of concealing his rank obliges him to bear very patiently. His fears, however, are quieted, by being informed that the Captain has left the house. The Lady is prevailed on, after a great deal of bashfulness, and feigned simplicity, to accept his contract, and consent to what she is told is a marriage in conscience; Mr. Jackson retires into her bed-chamber to prepare

for her reception. Thus far every thing seems to go well ; when, on a sudden, a brace of pistols fired behind the scenes give the alarm of discovery, and Mr. Jackson runs out, unarmed, and half undressed, and, beset on one side by the Serjeant, and on the other by the supposed Captain, both with their swords drawn, the latter only withheld by the struggles of his sister from putting this injurer of his honor to immediate death. In vain does he plead that his intentions are honourable, till the contract is produced, by which the young gentleman seems appeased, on condition, however, only of the marriage being immediately solemnized.

In this dilemma, Mr. Jackson is at last obliged, having first obtained an assurance of safety to his life, to own his being already married. The Captain's resentment, on this, is raised to the highest pitch ; but having his hands tied by his promise, he can find no other means of revenging the injury, but by taking him to *America* with him as a recruit, for which purpose he delivers him over to

the Serjeant and men, who, in spite of all his remonstrances, and declaration of his rank, which they affect entirely to disbelieve, and laugh at, hurry him off the Stage.

An account is, after this, given of his distracted behaviour, under this dreadful circumstance, and without even the hopes of relief. But this distress, great as it is, is not the sum total of the punishment intended for him. Another scene still more tormenting is reserved for him, and executed in the following manner:—On an interview, at his own request, with *Lucy*, he is informed by her, not only of the determined resolution of the Captain to carry him away the very next morning to *America*, but also, that his country *Inamorato*, unable to stand the shock of her brother's resentment, her loss of reputation, and the loss of a man whom she loved, is gone distracted, and, with a drawn sword in her hand, is seeking for him to plunge it into his heart. This circumstance, together with the increase of resentment in the brother in consequence of it, gives such an addition to his

fears, as produces a scene truly comic. She, however, gives him some hopes of being able to favor his escape, placing him, in the mean time, behind a screen, where, she assures him, he will be safe from any kind of search. In this place of shelter, however, he is made to over-hear numberless threats, invectives, and execrations against himself, which greatly heightens the scene.

At length the finishing stroke is to be struck, which is, the entrance of *Lady Belville* to the Captain, by whom she is received with all the ardour and familiarity of a lover; and to whom she declares, that her husband's ill treatment, in general, and more particularly his threat of separation, had at length urged her, from motives of revenge, to throw herself into his arms. In short, from some former circumstances, which Lord Belville has over-heard, he is convinced that a *Bagnio* is to be their destination for the night, to which they are in appearance proceeding, when jealousy getting the better of every other apprehension, his Lordship rushes

from behind the screen, and presents himself to them.

In vain are all his entreaties, or the declaration of his nearness to the Lady, from checking the young lover's intention; who, armed with a brace of pistols, and rejoicing in the power given him of a revenge in kind, equal to the injury done his sister, carries off the Lady in triumph. After two or three scenes, which Lord Belville has with the Captain, with Lady Belville, and with *Lucy*, all tending only to increase his torment, and complete his distraction, he is on the point of being forced away by the soldiers, when the real Captain, *Angelica's* brother, fortunately for him, appears, and releases him for a while, which gives him an opportunity, on the entrance of Lady Belville and her supposed lover, to snatch a sword from the side of the Serjeant, and run at the latter, whose female fears immediately betray her, and bring about the discovery of her being a woman.

Lord Belville, who, during the course of these difficulties had been rendered fully sensible of the folly and baseness of his conduct, becomes entirely reclaimed, and is reconciled to his Lady. *Harriet* and the *Captain*, and *Angelica* and *Townly*, are rendered mutually happy in each other, and so the Play terminates. Several exceptionable passages, pointed out by the Audience at the first representation, were expunged, and the Piece ran nine nights. *Love-a-la-Mode* was the after piece.

There was a strong opposition made to this Comedy, from the belief, that Mr. Macklin intended, by his character of *Lord Belville*, to satirize a gentleman then living; but this certainly was not the case. This Play has undoubtedly great merit. The plot is regular, the scenes are well arranged, the language is pure, and the moral unexceptionable.

The Coronation of their Majesties, in September, 1761, was followed by a Stage Representation of it at both Theatres. Mr. Rich, notwithstanding the expectations of the Pub-

lic had been much raised, fully satisfied their warmest imaginations, whilst Mr. Garrick was contented with reviving the Coronation with the old dresses, which had been often occasionally used from 1727 to 1761. Garrick's exhibition was the meanest, and the most unworthy of a Theatre, that ever was seen, and produced nothing to the Managers but disgrace and empty benches. The shew at Covent Garden was, beyond all former example, brilliant. Such a profusion of fine cloaths, of velvet, silk, satin, lace, feathers, jewels, pearls, &c. had never been seen on any Stage. The scenery, music, and other ornaments, were all correspondent to the grandeur of the Ceremony, which was shewn to crowded Houses for near two months successively.

Mr. Rich lived just long enough to be pleased with the success of his Coronation. He died during the height of the Public eagerness to see it. He was famous for *Harlequin*, which he played under the feigned name of *Lun*. Mr. Rich was the inventor of the English *Harlequin*, which is a quite

different character from that of the *Italian*. Whatever he undertook to describe to the Audience was as clearly and fully understood as words, added to the action of others, could exprefs.

In a Prologue, written by Mr. Garrick, for an Entertainment, in which a *Speaking Harlequin* was introduced, he thus speaks of Rich—

- “ But why a Speaking Harlequin? ’Tis wrong,
- “ The wits will fay, to give the fool a tongue.
- “ When *Lun* appear’d, with matchless art and whim,
- “ He gave the pow’r of speech to every limb :
- “ Tho’ mask’d and mute, convey’d his quick intent,
- “ And told in frolic gestures all he meant.
- “ But now the motley coat, and sword of wood,
- “ Require a tongue to make them understood.”

By his merit in this way, and by getting up splendid Pantomimes, he was able to withstand the greatest force of acting, and found means, with a very bad Company, composed, in general, of the refuse of the other Theatre, to realize a very considerable fortune. Mr.

Rich's education had been grossly neglected; his understanding was good, but his language was vulgar and ungrammatical. Though he could not read ten lines with propriety, he was very fond of instructing young Actors, and had constantly a *Richard*, a *Hamlet*, and a *Lear*, in training for the Stage. He was not by any means liberal to his Actors, but he was remarkable for his charity and humanity. A short time before his death, a man fell from the upper Gallery into the Pit of Covent Garden Theatre, by which one of his limbs was broke: as he was a person in very low circumstances, Mr. Rich very generously ordered that he should have every possible assistance, which was accordingly administered at Mr. Rich's expence. When the poor man recovered, he waited on the Manager to return him thanks for his humanity and goodness; on which Mr. Rich told him, that he should be welcome to the *freedom* of the Pit, provided he would never think of coming into it in *that manner* again.

To Mr. Rich the Public were indebted for the introduction of Miss Bellamy on the public Theatre. A close friendship having commenced between Mr. Rich's daughters and Miss Bellamy, they agreed, one evening, to act *Othello*, and Miss Bellamy chose for her part that of the Moor; and, being by themselves, they gave full scope to their feelings. It was in performing this extraordinary character that she was overheard by Mr. Rich, who urged and excited her from that moment to adopt the profession. The young Lady consented, and the Manager promised to support her in a capital line. He entered the more readily into this engagement, because he had not another Lady, at that time, suited either for the character of young heroines in Tragedy, or sprightly girls in Comedy. Miss Bellamy was then only in her fourteenth year. Her figure was elegant, her voice powerful and melodious, and she discovered great spirits, and not a little humour.

She had perfected herself in the Characters of *Monimia* and *Athenais*, and the former was fixed on for her first appearance. Mr. Quin was at that time the Acting Manager at Covent Garden, and governed the Theatre (to use Miss Bellamy's own words) "with a rod of iron." Rich was too indolent to interfere, though, when he did, he was not to be contradicted. He was now to introduce the new Actresses to Quin, who had a dressing-room for himself, as he seldom mixed with any of the profession; and even did not, or rather would not, know any of them, except *Ryan*, for whom he had a sincere friendship. This room the wags had styled "*The Lion's Den*", to which Mr. Rich repaired, but was obliged to wait Quin's leisure. Quin had no sooner heard Rich propose Miss Bellamy for the Character of *Monimia*, than he declared—"It will not do, Sir." The Manager, equally laconic and positive, retorted—"It *shall* do, Sir." Quin, turning round to Miss Bellamy, who, during this very disagreeable scene, was almost petrified with fear, said, with his characteristic furliness—

“ Play *Serina*, *child*, before you think of *Monimia*.” Piqued by what she deemed a sarcasm, she answered, with a readiness which made the old man’s eyes glisten—“ If I did, Sir, I should never live to play the Orphan.”

The altercation continued, and both were equally obstinate ; and Rich, before he went away, ordered a rehearsal of the *Orphan* next morning. But, out of respect to *Quin*, the most respectable Performers were all absent. Rich did all he could to keep up the spirits of the *young Orphan*, by consulting her humour, minutely, in the dress most proper at once for the Character, and her first appearance. At length, the long wished for evening approached, when this momentous experiment was to be made. The Audience was splendid, but humane, as they always are to a new Performer. Rich and *Quin* were both impatient to see the event. Miss Bellamy, from a thousand circumstances, felt herself in a very embarrassed situation ; and in proportion as she failed in attention

or spirit, Quin triumphed, and Rich expostulated, which only increased her difficulty.

In the fourth Act, however, she had the good fortune to catch the true theatrical inspiration—and Quin, with a generosity that does him infinite honour, forgetting at once all his aversion, the moment she had finished, clasped her in his arms, and exclaimed aloud—‘Thou art a divine creature, and the true spirit is in thee.’—The success of a new Pantomime could not have given Rich more satisfaction than the applause she received on this occasion. This brought about a complete revolution in her favour among the Players, who respected her now as much as they had formerly despised her. Quin, ever after treated her with kindness and esteem, and invited her to all his *petits soupers*, where Mrs. Jackson often attended her, and where they met the celebrated Mr. Thomson, author of “*The Seasons* :” for these suppers were meetings devoted to classical entertainment, to which the greatest Masters in Litera-

ture and Art were generally invited, and where the merit of new Publications was liberally canvassed. Quin, however, thinking himself not too old to be censured, was extremely cautious of the manner in which he received Miss Bellamy's visits. He had told her, that she should never call upon him alone.—This made her apprehend that she might have offended a man, whom she venerated as a father. Notwithstanding this extreme delicacy, after a Rehearsal of "*The Maid's Tragedy*," in which she was to act *Aspasia*, he one day desired to speak with her in his Dressing-room, where he addressed her nearly in these words:—" You are become an object of much attention with the Public, and the temptations this will expose you to are innumerable. Be not intoxicated with the love of finery. If this proves your foible, it will be easy to ruin you.—Most men are rascals—your youth and beauty ought to make you doubly cautious; but, whenever you want any thing in my power which money can purchase, come to me, and say, James Quin, I want

“such a thing—my purse shall always be at
“your service.”—This admirable advice reflects the highest honor on the head and heart of Mr. Quin. It is a salutary lesson for every young, beautiful, and unwary female, and happy would it have been for Miss Bellamy, if she had attended to the admonition.

Chap. XXV.

IN the year 1762 Mr. Macklin returned again to Ireland, and entered into a new engagement with the Crow-street Managers, who had now a very formidable opponent in Mr. Mossop, the Manager of Smock-alley Theatre: for after *Mr. Mossop* had finished one successful Campaign with Barry and Woodward at Crow-street, he, unfortunately for himself, determined to become the Manager of a Theatre. He was encouraged in this undertaking by many persons of fashion and distinction, and was particularly patronized

by the Countess of Brandon. As soon as the Managers of Crow-street were apprized of Mossop's intention, they endeavoured, if possible, to dissuade him from so ruinous an undertaking, and made him the large offer of a Salary of One Thousand Pounds per annum, and two Benefits, whenever he chose to take them—but this was refused. Mossop was a man of great pride, and not a little obstinacy—his manner was pompous and reserved, and he was a total stranger to the ease and demeanour of a gentleman. He was resolved, however, upon theatrical Sovereignty, and he accordingly took Smock-alley Theatre on a long lease, and expended a considerable sum of money in altering, decorating, and fitting it for the reception of the Public. This circumstance proved the ruin of both Theatres—the town was divided between the friends of both parties, to the mutual loss of Barry and Mossop. Poor Woodward, after four unsuccessful seasons, returned to England, having sustained a loss of above three thousand pounds, and Barry followed him two years after, a considerable loser by his undertaking.

If Mossop had accepted the liberal offer made him by Barry and Woodward, both parties might have been benefited. The sum of a thousand pounds per annum, and two benefits, was an immense income for an Actor, when compared to the salary of other Performers, of whom Mr. Macklin speaks in the following terms.

“ I remember when Actors, who played capital parts, had but eight, ten, twelve, fifteen, eighteen, and twenty shillings per week, the highest. The whole revenue of the Theatre then did not exceed 1000*l*. There is more money taken now (1762) at the unprosperous Theatre, than was taken in *Tom Elrington's* time, when there was but one Theatre. The expence of the London Theatre *sixty years* ago was but 20*l*. per night, it afterwards increased to 30*l*. and then to 40*l*. and at length it came up to 120*l*. per night.

“ The income of the Players formerly was so very small, that they could not support

themselves decently—for instance, *Layfield* and *Griffith*. *Tom Elrington* had a place given him under Government, and *Frank Elrington* succeeded *Tom* in the place.”

Mr. Macklin, in alluding to the misfortunes that have befallen the Dublin Theatres, speaks thus:

“It was not the opposition, but the vanity, expence, and ignorance of the Managers, that ruined the Dublin Theatres. For instance—*Mr. Sheridan's* expensive manner of living—*Mr. Barry's* prodigality, and *Mr. Mossop's* litigious spirit caused his ruin—for he spent at least in Law the sum of 2000*l.* He was obliged to make his house a prison, in order to shield himself from his Creditors. He did not know how to manage his own income, much less that of a Theatre.”

The Smock-alley Theatre opened, under the Management of *Mr. Mossop*, in November 1760, with “*Venice Preserved*.” The part of *Pierre* was performed by *Mr. Mossop*,

and *Belvidera* by Mrs. Bellamy. As soon as the doors were opened, the House was filled in every part, for the curiosity of the Public was raised to the highest pitch. On Mrs. Bellamy's speaking her first line behind the scenes, viz.

“Lead me, ye Virgins, lead me to that kind voice!”

It struck the ears of the Audience as uncouth, and unmusical; and when she came upon the Stage—“O what a falling off was there!” Instead of the young, the gay, the once lovely *Bellamy*, the Audience discovered the person of a woman whose countenance was haggard, and whose eyes, that used to charm all hearts, appeared hollow and deprived of all their wonted lustre. Mrs. Bellamy had left Dublin when in her zenith, and did not revisit it till November 1760. By the end of the third Act, the Audience were disgusted with the Lady whom they were formerly accustomed to applaud in the warmest manner; and the other two Acts hobbled off very lamely. The curtain dropped, and poor Bellamy never

after drew a single house there. *Mossop* was very much affected on this occasion, and never played *Pierre* (one of his best parts) so indifferently as on that night. The circumstance of living publickly with Mr. Digges, though at the same time foolishly wishing it to be understood that she was wife to Mr. Calcrafft, sunk Mrs. Bellamy into universal contempt and insignificance. She left Dublin without a single friend to regret her loss. What a change from the days of her youth!—and, as an Actress of note, her name never more ranked in any Theatre, nor did she ever again rise in public estimation. Thus poor *Bellamy*, who once lolled in her chair, and rolled in her chariot, and all the vanities of the world, ended her days in a prison!—

But to return—Mr. Mossop was somewhat more successful after this—he very wisely determined to propose terms to Mr. Macklin, who was a tower of strength to Barry. He accordingly waited on Mr. Macklin, and requested him to name his own conditions. The loss, or the acquirement, of such an Actor

as Macklin, must have been a matter of considerable importance to either of the Theatres. For, besides his excellent acting, and his great attraction, he was of extraordinary value to any Playhouse, on account of the unusual and successful pains that he took in drilling both Managers and Actors, and instructing them in the science of Acting. Indeed, no man was more liberal in the communication of his knowledge, nor instructed more Actors and Actresses than Mr. Macklin, without the consideration of any emolument whatever. It happened very fortunately for Mr. Mossop, that, at the time he made proposals to Mr. Macklin, the conduct of Mr. Barry towards the latter Gentleman was exceedingly ungenerous, not to say ungrateful. Mr. Macklin had served Barry in many essential points of view, and was but badly requited. He was consequently the more easily inclined to listen to Mr. Mossop's proposition, which terminated in an agreement between them, as will appear by the following extract of a Letter, which was written by Mr. Macklin

to his daughter in London. The Letter is dated Dublin, November 18th, 1763.

“ Never were there greater Theatrical contests than at present, nor were parties among the Ladies higher ; infomuch, that they distinguish themselves by the names of *Barryists* and *Mossopians*. The contention is between Barry and Sheridan on the one part, and Mossop and Sowdon on the other ; and between *Dancer* and *Abington*—the other women are neglected. Pantomime and Dancing are two good auxiliaries to Barry—and Saunders, the Wire-dancer, and Macklin’s Acting in the Farces, of great benefit to Mossop. “ The Beggar’s Opera” (Polly, by Miss Catley, from Covent Garden) has brought Mossop great houses. Last night, Macklin, after the Play, addressed the Audience, and hinted at his having agreed with the Manager for half of the Theatre ; and that he had wrote two Farces, which they would bring on this season—he was well received—Barry is determined to play the same Plays that Mossop does, in order that the Town may judge of the merits

of the Performers—Sheridan is neglected—he intends to give Lectures.”

The particulars of this agreement were, that Mr. Macklin was to play two nights a week, from the month of October 1763, to the end of April 1764; that he was to have a sixth night for every new Farce that he produced; that the whole expence of a benefit was not to exceed the sum of sixty Guineas; that he was to have a benefit as an Actor, and a Dressing-room; that he was to have the choice of any Play for his benefit nights; that the sole property of his Pieces were to remain in him, that they were not to be acted without his consent; and that his Farces were not to be played at Benefits, under the penalty of 500*l*.

The first piece Mr. Macklin brought out this season, was “*The True Born Irishman*,” a Farce which met with unbounded applause, and was of very considerable advantage to Mossop’s treasury.

The following are the Dramatis Personæ :

Murrough O'Dogherty, Count Mushroom, Hamilton, Fitzmongrel, The Major, Catty Farrel, Lady Kinnegad, Mrs. Jolly, Mrs. Gazette, Lady Bab Frightful, and Mrs. O'Dogherty.

The scene of Action is Dublin—*Mr. O'Dogherty*, an elderly Irish Gentleman, of an ancient family and large fortune, having married a young Lady for love, endeavours to compensate for the disparity of years, by indulging her in a continual round of fashionable amusements, and at last suffers her to go to London to see the Coronation, from which she returns with such a passionate admiration of every thing English, and such a ridiculous affectation of high life, as make her extremely contemptible ; especially as she labours under the misfortune of her country accent to a remarkable degree, and has an uncommon share of native pride, with an equal portion of real simplicity. Among the

most intimate of her acquaintances is *Mr. Mushroom*, an Englishman of very mean birth, very great vanity, and very little understanding; who is distinguished by the title of *Count*, and affects to be a person of considerable connections; though he is, in reality, no more than an Agent to *Lord Outcast*, an English Nobleman who has large property in Ireland, and has only come over to Dublin on some affairs relating to *Outcast's* estate. Yet, notwithstanding his insignificance, he is a great favourite of all the Ladies: but *Mrs. O'Dogherty*, who anglicises her name to *Diggerty*, is the principal object of his attention; and he bribes her maid *Catty Farrel* to give her letters, declarative of the most vehement passion, and requesting some mark of a reciprocal affection. But *Catty Farrel*, instead of giving the letters to her Mistress, delivers them to her Master; and *Mr. O'Dogherty*, through *Catty's* means, carries on an epistolary correspondence with *Mushroom*, as if from his Lady, till an appointment is at last made with him for the entire completion of his wishes. The place

of meeting is Mr. O'Dogherty's own house, and the Count is dressed in women's clothes, the better to prevent any possibility of detection. Such is the state of matters, when Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. O'Dogherty's brother, comes to town, who is informed of his sister's folly and extravagance, and, in the presence of the Ladies, set down in the list of persons, the *Major* and *Fitz-Mongrel*, prevents her from engaging in Play, and gives a severe lecture on her affectation and prodigality: this leads to an explanation of *Count Mushroom's* intended scheme against her, at which she is surprized and terrified, and expresses a sincere concern for all her former errors, with the most fixed determination of a total reformation. After this, she enters into a plan for exposing the Count, who is at last thrust into a portmanteau, in his female dress, and in that situation is made a spectacle of ridicule to every body; not only at Mr. O'Dogherty's, but carried, by his order, to a crowded route, to be a more general object of contempt: this terminates the Piece. *Mr. Macklin* performed *Murrough O'Dogherty* with singular ability, and instructed the rest of the Performers so well, that

"*The True Born Irishman*" was admirably and repeatedly performed to crowded houses. There was one circumstance occurred during the Rehearsal of this Piece that we shall take leave to mention here. One of the Performers, to instruct whom Mr. Macklin had taken infinite pains, having occasion to announce "*Lady Kinnegad*," and not pronouncing the name as the Veteran liked, he stepped up to him, and, in an angry tone, exclaimed, "*What Trade are you, Sir ?*"—The Performer replied,—"*Sir, I am a Gentleman—*" "*Then,*" rejoined the Stage Nestor, "*stick to that, Sir ; for you never will be an Actor !*"

Mr. Macklin resided at that time in Drumcondra Lane, and was visited by persons of the first eminence and distinction in Dublin. The present Mrs. Macklin appeared then extremely young, and was repeatedly asked by several persons, who took her for Mr. Macklin's daughter, whether *her father* was at home ? and how *her father* did ? for they could not conceive that *so old a man* could have *so young a wife*.

During that season, Theatrical contests ran very high ; and early in March, the two Tragedy Candidates determined to perform *Othello* on the same night for their benefit Play. Mossop relied on his novelty, and Barry on his long established reputation : the partizans of each exerted themselves to the utmost. Mossop's great friend, the *Countess of Brandon*, solicited his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Lieutenant, to command Mossop's night, to which he generously assented ; but wisely contrived to promise Barry, that, provided he would postpone his night to the Tuesday, he would also command that evening's entertainment, by which means the town would be kept in good humour : and his Grace also added, that he should not (by such attention and compliance from Mr. Barry) be deprived the pleasure of seeing him in his favourite character of *Othello*, which always afforded him the highest satisfaction. Mr. Barry, of course, complied, and was not inwardly displeased that the critics should have such an immediate opportunity of com-

paring notes, and deciding on the merits of the declared opponents. Both *Crow-street* and *Smock-alley Theatre* were equally thronged on this remarkable occasion; and as to the superiority of Performance, Mr. Macklin has declared, that Barry's *Othello* was so excellent, as to make Mossop's viewed at a distance only. He was as much superior in the *Valiant Moor*, as Mossop would have been to Barry in *Richard* or *Zanga*.

Mr. Mossop had that year an Italian Opera Company, which was of infinite service to him. These Italian Comic Operas were supported at the following prices: Boxes, Pit, and Lattices, 5s. 5d.—Middle Gallery, 2s. 2d.—Upper Gallery, 1s. 1d. Dublin was torn to pieces by the perpetual application for one Theatre or another; it was reduced quite to a party matter. This Play-begging at last grew extremely troublesome, and both parties suffered much by the incessant importunities of their friends.

The Tragedy of “*Philaster, or Love Lies a Bleeding*,” altered from *Beaumont* and

Fletcher by Mr. Macklin, was performed that season at Smock-alley with considerable approbation. The Tragedy had a pretty tolerable run, and answered the purpose for which it was revived.

Chap. XXVI.

IN the season 1763-64, the celebrated *Ann Catley* made her first appearance in Dublin; she became a Pupil of Mr. Macklin the same time, and he procured her an engagement at *Smock-alley Theatre*, where she met with great applause, and drew crowded houses. This Lady is a striking example of what merit can do, unaided by birth or interest. The following short sketch of the life of this excellent Actress may not be wholly unenterprising to the reader: Miss Catley was born in London, in the year 1745. The circumstances of her parents were by no means affluent—she was, accordingly, obliged to provide for herself in the best manner she pos-

sibly could. Her extraordinary vocal abilities soon discovered themselves, for, at the early age of ten years, she sung at public houses in her father's neighbourhood, and for the officers on duty at the Tower. Her situation, of course, exposed her to seduction; but who, that considers her then hapless condition of life, will not *reprobate the seducer*, and *pity the seduced*! Her musical talents soon spread their own fame; and one *Bates*, a musician, who lived at the West End of the town, entered into articles with her father, and took her apprentice; but *Bates* and *Catley* could not agree—and the former, it is said, was once so provoked, as to threaten to turn her out of doors, and sue her father for 200*l.* the penalty of the bond executed when she was bound. She made her first appearance in public at Vauxhall, in the summer of 1762; and on the 8th of October, in the same year, she appeared, for the first time on the Stage, at Covent Garden, in the character of the Pastoral Nymph, in *Comus*, and gained uncommon applause. The succeeding year, she became the object of public atten-

tion, from a very remarkable circumstance. Sir Francis Blake Delaval being charmed with her beauty, and understanding that the master and his fair apprentice could not agree, resolved on releasing her entirely from the coercion of *Bates*, and making her his mistress. Accordingly it was agreed, that Sir Francis should pay *Bates* the penalty of the father's bond, and also give him two hundred pounds more in lieu of what she might earn for him, by the engagement that he had made for her with the Managers of Covent-Garden Theatre, and Mary-le-bone Gardens. For this purpose Mr. Fraine, an attorney, was ordered to draw up a proper transfer of her indentures from *Bates* to Sir Francis, and she and her mother were removed into lodgings, where she lived publicly with Sir Francis, was attended by his servants, and rode out with him every day. The attorney having made the father a party to the articles, waited on him to have his signature and seal. Mr. Catley lived at this time with the very respectable Mr. Barclay, of Cheapside, and, having got possession of the articles, consulted his mas-

ter on the nature of them. The honest Quaker, shocked at the wickedness of transferring a girl by legal process, for the purpose of prostitution, advised with his lawyer, who laid a case before counsel, and the ensuing Term two motions were made in the Court of King's Bench, founded on these articles. The first of these motions was for a *Habeas Corpus*, directed to Sir Francis Blake Delaval, to bring the body of Ann Catley into Court; and the second was for a Rule to shew cause, why an *Information* should not be filed against *Sir Francis Blake Delaval, Bates* the Master, and *Fraine* the Attorney, for a Conspiracy to prostitute Ann Catley, under the forms of Law. On the following day, *Catley*, in consequence of the *Habeas Corpus*, appeared in Court, accompanied by Sir Francis, and was there discharged out of his custody. The affidavits for the prosecutor were read, and a day was fixed for cause to be shewn. On the young lady's release, her father attempted to seize her, and carry her off by force. *Sir Fletcher Norton*, Counsel for Sir Francis,

immediately complained to the Court, and the violent conduct of the father was severely reprimanded by the Chief Justice, Earl Mansfield, who observed, that though the girl was not of legal age, she was at full years of discretion; and the question being put, whether she would return with her father, or Sir Francis, she declared her attachment to the latter, put her hand under his arm, and making a curtsy to the Judges, and another to the Bar, walked with him out of Westminster Hall to his carriage, which waited at the gate, and carried them home. On Cause being shewn, the Court were clearly of opinion that the information should be granted. Lord Mansfield observed, that the Court of King's Bench was *custos morum* of the country; and had authority, especially where the offence was mixed with conspiracy, to punish every thing *contra bonos mores*. He called the money given by Sir Francis to Bates, *premium prostitutionis*, and cited the Case of Sir Richard Sedley, in the reign of Charles II. in support of it. The consequence of this Information against Sir Francis,

Bates, and Fraine, was a Trial, and all the Defendants, being found guilty by the Jury, were severally fined; the whole expence of which, together with the costs to a very considerable amount, fell upon Sir Francis. After this she sung at Mary-le-bone Gardens, and from thence took a trip to Dublin, where, as we have already mentioned, she placed herself under the tuition of Mr. Macklin, and acted at Smock-alley with great applause. During her stay in Dublin, a merchant, who was a married man, and had a large family, became her admirer; sent her a *billet dour*; requesting an appointment to supper, and accompanied his request with a large hamper of champaign. Catley returned the wine untouched, with a direction to the amorous trader's wife, and enclosed his note under a cover. At supper, the merchant's spouse declared, that she had a longing for champaign, and must have a glass. The husband reprobated such extravagance—"But I will treat you, my dear," said the wife—"you may see I have received a present—" on which she put Catley's

note into his hand. It is easy to conceive the domestic quarrel that ensued; and the person that we have here alluded to, has for several years back lived in London in the most indigent circumstances. Catley, after undergoing a variety of vicissitudes in life, died at the house of an excellent and worthy General, near Brentford, on the 14th of October, 1789.

The contention between Smock-alley and Crow-street, was still carried on with great earnestness. The Countess of Brandon would not be seen at Crow-street upon any account, but attended constantly at her dear Mossop's Theatre. Notwithstanding the powerful interest of *Smock-alley*, *Barry* was so eminent for making love on the stage, that he converted the ladies two to one in his favour. Although Mr. Macklin was very much engaged in his theatrical business in Dublin, he never lost sight of the interest of his daughter, with whom he kept up a constant correspondence. We shall present the reader with the following copy of an original letter, from Mr. Macklin in Dublin, to his daughter in

London, which breathes much affection and good sense ; but the letter will speak for itself. It is directed to “ Miss Maria Macklin, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.”

Dublin, Feb. 21, 1764.

“ Dear Poll,

“ Yours of the 28th of January, I received some time ago ; and this instant that of the 16th instant ; and am glad to find, that even the expectation of a new Farce from me, or the hopes of seeing me in London, to play for your benefit, has had sufficient influence on you, to make you punctual in answering my letter. As to lending you a *new Farce*, I cannot pay so ill a compliment to you, the public, or my own fame, as to send you one that I had not been nice about ; nay, rather more so than if it had been for my own benefit or emolument as an author. Your character has been nicely conducted hitherto, even in your profession, as well as in that of real life ; and I hope you will scorn to offer the public a piece, merely to fill your galleries or your

houses. No, you have been nicely conducted, I say, hitherto; continue it even about your benefits.

“ I have always loved the conscious worth of a good action more than the profit that would arise from a mean or a bad one; and, depend upon it, there is a wealth in that way of thinking; and I feel the value of it at this instant, and in every vicissitude of my life; but, particularly in those of the adverse kind. Had it been in my power to have sent you a piece worthy of your night and fame, be assured I would; but it was not in my power. I have written a great deal this winter, but I find, the more I write, and the older I grow, the harder I am to be pleased. I do not know whether I told you in my last, that I am reduced in my sustenance, entirely to fish, herbage, puddings, or spoon meat, not being able to chew any meat harder than a French *bouille*. And now I have told you, what am I the better? But old age, and invalids, think all their friends are obliged to attend to their infirmities.

“ I am mightily glad to think that your house will be tolerable at all events ; for I would not have you have a bad one, for more than the value of it. Pray send me word what you think of taking for your benefit, and your day, as soon as ever it is fixed. Do not miss a post, and send me an exact account of the fate of “ *Midas*.” You are the worst correspondent in the world. You sent me no account of Miss Davis’s illness, and of Miss Brent’s, nor the causes, or theatrical consequences : nor of Miss Poitier’s engagement ; Miss Haughton’s leaving the Stage ; Miss Bellamy’s promotion to infamy with Calcraft—all this is news—and such like ; and all the theatrical *tittle tattle*, and *squibble squabble*. With us, Miss Catley is with child, is in great vogue for her singing, and draws houses, and has been of great service to Mossop.

— “ My True Born Scotchman ” is not yet come out, but it is highly admired both by the Actors, and some ladies and gentlemen of the first taste and fashion, to whom

I have read it, for its satire, characters, language, moral, and fable ; and indeed I think well of it myself, but not so well as they do. On Monday, the 5th of March, I think it will be out. I have just read the *Philaster* that was done at Drury-lane ; it is a lamentable thing. Oh, I had like to have forgot ! The ship by which you sent the box is not yet come in. Pray, in your writing, never write *couldn't*, *shan't*, *wouldn't*, nor any abbreviation whatever. It is vulgar, rude, ignorant, unlettered, and disrespectful: *could not*, *shall not*, &c. is the true writing. Nor never write M. Macklin : Pray who is M ? It is the highest ill-breeding even to abbreviate *any* word, but particularly a name ; besides the unintelligibility.

“ Pray how does this look ?—“ I am, Sr. yr. mt. obt. um'ble servt.” Mind, always write your words at length, and never make the vile apologies in your letters of being—“ *greatly hurried with business* ;” or “ *and must now conclude, as the post is this instant going out.*” Then, why did you not begin

sooner? You see I am nothing with you, if not critical ; and so, at full length,

“ I am, My dear,

“ Your most affectionate,

“ And anxious father.

“ *Charles Macklin.*

P. S. “ Your account that you are in health and spirits rejoices me. I never was better in health or content. If I can contrive it, I shall be over with you, but do not depend on any body but yourself.”

Mr. Macklin being informed that the Crowstreet managers had permitted Mr. Tate Wilkinfon to mimic him on their stage, called on Mr. Barry, and addressed him in the following words:—“ Sir, I hear *Wilkinfon*
“ took some liberty with my manner of act-
“ ing last night on your Theatre. I do not
“ trouble myself about the boy ; for every af-
“ front or joke passed on your Stage, I shall
“ look upon as authorized by you ; and if
“ such a thing is again repeated or attempt-
“ ed, I shall seriously expect you to answer

“for it.” Mr. Barry assured him that he might depend on Mr. Wilkinson’s being informed of his complaint ; and might rest satisfied that nothing of the sort should be again exhibited. Barry was as good as his word. He informed *Wilkinson* that he had pawned his honour as a surety, that *Wilkinson* would not be a naughty boy a second time. “Now, my dear *Wilkinson*,” added Barry, smiling, “I beg you will be observant, and let me really depend on your not drawing me into a scrape ; particularly, as I hint to you, that I think *Macklin* will come to church again :” which the next season actually happened, as he once more acted his *Sir Archy* to *Barry’s Sir Callaghan*.

Mr. *Macklin* was the chief support of *Smock-alley*, during the season of 1763-64. His *Shylock* and *Sir Archy* did wonders ; and *Miss Catley*, who then occasioned much conversation, gave the old *Beggar’s Opera* a new run, and allured several Audiences. Mr. *Macklin*, in *Peachum*, gave an infinite zest to the piece.

We have copied the following Statement of the Receipts of Smock-Alley Theatre from Mr. Macklin's Memorandum Book.

SMOCK-ALLEY THEATRE.

		The Receipt of		Mr. Macklin's	
		the Theatre.		Moiety.	
		l.	s.	d.	
Wednesday, Nov. 9, 1763.	The Refusal, and True Born Irishman	68	8	3	14 4 11
Monday	The Beggars Opera	74	11	9	17 5 10
Friday	The Beggars Opera	74	11	9	17 5 10
Monday	The Revenge—True Born Irishman	83	8	4	21 14 2
Wednesday	The Merchant of Venice, and Saunders, Wire Dancer	82	16	5	21 8 2
Friday	The Beggars Opera	93	10	11	26 15 5
Monday	Double Dealer—True Born Irishman	76	15	1	18 7 6
Thursday,	The Beggars Opera	45	16	6	2 18 3
Friday	Julius Caesar—Alderman	100	0	0	30 2 7
Wednesday	The Brothers—Alderman	0	0	0	0 0 0
Friday	The Beggars Opera—True Born Irishman	95	0	2	27 10 1
Thursday	By Command Lord Lieutenant, Revenge, and True Born Irishman	113	2	0	36 11 6
Friday	The Beggars Opera—Saunders, Wire Dancer	86	14	5	23 7 2
Monday, Jan. 2, 1764	Old Bachelor—True born Irishman	40	2	9	0 1 4
Friday	The Beggars Opera—Wire Dancing	64	7	0	12 3 6
Friday	The Beggars Opera	97	13	3	28 16 7
Friday	Opera and Wire	91	16	9	25 18 4
Monday, Feb. 6	Merchant of Venice—Love a-la-Mode	121	6	8	40 13 4
Friday	Beggars Opera—Wire Dancing	79	0	7	19 10 3
Monday	Refusal—Love a-la-Mode	63	8	7	11 14 8
Friday	Opera	74	17	2	17 18 7
Monday	Comus—Love a-la-Mode	73	3	10	16 11 9

When *Mossop* had a good house, instead of endeavouring to extricate himself in any degree from his multiplicity of difficulties, he grew desperate ; and, instead of paying either his tradesmen or performers, flew to the gay circles, where he attempted to mend his broken fortune, by the turn up of a card, or the chance of a die. He often left the Theatre with an hundred guineas in his pocket, and returned home from the Countess of Brandon's without a shilling. This conduct, and a train of evils attendant thereon, soon preyed upon his health ; involved his talents with himself, and greatly embittered that temper, which naturally was far from being one of the best. Several of his performers were reduced to the greatest distress. Mr. Macklin remonstrated with him, but in vain. He often demanded the money that was due to him, and could not get a shilling. Being tired out, at length, by Mossop's dishonest conduct, he very unwisely entered into a law suit with the Smock-alley manager ; and after a considerable period of time had been wasted, and a large sum of money expended, in order to recover a just debt, Mr. Macklin retired first

from the Theatre, and next from the Court, a very great loser, although he had obtained a verdict in his favour, for the defendant was not worth a single guinea. Thus terminated Mr. Macklin's engagement at Smock-alley theatre.

Soon after this, Mr. Macklin was called over to England, to superintend the Theatricals at Privy Gardens, and succeeded to the honourable distinction of instructing *His Royal Highness the late Duke of York* in the science of Acting. In the year 1764, several plays were represented at *Privy Gardens*, by persons of eminence and distinction, and the performances were acknowledged to be equal to any ever seen on a regular Theatre, and conferred the highest honor on the skill of Mr. Macklin, who instructed the noble performers, and managed the whole business. His Royal Highness the Duke of York displayed a correctness, and a chasteness in acting, not at all inferior to the most eminent actor. His many amiable qualities, and polite accomplishments, rendered him a great ornament to his country, and en-

deared him to society. The Noble Duke, like all the wise, and all the virtuous of Greece and Rome, was the distinguished Patron of the Drama and its Performers. In the choice of a dramatic preceptor, the good sense of his Royal Highness directed him to fix on Mr. Macklin, whom he particularly patronized. But in the zenith of his distinction, and whilst he was basking in the sunshine of Royalty, and enjoying the beneficence of the Noble Duke, Mr. Macklin's prosperity received a mortal wound, and he had to deplore, with the nation, the sudden death of his Royal Patron.

Shortly after this affecting circumstance, Mr. Barry, who rejoiced at the falling out between Mr. Macklin and Mr. Mossop, dispatched a confidential person to England to wait on Mr. Macklin, and to propose to him an engagement at Crow-street. The negotiation was brought to a speedy conclusion, as Mr. Macklin agreed to play with Mr. Barry for a specific time on shares, and in pursuance of this agreement, set out for Ireland immediately.

The acquisition of so capital an Actor as Macklin, at this juncture, was, with Mr. Barry, a circumstance the more seasonable, because Mr. Woodward had, the year before relinquished his joint-management of Crow-street Theatre, and came to London, where he soon after re-appeared, as the Prodigal returned.

It was during the season of 1765-66 that Mr. Macklin brought out his excellent Comedy of *The Man of the World*, under its original title of *The True Born Scotchman*. Of the great merit of this Play we need not say one word, since it is before the Public, who have so often borne testimony to its sterling worth, by their unbounded applause during its representation. In Dublin, as well as in London, this admirable Comedy did not fail to draw very brilliant and crowded houses.

By the following statement, which we have copied from Mr. Macklin's papers, the reader will be enabled to form a judgment

of the receipts of Crow-street and Smock-alley Theatres, during the years 1763, 1764, 1765, and 1766 ; because Mr. Macklin performed at both houses, upon the same terms exactly, *viz.* a moiety of the receipts of the Theatre every night that he acted.

CROW-STREET THEATRE.

Nov. 28.	By Command of Lord Hertford.			
1765.	The Merchant of Venice, and Love-a-la-Mode, produced to Mr. Macklin the large moiety of	57	1	0½
Dec. 12.	By Command.—Rule a Wife, and True Born Irishman	29	11	3
Dec. 23.	Rule a Wife, and Love-a-la-Mode	32	9	9
Dec. 26.	Romeo and Juliet, and True Born Irishman - - -	13	6	9½
Jan. 15.	Othello, and True Born Irish- 1766. man - - -	17	3	0
Jan. 22.	Miser, and Love-a-la-Mode -	11	7	6
Feb. 7.	The True Born Scotchman, 1st. time - - -	40	10	1
14.	True Born Scotchman - -	11	7	6
15.	True Born Scotchman - -	39	11	8
A Benefit.	True Born Scotchman - -	49		0

After Mr. Macklin had performed the number of nights specified in the agreement between him and Barry, he did not chuse to renew his engagement, and consequently did not play the rest of the season. He applied himself during the remainder of this year (1766) to study, and to the composition of dramatic works.

In the course of this year Mrs. Cibber and Mr. Quin died. The former enjoyed the rank of a celebrated actresses for a considerable period. Her marriage with Theophilus Cibber was against her inclination, and the misfortunes that attended it took her from the stage for some time. However, she remained in quiet possession of all the capital female characters for the space of twenty years.

Mrs. Susannah Maria Cibber was the daughter of a Mr. Arne, an Upholsterer, in King Street, Covent Garden; and the sister of the celebrated Dr. Arne. Mr. Macklin has declared, that Mrs. Cibber, in the ex-

pression of love, grief, tenderness, and jealous rage, excelled all the Actresses he had ever seen. What seems not a little surprising, she played *Cælia*, in “*The School for Lovers*,” whose age is, mentioned in the Play to be only 16 years; and *Juliet*, too, when she was almost in her fiftieth year; and was allowed by every body to become these characters admirably. Her great excellence consisted in that simplicity, which needed no ornament; in that sensibility, which despised all art. Her figure was elegant; her countenance had no great share of beauty, but her features were exceedingly expressive. She was a perfect mistress of Music, and her accomplishments procured her the acquaintance and patronage of persons of the first distinction. She died in January, of a disorder that arose from stomach-worms. Her indisposition was supposed by the faculty to be a bilious cholic; and was consequently treated improperly. She was buried privately in Westminster Abbey.

In the March following, Mr. Quin's dissolution took place at Bath, where he had retired about sixteen years before, and lived jovially upon a pretty considerable annuity. He was seventy-three years of age when he died. In that *interregnum* (if we may say so) of the stage, between the time of Booth and Garrick, Mr. Quin took the lead as an actor. He was stiff in his manner, and heavy in his deportment. Mr. Macklin deemed his declamation fine, though somewhat pompous; and in *Falstaff*, he said, Quin was unequalled; but he had no pretensions to the title of a general actor. Mr. Quin was certainly deficient in literature, and laughed at those who read books by way of inquiry after knowledge. On such an occasion, it was customary for him to say, "*I never read books—I read men—the world is the best book to study.*" What natural parts he must have been blessed with, to make the figure he did as a man of sense and genius! The fate of Quin was unfortunate in infancy: his mother was a reputed widow, who had been married to a gentleman that

traded to the West Indies ; his business calling him abroad, he was absent nearly seven years, and given out to be dead. This report was universally credited, and the lady went into mourning. In about twelve months after, a gentleman of the name of *Quin*, possessed of an estate of 1000*l.* a year, was captivated with her charms, paid his addresses to her, and married her. She bore him a son (James Quin) who is the subject of the present anecdote. Mr. and Mrs. Quin lived very happily together ; but, in the midst of their felicity, the former husband returned, claimed his wife, and took her to himself ; Mr. Quin retired with his son, and at his death, left him his estate ; but, the heir at law hearing the story, recovered the estate, and left the poor young man to shift for himself as well as he could. In consequence of this unlucky accident, Quin went upon the Stage, acquired both fame and fortune, and counterbalanced, by his talents, the untoward circumstance of his birth. He was buried at Bath ; an elegant monument was erected in the Abbey Church

to his memory ; it bears the following inscription :

“ That tongue *which set the table in a roar,*
And charm'd the Public ear, is heard no more ;
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before the tongue, what Shakspeare writ ;
Cold is that hand, which, living, was stretch'd forth
At Friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies *James Quin* ; deign reader to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last !”

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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